Jack Beatty
Children of War

Clinton V. Oster, Jr.
Airlines and the Market

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 16 DECEMBER 1983 NO. 12

Mario Cuomo, Richard Nixon, P.J. O'Rourke, Susan Stamberg, et al.: Books for Christmas

The End of Senator Joe McCarthy
by Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

$1.75
FOR ONE COPY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

$21
BY THE YEAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Perhaps the most important economic treatise of our time"

– WALL STREET JOURNAL

Human Action is the most compelling case for economic freedom ever made. It is the free-market answer to Marx's *Das Kapital* and Keynes's *General Theory*.

And it is fascinating. Mises is a cool logician, our greatest economic scholar, a passionate lover of freedom — and a passionate hater of those who would take it away from us. Thus *Human Action* is the economic masterwork of our age — and, at the same time, a soaring hymn to human freedom.

Mises has nothing but scorn for the phony "compassion" of the Marxians and Keynesians — because he sees how their theories actually breed suffering. One by one, he sweeps away the dangerous fallacies of liberalism and socialism.

Finally, this book is a warning. Just as man ignores the law of gravity at his peril, so too the immutable laws of economics. As Mises aptly puts it:

"It rests with men whether they will make proper use of the rich treasure with which this knowledge [of economics] provides them or whether they will leave it unused. But if they fail to take the best advantage of it and disregard its teachings and warnings, they will not annul economics; they will stamp our society and the human race."

The economic masterpiece of the century — in an edition worthy of its contents

Revised and updated by the author himself ☐ Massive 924 pages ☐ Comprehensive 21-page index ☐ Entirely reset — NOT to be confused with any previous edition

HUMAN ACTION

Triggers an Explosion of Critical Acclaim

"I think that *Human Action* is unquestionably the most powerful product of the human mind in our time, and I believe it will change human life for the better during the coming centuries as profoundly as Marxism has changed all our lives for the worse in this century." — Rose Wilder Lane

"If any single book can turn the ideological tide that has been running in recent years so heavily toward statism, socialism, and totalitarianism, *Human Action* is that book. It should become the leading text of everyone who believes in freedom, in individualism, and in a free-market economy." — Henry Hazlitt

"An arsenal of fact and logic for those at war with the Marxists and Fabians." — *Chicago Daily News*

"Dr. von Mises has made a tremendous contribution to economic thinking in a world that thinks only economics." — Vermont Royster

"[Mises] offers a combination of great scholarship and the rare ability to make an abstruse economic subject interesting." — Lawrence Fertig

"The finest economic treatise of this generation." — Raymond Moley

How to get this $37.50 masterwork FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE ● HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, Ludwig von Mises' magnum opus, *Human Action*, in the $37.50 Third Edition. I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

AS – 17

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

Volume 16, Number 12, December 1983

Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1983

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

BUSINESS STAFF
Business Manager: Kathryn L. Baker
Advertising Manager: Lou Ann Sabatier
Advertising Assistant: Cheryl Mazur
Circulation Manager: John Thomas
Subscription Manager: Kathy Robertson
Secretary to the Publisher: Cindy L. Baker
Staff Assistant: Cara G. McKinley

EDITORIAL STAFF
Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Production Manager: Jan Sharkey
Assistant Managing Editor: William McGurn
Research Director: Paul H. Vivian
Executive Secretary: Jenny Meadows
Production Assistant: Linda S. Calkins
Editorial Intern: Michael Breault

Senior Editors:
A. Lawrence Chickering,
Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker
Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Editor: Tom Bethell
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Cambridge Editor: Andy Stark
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Douglas Bartholomew

Contributors
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Martha Bayles,
Christopher C. DeMuth, Terry Eastland,
Jerry Gerde, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol,
William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke, John Podhoretz,
Alan Reynolds, Mitchell S. Ross, Benjamin J. Stein

Legal Counsel
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, IN, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $21, outside the United States $25. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402. (812) 334-2715. For advertising sales, contact the New York office at 204 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011 (212) 719-5817. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 111 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

ISSN 0148-8414. Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

C O N T E N T S

Books for Christmas 10
Holiday gift suggestions from friends and enemies.

The End of Senator Joe McCarthy .....Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. 16
It is rare that one can pinpoint the precise moment in which a political career comes to a crashing end.

Judith Rossner's Turnaround.....John Podhoretz 20
August *is about coming to terms with the world.*

Affirmative on Civil Rights: The Reagan Record .....Herman Belz 22
Since when does opposition to Affirmative Action mean a rejection of the Civil Rights Act of 1964?

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 4

Editorials / Tip, a Rapprochement / Parson Anderson, Refurbished
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 6

Capitol Ideas / High Priests.....Tom Bethell 7

The Public Policy / Airline Deregulation Considered .....
.....Clinton V. Oster, Jr. 24

Presswatch / Nattering Nabobs.....Fred Barnes 28

Eminentoes / Barbara Honegger's Great Days.....John H. Fund 30

Among the Intellectualoids / Health Food Awakenings .....
.....Lawrence Klepp 32

Special Correspondence..... 45

Current Wisdom .....Assorted Jackasses 47

Index for Volume 16..... 48

BOOK REVIEWS

Lectures on Don Quixote, by Vladimir Nabokov, edited by Fredson Bowers .....Matei Calinescu 34

Children of War, by Roger Rosenblatt .....Jack Beatty 37

Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism, by John Updike.....
.....Eric J. Sundquist 38

Strategic Military Surprise, by Klaus Knorr and Patrick Morgan, and *Surprise Attack,* by Richard K. Betts.....Terry O'Rourke 39

The Islamic Threat to the Soviet State, by Alexandre Bennigsen and Marie Broxup .....Daniel Pipes 41

Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book, by Walker Percy.....
.....Mark Royden Winchell 42

Winter's Tale, by Mark Helprin .....Eric Goldstein 43

Cover Drawing by Elliott Banfield

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•October passes as do over two hundred American Marines in their sleep in Lebanon. Up to the hour of the slaughter on the morning of October 23 Marines had been dying regularly in Lebanon, but no tributes were paid them in the Republic's grand corridors of public commentary; and how could it be otherwise, so deafening is our public discourse with sentimental dithyrambs about the women's plight, the new man's anxieties, and the perfidies committed against blacks, homosexuals, Hispanics, fat people, herpes victims, AIDs victims, Agent Orange victims, toxic shock victims, dioxin victims, and all the other heroes of New Age America. Behold the idiocy. Not one female soldier was in Lebanon on the morning of that cowardly attack. When will the feminists complain about that? They have been bawling for more American women in combat positions. Let them bawl about it now. Actually, it is unfortunate that the feminists did not pop up in the middle of World War II with their fanciful claims about male and female sameness and demand combat roles for women at Guadalcanal and the Ardennes. That would have ended their absurd agitations in a hail of condign jeers, and today there might be a few more pundits capable of appreciating the Marines' sacrifices without bringing in Freudian or existential or wimp blather.

•The incomparable Yoko Ono donated a substantial quantity of land, trinkets, and Lennon art to the Spirit Foundation, after expressing the cryptic gibber that "all governments . . . give back to people, including the soldiers, the right to die a natural death and to work toward a world in which courage and wisdom are used to survive together." The lady is obviously a Typhoid Mary; no sooner had she spoken than American military forces landed in Grenada. Another generous bequest from Miss Ono, and St. Lucia or Dominica might go. It is a thing Miss Ono ought to think about the next time she opens her big mouth. Perhaps the savants of the American media will note the connection in time. Their intellects have awesome capacities. Halfway through the battle they fell into a white-hot snit over being denied advance notice from the Reagan Administration about the secret military exercise, presumably so they could get rooms booked at a decent hotel. Then they wailed about being excluded from the battle, suggesting that the next time we commence hostilities we begin with a parachute drop of noisy American journalists behind enemy lines, and a host of Democratic solons might be heaved over too. Their response to the liberation of Grenada was indistinguishable from that of Professor Barry Commoner's Citizens' Party.

•Ohio feminists revealed surprising ignorance of the sexual mores of politicians when they derided the woebegone Mr. Thomas Bay, Springfield, Ohio's city manager who in 1982 suspended a policewoman for posing *au naturel* in a men's magazine and who now has resigned his position after having been nabbed by Dayton police for soliciting the professional services of a lady of the night. Contrary to the feminists' hoots there is no hypocrisy here whatsoever; Ohio pols have been consummating this particular business transaction fully clothed for years. In Markham, Illinois, Mr. John McDannell was sentenced to one year of court supervision and fined $90 for what a prosecutor termed a case of "brutal parakeetcide." During a dispute with Miss Janice Huffines, his girlfriend, the Midwest strongman removed her parakeet from its cage and, according to an admiring Miss Huffines, "tore its head off." Mr. Bobby Goldsboro, singer of "Watching Scotty Grow" and "The Straight Life," was denied custody of his youngest daughter after the Tennessee Court of Appeals entertained evidence that the singer is an ardent collector of pornographic pictures featuring young girls. Mr. Neil Kinnock became the second mental defective in a row to head Britain's Labour Party, and Terrence Cardinal Cooke expired as did Jimmy Carter's Mother.

•In England there was evidence aplenty of pacifism's recrudescence. Mrs. Thatcher responded to our liberation of Grenada with the sounds of a somewhat hypersensitive Neville Chamberlain. On October 29 a huge flock of Greenham Common shrews showed up armed with wire cutters to gain admittance to that unhappy military base, and authorities at London's Heathrow Airport suspected an Italian grandmother en route to New York from Rome of terrorism when they discovered an Italian sausage hidden on her person. Inmates at the Federal Correctional Institute in Miami, Florida eagerly enrolled in the handicapped rights movement when fellow inmate Mr. Thomas Eddy McMurray smuggled them enough cocaine to stay "high for a month" by concealing the stuff in his wooden leg. And Miss Jan Hammil, director of American Indians Against Desecration, declared Thanksgiving Day a day of national fasting and mourning after she arrived at Indiana University's Glenn A. Black Laboratory of Archaeology to hold an unapproved "spiritual ceremony" and was denied access to the requisite bones. Miss Hammil, a lawyer, had refused to follow accepted procedure of submitting a written request in advance, saying: "When you go to visit your grandmother's grave, do you have to do that?" No trace of Miss Hammil's grandmother has as yet been found in the besieged facility.

•No matter what the stalwarts of American Indians Against Desecration might think of it Injun Summer settled on the land, and Americans were seduced away from the dry and balmy comforts of their air-conditioned domiciles for the first time since late July. Truth be known these last few months have revealed the environmentalists for the cranks that most of them are. The dratted environment has been uninhabitable: arid, then drenched, then dreary. No wonder the history of civilization has for the most part been a heroic tale of mankind's unflagging efforts to get out from under the environment. Whoever swallowed the environmentalists' exuberant bosh in the first place? Actually, environmentalism is but another anti-capitalist tool used by New Age messiahs like the lugubrious Mr. Ralph Nader, that human handkerchief who for some two decades has been collecting bacilli and bacteria, viruses and other human miseries, and attributing all of them to the capitalist ambience in which he has flourished. Where was he last month when Mr. Roman Kenk, a selfless Smithsonian research associate, divulged his charnel report on the whereabouts of Holsinger's planarian, that half-inch freshwater flatworm whose primitive brain and "surprising sexual sophistication" have profoundly ingratiated him to bleeding-heart environmentalists? Now Mr. Kenk has reported that this remarkable creature is extinct, and no one seems to know where Holsinger is either. What has Ralph had to say about it? Absolutely nothing, and do you know why? It now has been reported that Holsinger's planarian was annihilated by the construction of a parking lot, not a parking lot for a hellish shopping mall or worse still an industrial plant but a parking lot for a federally assisted housing project in the Washington, D.C. area. Beat that.

•Lech Walesa was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. President Reagan gave his permission for a re-election committee to be established. James Watt was named environmental editor of *The American Spectator* so that we might better understand environmental concerns, and a drunk and disorderly editorial staff sought Christmas book recommendations from many notables without asking the editor his. There will be no heat in their offices this winter, and I shall make a recommendation anyway: Paul Johnson's *Modern Times,* a very important history of the past six decades that comprehends all the folly and chronicles it in judicious detail. Ritualistic Liberals will find it unreadable. *—RET*

NEW YORK OFFICE MOVES

In order to be closer to the capitalist heart of Manhattan, *The American Spectator* in November moved its office from its mid-town location to 204 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011. The phone number remains the same (212-719-5817).

The new office will be staffed by editor-in-chief R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., advertising manager Lou Ann Sabatier, and assistant managing editor William McGurn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A limited, signed edition of lithographs by Elliott Banfield

Special Low Price for readers of The American Spectator

Each hand-signed print is only $25, a modest price for a signed lithograph by one of America's best illustrators. Just clip the coupon today, to take advantage of this offer. Your prints will be shipped in special, sturdy mailing containers.

As a service to its readers, *The American Spectator* is now offering a limited edition of Elliott Banfield's most popular cover subjects. *Spectator* readers have a choice of President Richard M. Nixon, The Rev. Billy Graham, or actor Alan Alda—on beautiful lithographs of the finest quality, numbered individually, and hand-signed by the artist. Mr. Banfield's handsome prints are perfectly suited for framing, and are available exclusively through *The American Spectator.*

Just think of what you would give today for a signed Thomas Nast rendering of some of yesterday's figures—William "Boss" Tweed, the actress Lillie Langtry, or even the great William Jennings Bryan. What better way to trace the history and culture of the last two decades than with a signed print of some of the people who made it happen.

These prints are perfect for the den, the office, dorm, or home—or as a special gift for the hard-to-please. They make wonderful conversation starters, and are bound to provoke the curiosity of friends, acquaintances, and business associates. Individually signed and numbered, they are sure to grow in value.

Elliott Banfield is a well-known graphic illustrator who lives and works in New York City. Mr. Banfield's work has graced the cover of *The American Spectator* since the early days of the magazine. In addition to the pages of *The American Spectator,* Mr. Banfield's art appears each week in the *New York Times Book Review* and has also appeared in *Time* magazine, *National Lampoon,* the *New York Times Magazine* and other publications. Mr. Banfield has done illustrations for a number of books, including R. Emmett Tyrrell's *Public Nuisances.*

ELLIOTT BANFIELD PRINT OFFER

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR • P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

Please send me the Banfield print(s) I have indicated, at the special price of $25 each plus $2 for postage, handling, and insurance. I understand that these quality 11'' x 13½'' prints will be shipped in special, sturdy containers. I prefer the following method of payment:

☐ Check or money order enclosed, made payable to The American Spectator.
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account no. _____

Expiration date _____

Signature _____

X3RR

Quantity	*Subject*
_____	President Richard M. Nixon
_____	Rev. Billy Graham
_____	Feminist Alan Alda
_____	Subtotal: $25 each times number of prints.
+ 2.00	Postage, handling, and insurance
$ _____	Total enclosed

Name _____
(please print)
Street address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Please provide street address for UPS delivery.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

TIP, A RAPPROCHEMENT

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Falstaff I was with you. Admittedly I have at times been critical of, possibly even impolite to, that large rumpled *basso continuo* of welfarism who serves as Speaker of the House, but last month as American soldiers were struggling against a Marxist-Leninist power grab in the Caribbean he was quick to oppose "any type of dialogue critical of my government at this time." His resolution lasted all of three days. In the New Age Democratic party where Christopher Dodd has replaced Henry Jackson, Tip's toughness took courage.

Possibly he recognized that since the early 1970s we have been living through an era of illusory peace, attained solely by allowing large parts of Africa, Asia, the Middle East, and now Central America to be taken over by Moscow's surrogates. All these tin-pot despots abominate us and our way of life. Maybe Speaker O'Neill appreciates the enduring wisdom of Lorenzo de Medici's fifteenth-century admonition to his son Pope Leo: "those who speak ill of us do not love us."

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

Certainly the New Age Capitol Hill giants do not see the world this way. Dreamers that they are, they hear Fidel Castro tirelessly haranguing the United States, a nation that by any humane standard is as superior to Fidel's island hoosegow as heaven is to hell, and they suggest negotiations. He ships huge stores of weaponry and armies of soldiers to once serene little lands, and they see only technicians and construction workers. Do American construction workers carry Russian AK-47s? Does it really not matter if Central America and the Caribbean bristle with hostile military installations, or that "little" Grenada be turned into a giant aircraft carrier for Cubans and the Soviets?

Last month for just about the first time since 1917 a country taken over by Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries was reclaimed for freedom. Friends of freedom throughout the world should have been rejoicing. You can be sure that Lech Walesa was glad and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and all those who yearn for freedom in Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, Afghanistan, the aforementioned Third World despotisms, and, of course, Nicaragua: where the only independent newspaper is censored and subjected to brutal harassment, where the Church is under police surveillance, where there are no elections, where the thug Somoza begins to appear as a kind of liberal.

Yet, those who still have their freedoms have been slow to rejoice. From Europe we hear the usual disapprobation. During the administration of Jimmy Carter the Europeans scowled at us for his dithering; today they scowl at Ronald Reagan's decisiveness. It is an old story, summed up by Henry Kissinger in the first volume of his memoirs: "In times of rising tension, they feared American rigidity; in times of relaxing tension, they dreaded a U.S.-Soviet condominium." What do you expect from a people whose major daily meal comes at midday?

The fault-finding that issued from Capitol Hill last month and from our press was more disturbing. Drugged by the pessimism of the era, many now automatically anticipate American defeat and hope to profit from it. Noting that our military was engaged in a dangerous mission, Speaker O'Neill warned against being critical, and all the presidential candidates who would be tomorrow's heroes were today's ostriches. While our anonymous American soldiers who never will be able to exploit this moment were defending American interests, the candidates were awaiting their opportunities. Then Mondale and the terminally cynical fell on the President. How could Tip hold out?

There are those on Capitol Hill and in the media who are perfectly comfortable with American failure, for it fortifies their belief that to exercise power is futile. Now Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has joined this band of popinjays, and last month all luxuriated in the kind of petty fault-finding whose aim is to allow them to look righteous whatever the outcome of events. At the United Nations Moynihan used to take on all the world's despots. He wrote a memoir that is a sustained assault on the alleged softness of Henry Kissinger. It is particularly critical of our refusal to resist Cubans in Angola. Now, like so many other members of the club, Moynihan has retired from the fray for the comforts of the United States Senate.

Finally there were those of my colleagues who apparently did not have enough to keep them busy, so during a secret assault on secret Cuban installations they began complaining of our government's secrecy. When CBS News called for my reaction to this temporary state of affairs I am sorry I was out of the office. I would have told them that when U.S. soldiers are under fire protecting our interests I do not want them distracted by souvenir peddlers, life insurance salesmen, or even journalists. Apparently the massacre of our Marines in Beirut did not impose upon the colleagues' minds the seriousness of war, but Tip O'Neill understood and while he held out against the opportunists and defeatists I for one was grateful. □

PARSON ANDERSON, REFURBISHED

There is abundant proof that American politics is in a very frowzy condition. There are the bromides, the love poems from the candidates to each and every one of us, the promises of action this day. Then there are the facts: the obvious double-talk, the empty gestures, and very little action—the federal bureaucracy and judiciary having already arrogated so much of democracy's business, much to the satisfaction of our posturing pols. Now there is the presidential candidacy of John Anderson, the unctuous independent whose presidential bid in 1980 left him far in the wake of Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter.

Apparently Parson Anderson will now try again. Moreover this time he will be chief cook and bottlewasher of a new political party. The party will have no support from any other elected political leaders. It has no defined constituents. All it has is a self-styled presidential candidate whose unscotchable agitations have rendered his visage, with its black-rimmed glasses and shock of white hair, a thing to be copyrighted. For principles his party will have a few banalities and incantations, for instance that laconic 1980 incantation: "the Anderson difference."

Phew! How American politics has fallen into a pathetic condition. Increasingly public life emulates the cheap melodrama of television land and the gimmickry of Madison Avenue. What would the American electorate make of candidate A. Lincoln? More interestingly, what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would the electorate of Lincoln's day have made of candidate Anderson? I believe they would have viewed him as weird. He is weird.

He is also much more liberal than in 1980. He is supposedly going to name his party the National Unity Party. Now there is bathos. How about the National Salvation Party? Such party names are used in the Third World, and Parson Anderson's vision of America is not so very different from that of many a Third World potentate pontificating to the dozing citizenry of his turnip-patch principality. The name that Parson Anderson has chosen is ridiculous in other ways too, for "unity" is just the opposite of what he is offering. His is a breakaway movement for political Pecksniffs too sanctimonious to work within one of the major parties.

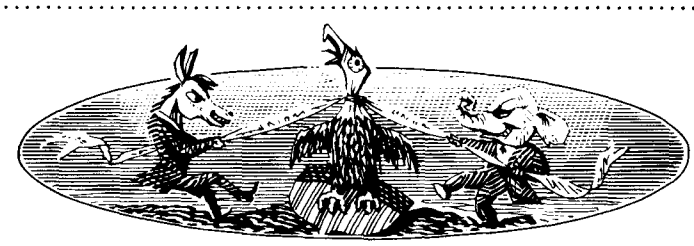
"He's become a classic Kennedy-type liberal," one of Parson Anderson's former aides reported to the *Wall Street Journal.* He now favors "a global Marshall Plan," a nuclear freeze, defense cuts, and increases in aid to education. No longer is he the pert budget cutter of yore. Actually there is nothing surprising about his gallop to the left. He has been a liberal for years, and the only sure difference between a liberal today and, say, six months ago or six minutes ago is that now he is more liberal.

Liberalism has moved steadily leftward since its fetal stage. Relentlessly it has moved from thumping for equal opportunity to thumping for equality of condition, from thumping for welfare to thumping for income redistribution, from thumping for an anti-Communist foreign policy to thumping for a policy of appeasement. Norman Thomas ran for the presidency six times on the Socialist ticket, and when he died it was with the utmost satisfaction that liberal pundits pointed out how many of Thomas's quack policies were now the law of the land.

So here we have candidate Anderson, markedly further to the left than four years ago. I shall offer him some campaign advice free of charge. Why not make the great leap in the liberals' evolutionary process and declare himself a revolutionary Socialist? It could be his boast in campaign '84 that he arrived first at the liberals' historic destination.

Is there any way to stop the liberals' procession leftward? Experience clearly demonstrates that to follow this route is to impoverish one's country and to leave it increasingly unstable and defenseless. Yet candidates like Parson Anderson are blind to experience. Something dramatic will have to be done to restrain their drift. Conditions in Cuba, Poland, or M. Mitterrand's France do not smarten them up. Possibly, if Ronald Reagan were to rename the Republican party the American Communist Party and declare himself and all his tax cutters to be Marxist-Leninists intent on liberation of the proletariat, the American liberal would be sufficiently horrified to head back toward the political center. It is worth trying. The further radicalization of American liberalism makes no sense. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



HIGH PRIESTS

by Tom Bethell

The big event this month promised to be the Neoliberal Conference in Reston, Va., put on by Charles Peters, the founder and editor of the *Washington Monthly.* I had been thinking about going, but then I began to suspect that I might not be entirely welcome at the solemn gathering. Charlie Peters was good enough some years ago to pluck me from the obscurity of a French Quarter attic in New Orleans to give me employment as an editor of his magazine, so I think that an article that might very well have been headlined "Paleoconservative Meets Neoliberals" would have been displeasing to all concerned.

Charlie Peters, who started up the magazine in 1969 after serving as a West Virginia legislator, a volunteer in John F. Kennedy's 1960 campaign, and a Peace Corps official, maintained an undaunted good cheer in face of the daily difficulties of putting out a small magazine on a shoestring budget. His employees had little enough to complain about, despite the low pay. Today I hear they are still paid the same, despite an inflation that must have doubled the cost of living in Washington since the mid-1970s. I should imagine today's *Monthly* staffers qualify for Food Stamps. But of course there were intangible benefits, and whenever a vacancy arises, I gather, Charlie has to sort through hundreds of applications. (He *tries* to resist the Harvard men—not always successfully.)

One of the nice things I remember about writing for the magazine (I was on the staff for a year) was that you always had the encouraging sense that it was being read in High Places. David Riesman wrote fan letters, and in response to the very first piece I wrote—as I recall, it was something about the Space Program—I was surprised to receive a friendly note from none other than Arthur Schlesinger. "Arthur's friend," Charlie teased, the next time he saw me.

Charlie Peters's influence in Washington today, in my opinion, stems more from his personal qualities than from the rigor of his political analysis, which certainly in my day tended toward quirkiness. He was impervious to flattery and indifferent to personal stardom. One of his best qualities was that it never seemed to bother him that those who worked for the magazine sometimes went on to media posts more prominent than the dusty little office-warren he occupied on the 12th floor of Connecticut Avenue. Indeed he seemed overjoyed by such advancement—perhaps secure in the knowledge that he would exercise a widening influence on the public debate through his undoubted influence on his rising disciples. One thinks particularly of Jim Fallows, always *primus inter pares* among Charlie's Angels, who went out to become Jimmy Carter's

chief speechwriter and the Washington editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.* (His recent thorough investigation of the alleged problem of immigration, published in the latest issue of the *Atlantic,* is well worth the price of the magazine.)

As a result of such influence, Charlie Peters is becoming something of a Washington insider, defined as one who knows a good deal more than he says publicly, and whose influence is to some extent dependent on his continued discretion. He probably wouldn't like the "insider" label. I remember Charlie once telling me that the late Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Sun-Times,* who was on his advisory board, was far more interesting at the dinner table than he ever was in print. He knew all these things, but he was too discreet to write them down; doing so might, as it were, jeopardize his "seat" at the Godfrey Sperling breakfast conclave. This is quite common among those who have been in Washington for ten years or more, and Peters himself may be in very much the same situation today.

I'm not at all sure I know what this

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"neoliberal" business is all about, and I suspect it may not be a particularly suitable description of the philosophy espoused by the *Washington Monthly*. It all came up after my time. I think the general idea is that a neoliberal is to a liberal what a neoconservative is to a conservative: a more moderate variety of the same species. On a few issues the *Monthly* (i.e., Peters, for he ran a fairly tight ship, editorially: it was no easy matter to get things he didn't agree with into the magazine) was to the right of the Washington Consensus—but never by much. When one day I expressed doubts about the Bail Reform Act, he encouraged me to write the "right-wing crime story" that no one else in the office would tackle at that point. Not death-penalty stuff, you understand, but lock-'em-up-if-they're-dangerous stuff. Moderate enough, but of course rather rightish from the D.C. point of view.

My guess is that Charlie is not entirely comfortable with the leftward drift of the Democratic party, and of the Washington consensus generally. He may well have been more comfortable with the *old* liberal position, as indeed were many of those who now call themselves neoconservatives. But of course it's not done to object explicitly to this leftward drift; if you do, and you are considered important enough, you will be called an ideologue and anonymous informants will start whispering unkind things about you to the bloodhounds who dwell inside the *Washington Post* kennels.

If this analysis is correct, then Charlie Peters is not really a *neo*-liberal at all. He's an old, or paleo-liberal. By the same token those who are comfortable with the new "liberal" position are really leftists in disguise. Senator Paul Tsongas, a speaker at the conference, perfectly exemplifies this position. I've kept a wary eye on the man since he was elected to the Senate, and he strikes me as being a fairly hard-line leftist who is only too happy to be offered shelter under the same taxonomic umbrella as genuine moderates like Fallows and Peters.

The trouble with the centrist position that Peters by nature finds congenial, it seems to me, is that it is ultimately at the mercy of the extremes. If your goal is to stand between two people, then you must move where they move. A protractor is a convenient instrument for bisecting the angle between left and right, but you never quite know in what direction it is going to end up pointing you.

On defense, for example, Michael Kinsley, a *Monthly* alumnus who went on to become editor of *Harper's*, tells me that the neoliberal position is: we need an *efficient* defense. This strikes me as being unexceptionable, because so few people are calling for an inefficient defense. Edward Luttwak, maybe, but I can't think of anyone else.

But enough of this carping. Charlie Peters is a patriot, which I fear is no longer universally the case in Washington, especially in the media. Oh, one final point. I think I might have plucked up my courage and gone to the conference anyway had William Greider been there to speak, as originally scheduled. But he canceled. I might have picked up some good-writing tips.

So I was left with time to spare and space to fill. I decided to see one of the few explicitly right-wing movies made in recent years, *The Final Option*, which is about the British Special Air Service foiling a Commie plot in London. Although it had only opened at area theaters a few days

LAISSEZ FAIRE Best Sellers

1 WESTERN LIBERALISM, ed. by Bramsted & Melhuish. Impassioned selections from the best of classical liberalism. (qpb, 810p) $16.95

2 AMERICA'S MONEY MACHINE BY Elgin Groseclose. Authortative history of the Federal Reserve Banking System from its political roots through its misdirected policies. (hd, 289p) $14.95

3 HUMAN ACTION by Ludwig von Mises. A complete, systematic treatise, covering every major topic of the science of economics. (hd, 885p) $37.50

4 FREEDOM AND DOMINATION by Alexander Rustow. A sweeping view of the conflict between individual liberty and political domination from earliest times to the present day. (hd, 716p) $40.00

5 MINDSPELL by Kay Nolte Smith. A novel of suspense and tension involving a young woman executive caught in a nightmare of occultism and black magic. (hd, 311p) $13.95

6 FOR A NEW LIBERTY by Murray N. Rothbard. Rothbard's sweeping manifesto defines the basic principles of liberty and provides far-reaching solutions for current problems. (qpb, 338p) $6.95

7 SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY The Supreme Court and Individual Rights by Henry Mark Holzer. Tramples the Supreme Court's reputation as the protector of individual rights. (hd, 224p) $14.95

8 THE BENEFITS AND HAZARDS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF AYN RAND by Nathaniel Branden. A personal statement by Rand's closest associate for many years before their "split." Records his reactions shortly after her death. (90 min. audio tape) $14.95

9 ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON by Henry Hazlitt. The best primer on free market economics. A brilliant refutation of common economic fallacies. (qpb, 214p) $5.95

9 THE ROAD TO SERFDOM by F.A. Hayek. This timeless classic showed why state planning must undermine both political and economic freedom, and end in serfdom. (qpb, 242p) $4.95

11 IF YOU COULD HEAR WHAT I CANNOT SAY by Nathaniel Branden. His newest book contains exercises using his sentence completion technique for helping readers to get at the root of their problems. (qpb, 293p) $8.95

12 LIFE EXTENSION by Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw. Add years to your life and life to your years. Slow your own aging while improving your current health. (qpb, 858p) $10.95

13 THE ECONOMICS AND POLITICS OF RACE By Thomas Sowell. "Powerful attack on liberal beliefs about minorities, racism, segregation and affirmative action."—*NY Times.* (hd, 312p) $15.95

14 MODERN TIMES BY Paul Johnson. A history of the world from the Twenties to the Eighties written with force and eloquence, clearly sympathetic to the values of the individual versus the State. (hd, 817p) $27.95

15 A MENCKEN CHRESTOMATHY Choice selections edited and annotated by H.L. Mencken himself. (qpb, 627p) $7.95

And Bear in Mind...

HEALING AMERICA by Richard Cornuelle, $14.95
NATION, STATE AND ECONOMY by Ludwig von Mises, $9.00
DOUBLE CROSSING by Erika Holzer, $13.95
OUR ENEMY THE STATE by Albert Jay Nock, $6.95
MR. JEFFERSON by A.J. Nock, $8.95
MACHINERY OF FREEDOM by David Friedman, $9.95
PHILOSOPHY: WHO NEEDS IT by Ayn Rand, $15.95
CAPITALISM AND FREEDOM by Milton Friedman, $5.95
HOW TO SPEAK, HOW TO LISTEN by Mortimer Adler, $12.95
THOMAS SZASZ: PRIMARY VALUES AND MAJOR CONTENTIONS, $9.95

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it for an immediate refund.

CHARGE YOUR ORDER BY PHONE
You can order by phone and charge your VISA or MASTERCARD. Call (212) 460-8222 between 11:00am and 6:00pm Eastern time, Monday thru Saturday.

© Laissez Faire Books, Inc. 1983

ITEM | PRICE
SUBTOTAL
N.Y. State residents add sales tax
Shipping & Handling $2.25
TOTAL:
PLEASE SEND YOUR ORDER TO:

☐ Check or Money Order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa
CARD NO. EXP. DATE
SIGNATURE
NAME
STREET
CITY/STATE ZIP

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS, DEPT.A312, 206 MERCER STREET, N.Y., N.Y. 10012

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earlier, there was no sign of it anywhere in the *Washington Post* listings! Foiled again. I'm beginning to suspect we could use a visit in Washington from the Special Air Service.

At my wits end, I decided to go to a movie which I thought might contain some reassuring Biblical message, *Daniel.* Oh dear, how wrong I was. It turned out to be some terrible rubbish about New York Communists in the 1940s. The message seemed to be that Commies don't engage in plots—they're all trumped up by the FBI, which is the truly conspiratorial organization. The joke is that the notion of Communists-as-plotters is most strenuously opposed by those who would least object to such plots; just as Alger Hiss's innocence is most loudly proclaimed by those who would have the least objection to his guilty actions; just as the very notion of unpatriotic behavior is decried by those who persistently denigrate patriotism.

Daniel turned out to be a muddled and boring movie, with the very poor sound track that is now standard in Hollywood movies. (The soundmen are rock graduates and half deaf.) When the portentous Ed Asner appeared in the courtroom scene I could stand it no longer and left.

So I trudged up the steep hill beside the Soviet Embassy to the National Cathedral, anticipating perhaps a few quiet moments of ecumenical reflection in the gothic structure. Wouldn't you know, I arrived just in time for one of those now-common church debates whose unstated premise is that it might be wise to surrender to the Soviets before it's too late. It was billed: "Understanding the Soviet Union." A leaflet explained that "we need to be able to see the world from the Soviet perspective, and to respect its problems and goals . . ." Someone at the church porch handed me a counter-leaflet about the Ukraine, and placards were dimly visible in the night air.

Nice-mannered Episcopalian ladies were shaking out their umbrellas, and one with a green alligator on her top asked in a loud voice, "Who's Richard Pipes?" Not that he was speaking. We took to the pews and a breezy, hearty canon appeared at the speaker's platform—didn't catch his name; he is the type of clergyman you would have met a lot twenty years ago in England who is awfully keen on cricket. He apologized for the absence of Valentin Berezhkov, First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, from the discussion a week earlier, explaining that there had been the problem of his son's trying to escape from the Embassy compound (which is just up the road from where I live, and means that I get rather more police protection than the average D.C. resident). The canon explained that Senator Claiborne Pell had only the other day had dinner with Berezhkov Sr. in Moscow, "which is good news," he added, "because it means he's in Moscow and not Siberia." Polite little titters from the green-alligator contingent. I couldn't help wondering why we should respect that country's "goals" which lie so predictably in the direction of Siberia.

Someone called Doctor Geyer was talking, a Methodist of sorts; apparently a heavy hitter on the peace and justice circuit. He wore suede shoes and sideburns. I couldn't follow the details—a lot of talk about the freeze and something about build-down being a build-up. He did a good job of seeing the world from the Soviet perspective, I'll say that for him. "As a Methodist," he said, "I can say that build-down appears to be a fig-leaf for the MX." His amplified voice echoed around the nave and transept. I looked up at the ceiling, and noticed large dark patches of rain-soaked stone. Somewhere up there I also saw the cross. □

Coolidge and the Historians
Thomas B. Silver

What do we know of Calvin Coolidge? He took long naps in the White House every afternoon. To maintain his feeble health he rode a mechanical horse. *The Oxford History of the American People* holds that he was mean, dour and mediocre.

Now, at last, Thomas Silver offers a balanced look at Coolidge. He analyzes how and why historians have distorted this president's speeches and deeds.

"... Thomas Silver has blasted and carted away the gargoyles and rubbish heaped up by such as Nevins, Commager, Morison, Leuchtenberg, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr."
American Spectator, November 1983

Published with the Claremont Institute for the Study of Statesmanship and Political Philosophy.

1983 159 pp index $14.95

Carolina Academic Press
PO Box 8795
Durham, North Carolina 27707

American Conservatism and the American Founding
Harry V. Jaffa

In his most recent book, Prof. Jaffa raises the question whether America is truly dedicated to a moral principle that makes citizenship meaningful and statesmanship necessary and desirable. As William F. Buckley, Jr., writes in the foreword, "He [Jaffa] is a very great teacher ... just the teacher America needs right now, to assist our recovery not only from misguided practice but from misleading theories. ... And [such] a book... is a gift to the nation."

Winter 1984 256 pp appr. $19.95

Amoral America, *revised edition*
George C. S. Benson and
Thomas S. Engeman

In this revised and expanded edition, the authors contend that America's emphasis on individuality and progress has resulted in a decline of obligation to the community. They confront this problem at its most crucial level —the education of the young to re-create moral standards.

1982 317 pp $19.95; $7.95 paper

Statesmanship
Essays in Honor of Winston S. Churchill
Harry V. Jaffa, ed.

These essays illuminate aspects of Churchill's character and relate him to other personalities and influences.

1982 289 pp $22.95

Rhetoric and American Statesmanship
Jeffrey D. Wallin and Glen E. Thurow

The study of rhetoric attempts to discover what makes a speech politically effective. As good public speaking is fundamental to a successful democracy, the importance of that study cannot be overlooked. This book captures the older tradition of rhetoric and contrasts it with contemporary methods of speechmaking.

Published with the Claremont Institute.

Winter 1984 164 pp $14.95

The End of the Ancient Republic
Essays on Julius Caesar
Jan H. Blits

This new interpretation will prove valuable to those interested in Shakespeare, political philosophy or the history of ideas.

1983 96 pp $14.95

Freedom of Expression
Purpose as Limit
Francis Canavan

A historical analysis and reassessment of how we use the freedom protected by our First Amendment. Canavan looks at Spinoza, Milton and Locke, among others, and concludes that freedom of press and speech must be controlled by the rationally cognizable ends it is designed to achieve.

Published with the Claremont Institute.

Winter 1984 price to be announced

I wish to purchase the following books and have enclosed prepayment. The publisher will pay postage and handling.

_____

_____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Holiday gift suggestions from friends and enemies.

JACQUES BARZUN

Roger L. Williams: *The Horror of Life* (University of Chicago Press, $22.50) is a model of interdisciplinary scholarship and superbly lucid writing. It deals with the lives and afflictions of the six great French writers who set the tone indicated in the title. No reductionism mars this exposition, which is indispensable for an understanding of the modern temper.

James Hillman: *Inter Views: Conversations with Laura Pozzo on Psychotherapy, Biography, Love, Soul, Dreams, Imagination, Work, and the State of the Culture* (Harper & Row, $13.41). Here a Jungian psychiatrist who has lived and practiced abroad as well as in this country confides in a disarming manner his views, failings, memories, and hopes—a unique sort of intellectual autobiography.

Charles H. Miller: *Auden: An American Friendship* (Scribner's, $13.95). A writer and poet who was once Auden's student in Michigan and remained a friend (no more than a friend) gives a portrait of Auden not elsewhere to be found. And the reminiscences can be trusted; they are based on diary entries adroitly embodied in a quiet narrative.

Helen Hazen: *Endless Rapture: Rape, Romance, and the Female Imagination* (Scribner's, $11.95) compares wittily and subtly the often violent doctrines of modern feminism with the evident tastes of women in literature and with some facts of common life. The analysis of romances, on the one hand, and the hopes of the several schools preaching the New Woman, on the other, makes for instructive and piquant reading. Incidentally, the book grew out of an article published under another name in *The American Spectator.*

Jacques Barzun: *A Stroll With William James* (Harper & Row, $19.95). I do not blush for adding my own most recent book, because it is so much more James's than mine. It amounts, in fact, to a chrestomathy of his writings and thoughts on all subjects and is thus the means of getting to know at first hand one of the greatest minds this country has produced.

Jacques Barzun is University Professor Emeritus at Columbia University, literary adviser for Charles Scribner's Sons, and author of numerous books, including Teacher in America (*Liberty Press, $9.00/$4.00 paper*).

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Russell Baker is not my favorite humorist, not by a long shot. I can pass up his *New York Times* column with the greatest of ease, so *Growing Up* (Congdon & Weed, $15.00) was published and hit the best-seller list without my even noticing it. But when a 93-year-old friend whose critical judgment I much respect told me that I shouldn't miss it, I trotted off to the nearest bookstore. Baker's first chapter, a visit to his aged mother in a nursing home—she tells him, querulously, that he, this middle-aged stranger, is not her son Russell; Russell is only nine years old—talks to all of us whose parents are on that downhill slope. Baker's mother, a Depression-era widow with small children to support, dominates *Growing Up.* She copes, not drearily, or wearily, but with verve and gusto supported, and sometimes preyed upon, by a loving, quirky, but never cranky family. It's a romp that can bring tears to the eye. Like my friend Corinna I have now become a bore on the subject. Will whoever has my copy please return it.

Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* (Harper & Row, $27.95) you may, with luck, finish by year's end, not that it won't engross you—it's a stemwinder—but its 817 pages are so tightly packed with fascinating information that it is better savored than romped through. Mr. Johnson's canvas is the world, starting at the turn of the century. The world has seldom had a better biographer. It's a joy to read. But how is Paul Johnson going to top this one?

My third choice would be any novel by Canada's premier novelist, Robertson Davies. For those unfamiliar with his work, the *Deptford Trilogy* (Penguin, $3.95 each) is a good start. Davies is not only Canada's finest contemporary novelist, he is one of the best anywhere.

Priscilla L. Buckley is Managing Editor of National Review.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Healing of America: What Can Be Done About the Continuing Economic Crisis, by Richard Cornuelle (Putnam Pub. Group, $14.95). The whole history of voluntary action in the United States. The way it takes Keynes apart is delicious. Reagan could do a great service not only to himself but to his country if he would only review it from the Oval Office.

My Brother's Keeper, by Marcia Davenport (Bentley, $12.50/$3.50 paper). Marcia is one of our most neglected novelists. Her *Valley of Decision* was an American *Forsyte Saga.* By contrast, *My Brother's Keeper* lacks wide social scope, but it is a tremendously dramatic story of the family bond, done with both realism and compassion. Based on the real life story of two eccentrics, it is anything but eccentric in the telling.

Overdrive, by William Buckley (Doubleday, $16.95). The Left hates Bill because he knows how to spend money. Horror of horrors, he enjoys skiing and sailing. Even worse, he devotes a good lecture income to supporting a magazine that did more than most to change the intellectual climate of the country. Naturally the Left regards all this as sheer indulgence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two books by Washington Irving, *The Conquest of Spain* and *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (AMS Pr., $21.50). The first tells how the Moors got into Spain, the second tells how they were expelled 800 years later. Fascinating reading now that the Moors—the Arabs—are on the move again.

The Roman Way, by Edith Hamilton (Avon, $2.95 paper). Easier than reading Gibbon, but just as revealing.

John Chamberlain is author of A Life With the Printed Word *(Regnery Gateway, $12.95).*

MARIO M. CUOMO

With homework always on hand, I tend to dip into an assortment of books rather than read individual volumes in their entirety.

The exception this year was the novel *Ironweed* by William Kennedy (Viking Press, $14.75), which I read in one evening-to-dawn sitting. Kennedy is poet laureate of people in a Depression-era urban backwater. He informs a witty and arresting narrative with passionate introspection.

My favorites for "dipping" purposes:

The Poetry of Robert Frost, collected by Edward C. Lathem (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95 paper). Frost has a gentleness and a reverence for nature that refreshes the soul.

Best Loved Poems of the American People, edited by Hazel Felleman (Doubleday, $12.95)—ideal for preparation of speeches and instruction of young people.

The Divine Milieu: An Essay on the Interior Life, by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (Harper & Row, $3.95)—Christian theology presented in a form that for me is pure poetry.

The *New Testament*—the majestic language of the old Douay version inspires in a way that modern texts, like those in the Jerusalem Bible, for example, cannot match.

Thus my modest suggestions for a Christmas book list.

Mario M. Cuomo is Governor of the State of New York.

JOHN A. HOWARD

Richard M. Weaver, *Ideas Have Consequences* (University of Chicago Press, $7.00 paper). One of the dormant gems of social philosophy which jolts the assumptions of the liberals and some conservatives, too. Of even more compelling import today than when it appeared thirty-five years ago.

Congressman Bud Shuster, *Believing in America* (Morrow, $13.95). An upbeat view of the patria pleasing to folks who grew up in a more civilized era, but with the potential for penetrating the non-literary preoccupations of the "you know" generation as well.

William S. Gilbert, *The Complete Plays of Gilbert and Sullivan* (Norton, $9.95 paper). For those who enjoy sparkling social satire created by an absolute master of the language, Gilbert's libretti remain the unsurpassed treasure.

John A. Howard is President of the Rockford Institute.

REED IRVINE

Monimbo, by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss (Simon and Schuster, $15.95), a sequel to *The Spike* that does for Castro's plans to flood this country with drugs and agents capable of creating racial violence and chaos what *The Spike* did for the KGB's disinformation operations. Exciting and frightening reading.

The Rosenberg File, by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $22.50), who set out to prove that the atomic spies were innocent and had been framed and ended up convinced of their guilt after carefully examining the voluminous FBI files that the Rosenberg children had obtained under a Freedom of Information request. Ought to put the Rosenberg case to rest once and for all—but won't.

The KGB Today: The Hidden Hand, by John Barron (Reader's Digest Press, $19.95), wherein a brilliant expert on the Soviet espionage and active measures agency mines another rich lode of information supplied by important defectors such as Stanislav Levchenko to tell us what the enemy is up to and how he is doing it.

The Coercive Utopians, by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac (Regnery Gateway, forthcoming), a fascinating exposé of the hidden agendas of the rabid environmentalists, the leftist clergy, the media elite, and many other presumably well-motivated useful idiots who are doing in the country and the values they profess to love.

Target America, by James L. Tyson (available from AIM, $10.00/ $2.00 paper). Details the impact of Communist propaganda on the U.S. media, naming names and spelling out the successes the Kremlin has enjoyed.

Reed Irvine is Chairman of Accuracy In Media, Inc.

H.J. KAPLAN

A Christmas book list? Tyrrell honors me, and confirms my suspicion that he is an editor of genius. I must warn him, however, that I take a dim view of the custom that has grown up among us of submerging the significance of our highest and holiest of days under masses of trivia. Cook Books, Fly Fishing Books, Spy Novels —long may they wave, but not for Christmas. Give *The Dartmouth Bible,* a great companion to the King James, which everybody already has. Or *L'Annonce faite à Marie,* if you can find it. Or *The Brothers Karamazov,* ditto. These and similar suggestions are timeless and proceed from my feeling that we must each do our bit in the ceaseless struggle to recover contact with the Logos. Otherwise our holy days become nothing but marketing ploys.

But this year, thanks to Basic Books, we have Irving Kristol's *Reflections of a Neoconservative* (Basic Books, $19.95). I was reading it when Tyrrell's letter arrived: an intellectual autobiography which is not only brilliant, absorbing, surprising, convincing, provoking, revealing, and charming but finally *pertinent,* like the agelessly Jewish gaze of the author (peering at us from the book jacket designed by William Davis). This, to be sure, is a book for all seasons, a collection of essays spanning Kristol's entire career and providing a coherent and insightful view of our present situation and how (in the sense of a history of ideas) we got to be the way we are. So we are treated to subtle and elegantly written analyses of Adam Smith, the American Revolution, Machiavelli, etc., and confronted with what Rabelais would have called the *substantifique moelle* of neoconservatism, and henceforth of any viable conservatism. But this is not all.

Reading these essays and reminiscences you will find yourself meditating about the meaning and effects of the secularization of our (Western) societies. The figure in the carpet is discreet at first, almost imperceptible. And then (and this is my point) you arrive at Kristol's animadversions on Freud, Einstein, Christianity, and Judaism (in the concluding section of the book) and understand that the leitmotif of these *Reflections* lies far deeper than public affairs and political economy, narrowly understood. Kristol's subject is our civilization, finally; ordained or bereft of God; the spirit that bloweth where it listeth, bestowing meaning and life, or the absence of it that leaves us so terribly alone. It's a *religious* spirit, if you will pardon the expression, and this book is a great Christmas gift.

H.J. Kaplan, having retired from the foreign service, the corporate world, and GEO *magazine, now lives and writes in New York.*

JOSEPH KRAFT

These days I read mainly for information, and it is a rare piece of luck when something good comes my way. Fortune smiled last year in Robertson Davies' *Deptford Trilogy* (Penguin, $3.95 each)—a remembrance of things Proust, only readable.

A fine biography is Susan Crosland's memoir of her husband, Tony (*Tony Crosland,* Jonathan Cape, Pub., $19.95). It brings alive the harsh, rivalrous nature of political life, and imparts humanity to someone I used to regard as all warts.

I re-read for the third time *Lewis* Namier's *Revolution of the Intellectuals.* He remains for me the supreme historian of this century, and a stylist on the level of Hazlitt. His failure to command a wider

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public in this country bewilders me.

Joseph Kraft is a nationally syndicated columnist and a regular contributor to the New Yorker.

LEWIS LEHRMAN

I have only one recommendation; I just read it a second time: the Philip Magnus biography of a good man, Prime Minister Gladstone (*Gladstone*), a true conservative, as an antidote to the poisonous intellectual deceit that conservatives can win, in the words of Disraeli, by "dishing the Whigs" and by enacting the policies of the left-wing opposition.

Lewis Lehrman is founder of the Lehrman Institute, a public policy forum for the study of economics and foreign policy and state and local government problems. He is co-author of The Case for Gold, *and has written for* Harper's, *the* Washington Post, *the* Wall Street Journal, *and other publications.*

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

The Price of Power, by Seymour Hersh (Summit Books, $19.95). If you hate Henry Kissinger, you will love this item. Its villain possesses not a single redeeming virtue.

DeWitt's War, by Hans Koning (Pantheon, $13.95). This is the best thriller I ran across in 1983. Its hero is an honest Dutch mayor during the Nazi occupation. Highly unusual setting and action.

Characters & Their Landscapes, by Ronald Blythe (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95), a set of graceful essays marked by the same sense of place and people displayed by Blythe's *Akenfield* and *The View in Winter.*

The Next American Frontier, by Robert Reich (Times Books, $16.60). This is the best of the industrial policy manifestoes and a well-argued case for a carefully delimited planning policy.

Beyond the Wasteland, by Samuel Bowles, David Gordon, and Thomas Weisskopf (Doubleday, $17.95). This is a highly original analysis of economic crisis in America from a radical perspective. It should infuriate readers of this journal.

Robert Lekachman is the author of Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics *(Pantheon, $13.50/$3.50 paper).*

KENNETH S. LYNN

Henry A. Murray, *Endeavors in Psychology: Selections from the Personology of Henry A. Murray* (Harper & Row, $35.00). Henry A. Murray is the most attractive as well as the most significant figure in American psychological thought since William James. *Endeavors in Psychology* collects for the first time in one volume the papers that together represent the full range of his ideas. "What Should Psychologists Do About Psychoanalysis" is itself worth the price of the volume. On the one hand, the essay trumpets out the virtues of psychoanalysis; on the other hand, it arraigns the Freudian system for failing to bind up the wounds it makes. "One cannot live by laparotomies alone," says Murray.

Kenneth S. Lynn's most recent work is The Air-Line to Seattle *(Chicago, $17.50), a collection of literary and historical essays on American civilization. He is currently at work on a biography of Ernest Hemingway.*

ADAM MEYERSON

In Search of Excellence, by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr. (Harper & Row, $19.95). Don't be put off by this wonderful book just because it has been at the top of the best-seller list for nearly a year. It is the most sympathetic and celebratory book about business and businessmen ever written. It is a saga of everyday *heroes*—from the crack inventors at 3M, to the Frito-Lay salesmen who trek hours out of their way to make sure every Mom and Pop store gets its corn chips, to the McDonald's franchise owners who insist on cleanliness and courtesy. Peters and Waterman recount what everyone in business instinctively knows: the best-run businesses stress service to their customers, make high-quality products, instill pride in their employees, and shun paperwork and bureaucracy. A businessman can take this book home to his family and neighbors and say with pride: "Here's something you can read if you want to understand what I do."

China: Alive in the Bitter Sea, by Fox Butterfield (Times Books, $19.95/$9.95 paper). China-worship is no longer in fashion among Western journalists and intellectualoids, and Fox Butterfield's account of his years as the *New York Times* bureau chief in Peking (1979-81) is the most engaging of a series of revisionist books that have recently come out. It is short on hard information, as all books on China are, because free inquiry is still repressed on the mainland and because the country's chaotic, disorganized economy defies systematic fact-gathering. But Butterfield provides a colorful, anecdotal picture of the fear and bitter poverty that dominate Chinese life, as well as the tragic waste of the Chinese people's incredible talent and energy. "If China ever opened its doors," he quotes one of his Chinese friends in his concluding paragraph, "everybody would go. To the United States."

Abraham Lincoln: A Biography, by Benjamin P. Thomas (Knopf, $15.95). The best one-volume biography of the man who freed the slaves and saved our Union, this is also a stirring portrait of life and death on the frontier—of hewing logs and building cabins, of milk poisoning and typhoid fever, of vigorous debating societies where totally self-educated frontiersmen matched and honed their wits. It is an inspiring story of political maturation: beginning as a master of pork-barrel finaglings in the Illinois legislature, Lincoln gradually developed that clarity of moral vision which he expressed in his debates with Stephen Douglas. As President he was a magnanimous reconciler, much like George Washington; free of spite, and eager for the best talent in his administration, Lincoln forgave the repeated personal disloyalty of several Cabinet members. Thomas tells of the awful carnage in the Civil War, of the initial military ineptitude of the North, of a captious and sniping press that makes today's newsmongers look almost responsible by comparison, of how America's most eloquent speechgiver read little but Shakespeare and the Bible, which he knew virtually by heart. This is a model biography—appreciative but not uncritical, informative but not too detailed, with a clear and graceful narrative.

Adam Meyerson is the Editor of Policy Review, *a quarterly published by the Heritage Foundation.*

ROBERT NISBET

Paul Johnson, *Modern Times* (Harper & Row, $27.95). Without question, the best history of the twentieth century in any language. Its central themes are the universal breakdown of morality and the eruption of political (chiefly Leninist) power on all continents. The author's style gives the book excitement as well as conviction.

Diane Ravitch, *The Troubled Decade* (Basic Books, $19.95). A valuable narrative of major trends of the past half-century in American schools and colleges. The treatments of progressive education and of the whole blow-up of the 1960s illuminate a great deal more than education in American society.

Irving Kristol, *Reflections of a Neoconservative* (Basic Books, $19.95). The man who has been described as the godfather of neoconservatism in America displays in these sparkling essays the qualities necessary to such a status. Both wisdom and wit lie deep in the pages.

William F. Buckley, Jr., *Overdrive* (Doubleday, $16.95). The occasional merriment and the redoubtable Buckley wit do not for a moment conceal the rich substance of the author's continuing service to the commonwealth. Bless him.

William James, *The Principles of Psychology* (Harvard University Press, $17.50 paper). The complete, authoritative text of the greatest and most readable work ever written in psychology. Anyone who fears datedness in James is in for a grand surprise.

Robert Nisbet is Adjunct Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

RICHARD NIXON

Of all the books I have read this year, one in particular deserves to be mentioned by itself: *Modern Times,* the one-volume history of the twentieth century by British historian Paul Johnson (Harper & Row, $27.95). It is must reading for all leaders and would-be leaders in the Western world. Incisive, blunt, masterfully written, and completely free of ideological cant, *Modern Times* depicts the rise of the modern totalitarian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state and leaves the reader with a renewed sense of the twin dangers we face today: the aggressive ambitions of the Soviet Union in the East, and the moral listlessness that is exhibited all too often by leaders in the West.

Richard Nixon, thirty-seventh President of the United States, is author most recently of The Real Peace.

P.J. O'ROURKE

Christmas is supposed to be a joyous season. That is too much to ask, given the state of contemporary affairs. But the next best thing to present joy is distant misery. For the most piquant and instructive misery, I recommend first-century Rome.

The Histories by Cornelius Tacitus. Remember the days of Nixon, Ford, and Carter when it seemed as if Presidents were being hired by the hour? Well, you should have been in Rome when Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian were all Emperor during the same year. *The Histories* is a terrific reminder of what happens when people forget dignity, order, and the other virtues of social conservation and let politics run around unfettered, sticking its hind parts into everything.

Says Tacitus: "Rank, wealth and office, whether surrendered or retained, provided grounds for accusation, and the reward for virtue was inevitable death. The profits made by the prosecutors were no less odious than their crimes. Some helped themselves to priesthoods and consulships as the prize of victory. Others acquired official posts and backstairs influence, creating a universal pandemonium of hatred and terror. Slaves were suborned to speak against their masters, freedmen against their patrons, while those who had not an enemy in the world were ruined by their friends."

The best argument for re-electing Reagan since Mondale's campaign kick-off speech.

The Jewish War by Josephus. Josephus gives an eyewitness account of the Jewish rebellion against Rome and, in doing so, shows the Middle East of 66 A.D. to be the same foul, treacherous, bloody mess it is today—Jew vs. Arab vs. Syrian vs. Lebanese vs. anybody in arm's reach.

No pattern of social behavior persists for two millenia unless it fulfills a want. Maybe these folks *need* to persecute, massacre, ravage, and martyr each other. The Masada incident is worth special attention. Upon close reading, it seems to have nothing to do with Jewish history or culture but everything to do with regional psychology. Having run out of neighbors and friends to destroy, the fanatical Mideasterners destroy themselves. Draw foreign policy conclusions as you will.

The Twelve Caesars by Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus. It would be nice to believe that persons and their characters don't matter and that leaders are small boats borne upon the tide of history. This would let us all off the hook. Suetonius refutes such chicken-hearted determinism. He also paints a grand portrait of a congress full of weenies and an executive branch with cancer of the prerogatives. These stern lessons are combined with gossip and smut. *The Twelve Caesars* is as good as *People* magazine and *Penthouse* letters to the editor combined, yet you needn't be embarrassed to have it on your coffee table.

All three books are available in paperback from Penguin Classics. They are intelligent gifts and very inexpensive; the intelligence of the giver is thus doubly shown.

P.J. O'Rourke is former Editor-in-Chief of the National Lampoon *and author of* Modern Manners: Etiquette for Very Rude People *(Dell, $5.95).*

MARTIN PERETZ

David Landes, *Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World* (Harvard University Press, $20.00). This is not one of those rare books that change people's minds. It is one of the even rarer genre: a book that forces you to think about matters—general and technical—that never occurred to you at all and which, in doing so, opens up a vast new perspective on the very nature of work, and of life (and death) in history.

Frank E. Manuel, *The Changing of the Gods* (University Press of New England, $18.00). Our most learned and intellectually elegant historian of ideas, and witty and provocative besides, makes vivid and germane the seemingly most arcane and dated theological ideas and myths of the pre-modern era.

Nathan Glazer, *Ethnic Dilemmas, 1964-1982* (Harvard University Press, $20.00). This fair-minded scholar and wise theorist of democracy calmly takes us through the last two tempestuous decades during which our constitution underwent drastic, but not yet fully discernible, change. While most people haven't quite noticed, Glazer, a communitarian neoconservative, understood as—and even before—it was happening. With a clear sense of what is just and what is not, this is a guide to those perplexed by issues of race, ethnicity, and individual rights and responsibilities.

Leon Wieseltier, *Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace* (New Republic/Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $7.95). This is a book that I published. It was meant for two constituencies. One believes that it is sinful even to talk about nuclear weapons; there aren't many of these folk among *TAS* readers. The other constituency is comprised of people who imagine winnable wars. Those among *TAS* readers who so fantasize will profit from Wieseltier's brilliant and authoritative essay.

Martin Peretz is Editor-in-Chief of the New Republic.

LEO ROSTEN

The Unheavenly City, by Edward Banfield (revised edition available from Little, Brown & Co., $9.95). The best book ever on urbanology, the "underprivileged," the inner city, the suburbs, city welfare, etc.

Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy, by Joseph Schumpeter (Harper & Row, $5.95 paper). The most illuminating analysis of the "issues" I know—a remarkable and prophetic masterpiece that argues that capitalism will fail because of its remarkable successes, not its shortcomings.

Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion, by P.T. Bauer (Harvard University Press, $17.50/$7.95 paper). A withering attack on the mewlings about underdeveloped nations, "racism," the African dilemmas, the moral blackmail of the backward.

A Trumpet for Reason, by Leo Rosten. A cleansing, uncompromising exposé of the absurd reasoning and cockamamy "facts" of the radical Left (the muddled middle) of the sixties and seventies, and their hysterical supporters in the universities and the media. "People who shout 'All power to the people' want power to be handed over to—the people who shout 'All power to the people!'"

Leo Rosten is author most recently of Hooray for Yiddish! *(Simon and Schuster, $15.95).*

JOHN R. SILBER

The War Against the Atom, by Samuel McCracken (Basic Books, $18.50). The book reveals the origins and consequences of the irrational and misinformed fear of nuclear power.

Freedom and Reform, by Frank Knight (Liberty Press, $14.00/$6.50 paper). Knight's essays on economics, religion, public policy, and the social sciences are works of genius and originality.

Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution, by A.V. Dicey (Liberty Press, $15.00/$7.00 paper). The path this book broke when first published in the nineteenth century has become obscured by the moral lassitude and legalistic obfuscation of our times. The idea of "the rule of law" has never been more relevant.

Tradition, by Edward Shils (University of Chicago Press, $20.00). This powerful book should serve as a counterbalance to the prevailing sociological trend in which the most naive assumptions of the Enlightenment are swallowed whole. It is a work of massive historical and cultural authority.

John R. Silber is President of Boston University and currently serving as a member of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America.

JULIAN L. SIMON

On reflection, it seems that for me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the oldies are not just best, they are the only thing, when it comes to suggestions I give with confidence. In this case, I suggest William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*; Frederic Hayek, *The Constitution of Liberty*; William Gibson, *A Mass for the Dead.* Doesn't sound like much for Christmas, does it? But maybe they are just books for all seasons.

Julian L. Simon is Senior Fellow at the Heritage Foundation and teaches at the University of Maryland. He is author most recently of The Ultimate Resource *(Princeton University Press, $17.50/$7.95 paper).*

WILLIAM E. SIMON

I'd like to recommend three volumes.

The Federalist Papers. I read these in college, of course, but had not reread them until last year when a very thoughtful friend gave me a first edition. I have now made my way through *The Federalist* again and have been struck anew by the extraordinary wisdom of our founding fathers and their profound understanding of human nature. *The Federalist Papers* are as indispensable a tool to understanding political man today as they were two centuries ago.

Reflections of a Neoconservative: Looking Back, Looking Ahead, by Irving Kristol (Basic Books, $19.95). This collection of essays—a political autobiography of sorts—is full of Irving Kristol's usual wit, insight, and common sense. It is a very thoughtful volume and his political analysis is, as always, first rate.

What's Ahead for the Economy: The Challenge and the Chance, by Louis Rukeyser (Simon and Schuster, $15.95). This is a hard-hitting book for the layman which tells you where the economy is headed and why. It begins by taking a look at America's traditional ideas, particularly the right to freedom and a chance to live better, and asks whether we can revive our fading dreams. Happily, Rukeyser's answer is an optimistic one: the choice is still ours if we take action in the ten critical economic areas he discusses.

William E. Simon, former Secretary of the Treasury, is President of the U.S. Olympic Committee.

SUSAN STAMBERG

This is a strange list, revealing as much about the shortness of my attention span (or the sparse amount of time I can devote to pleasure reading) as it does about my reading tastes:

Alfred Stieglitz: Photographs and Writings, by Sarah Greenough and Juan Hamilton (Callaway Editions, $75.00). An intelligent and breathtaking collection of the master's works, in which the authors prove he was as great a photographer as he was a magnet for the inspired artists of his time.

About My Table & Other Stories, by Nicholas Delbanco (Morrow, $11.95). A beautiful collection of stories about men in their middle years, preserving their relationships with friends and family, permitting themselves to dream and be wistful and loving. Perhaps I've been reading too much feminist fiction lately, but these stories reminded me that men can be caring and preserving and frightened and brave.

Anything and everything written by Eudora Welty. If a "complete works" doesn't exist—stories *and* novels—it should. She has total mastery of scene, gesture, situation, and the workings of the human heart.

1984, by George Orwell. Because this is its year, and we should probably read it more often than every two decades, on assignment.

Susan Stamberg is co-host of National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" and author of Every Night at Five: Susan Stamberg's "All Things Considered" Book *(Pantheon, $9.95).*

COL. HARRY G. SUMMERS, JR.

On War, by Carl von Clausewitz. Edited and translated by Michael Howard and Peter Paret with Introductory Essays by Peter Paret, Michael Howard, and Bernard Brodie, and a commentary by Bernard Brodie (Princeton University Press, $28.50).

On War provides reaffirmation from an unlikely source of the enduring wisdom and common sense of those remarkable men who brought our Republic into existence. Drawing from his experiences in the Napoleonic wars, Clausewitz provided a practical and a theoretical foundation for the moral principles underlying American political-military relationships expressed so eloquently by Alexander Hamilton and James Madison fifty years earlier in *The Federalist*. Although the Howard-Paret translation is the best that's ever been produced, reading *On War* is still hard going . . . but it's worth it to dispel current nonsense and hysteria over matters military.

Personal Memoirs of U.S. Grant (Da Capo Press, $10.95 paper). Like many Americans before and since, H.L. Mencken gained his impressions of Ulysses S. Grant from his failures as a President. "Grant . . . was almost the perfect military man," Mencken wrote in 1931, "dogged, devoted and dumb. . . . If the American people could have kept him out of the Presidency by prolonging the Civil War until 1877, it would have been an excellent investment [for] West Point and bad whiskey had transformed his cortex into a sort of soup." His failed presidency has obscured what Abraham Lincoln knew so well—that Grant was one of the finest soldiers the American Army has ever produced. Written on his deathbed and originally published by Mark Twain, his memoirs are evidence that even the sainted Mencken could sometimes be wrong.

Vietnam: A History, by Stanley Karnow (Viking, $20.00). At long last the myths and misunderstandings that were almost the hallmark of our Vietnam involvement are beginning to give way to reason and sober analysis. Based on his experiences as a war correspondent and his interviews with participants from both sides, Karnow has written the most balanced and objective account of the Vietnam tragedy yet produced. He does not suffer fools gladly, whether American or Vietnamese, and his jaundiced eye sees through the cant and deliberate misrepresentations that still cloud public perceptions. The result is a welcome and well-written perspective on what went wrong.

Miss Manners' Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior, by Judith Martin (Atheneum, $19.95/$10.95 paper). Anyone who would advise a reader, as Miss Manners did recently in her newspaper column, to give thanks for being spared the ignominy of being maid-of-honor to a woman who had no honor is worth reading on that account alone. Besides, she is probably the only etiquette expert ever quoted in a text on military strategy. Her book gives ample evidence why form and tradition are essential underpinnings to a well-ordered society. Mencken would have envied her common sense, her wit, and especially her occasional sting.

Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr., an infantry veteran of the Korean and Vietnam wars, now on the faculty of the Army War College, is the author of On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War *(Presidio Press, $12.95), which recently won the 1983 Furniss Award.*

LEONARD R. SUSSMAN

My *Glossary For International Communications* (Media Institute, $10.00; available from Freedom House, 25 W. 40th St., New York, NY 10018). This packet—Reading for Masochists, Communications Division—is needed because authoritarians of many stripes seek to impose a "new order" on the worldwide flow of news and information. They've posited elaborate new rules for journalists, e.g., *never* file a dispatch that will harm the "information sovereignty" of your host country; *always* honor a government's "right to communicate."

Such "new rights" demand re-education for fogies who still believe that certain values inhere in describing events with balance and independence; values for both journalism and the public served. This packet is meant to prepare vocationists and avocationists alike for the new editorial "order."

Dependable Marxists lay down the line in the first three offerings. Masochism it is, to read their analyses; useful, however, if we are to understand the frank objectives of the adversary. (Readers of this journal, I believe, can take their medicine straight. At the end, however, I add one valuable antidote.)

The *Democratic Journalist* is published monthly in Prague by the International Organization of Journalists. The IOJ is the Moscow front that trains thousands of Third World and East-bloc journalists, and acts as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a mobilizer of their publics through the mass media. At 3,80 *rb* each subscription, the magazine is worth every *rb*. A recent number describes the "voice of truth and unity" delivered by the media in Afghanistan. Laughter and the calls of the vendor dominate the streets of Kabul, writes the Czech journalist, nothing like the "dangers lurking everywhere that Western papers feed their readers," he adds. Just the good news, folks. It's a refreshing change from accounts of yellow rain and butterfly booby traps that amputate children's limbs. The editor's note reveals the magazine's scope: the issue contains a series on war that reflects "different and offering differing views." They run the gamut from A to B. For subscribing to the *Democratic Journalist* for $6 (from Parizska 9 110, 01 Prague 1), one gets the *IOJ Newsletter* as a monthly bonus. It carries florid, heavy-handed attacks on Western journalists as conveyors of capitalist power and government policies.

If you want the gospel from Big Brother I recommend the fascinating *Daily Reports* from the Soviet Union transcribed by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service. These unedited broadcasts and press accounts provide the inimitable derision and threats of doom—all intriguingly supposed to woo Americans back to a sweet-smelling détente. Fascinating, however, to observe the genre. No sophisticated household should be without the free flow from Moscow. Expensive, but worth it at $250 for a year. (Daily reports for each additional region are available at $80 from the National Technical Information Service, 5285 Port Royal Road, Springfield, VA 22161.)

For those who prefer the homegrown Marxist analyst of communications, I suggest Herbert I. Schiller. He professes at the University of California and City University of New York. His latest, *Who Knows: Information and the Age of the Fortune 500* (Ablex Pub., $19.50), tells more than there is to know about the great American communications conspiracy. Whether RCA, IBM, ITT, and the like meet secretly to plot control of worldwide news and data flows is, at best, difficult to imagine. Schiller has no difficulty imagining it, and providing tables and charts. His alternative: stop pushing the free flow of information (that's subterfuge for *un*free flow, he says), and substitute the people's flow, regulated on their behalf by governments.

Before you sample Schiller or subscribe to the periodicals, I strongly urge you to read, several times, Ithiel de Sola Pool's *Technologies of Freedom: On Free Speech in an Electronic Age* (Harvard University Press, $20.00). This is *the* handbook for citizens interested in the new communications technologies, or personal freedom, or both.

Professor Pool describes how giant communications systems, and networks of systems, are struggling to embrace new technologies. In the end, the public should have unprecedented choices to secure diverse information through new print, broadcast, cable, and videotext services. Pool acknowledges that public freedoms could be restricted if the new technologies are over-regulated or if an unregulated market constricts. The test, says Pool, is whether new electronic information technologies are protected by the First Amendment as the print media have been, or whether the electronic media—broadcast and cable—are wrongly regarded, and therefore regulated as common carriers (as telephone and telegraph), or as scarce media (as radio and television). Pool is optimistic: he believes we can have freedom with diversity, the magical combination that desperately frightens the authoritarians.

Leonard R. Sussman is Executive Director of Freedom House, New York.

BROCK YATES

The following list might be described as high-altitude reading matter, i.e., suitable for consumption when juggling a small bag of macadamia nuts and a glass of scotch while attempting to ignore the aluminum-siding salesman seated beside you.

While I managed to avoid Robert Ludlum and John Jakes during my recent sojourns in the air, the resulting selection is hardly laden with undiscovered literary nuggets or tomes sure to alter the course of history. For example, I recommend only one work of fiction for such situations. That is Martin Cruz Smith's *Gorky Park* (Random House, $13.95/$3.95 paper), an artfully crafted, latter-day dime novel featuring a weary Russian policeman slogging through the bureaucratic mire of the worker's paradise.

The rest of my appetite for intellectual stimulation, if not enrichment, can be satisfied by a variety of solid, but openly commercial, nonfiction works. It ranges from David McClintock's riveting examination of the sleaze merchants who corrupt what remains of art in Hollywood, entitled *Indecent Exposure: A True Story of Hollywood & Wall Street* (Morrow, $17.50), to the wonderful, high-style speculations of *Holy Blood, Holy Grail* (Delacorte, $15.95/$3.95 paper), wherein Englishmen Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh, and Henry Lincoln pummel the reader with a fiendishly detailed theory that Jesus of Nazareth survived Golgotha and fled to southern France where he sired a line that resulted in the Merovingian Dynasty, the Knights Templar, and an elite secret society which survives to this day. This may be the purest brand of pseudo-academic balderdash, for all I know about theological history, but it nonetheless remains a sensational read.

Having been fascinated by the late Gordon Prange's dissection of the Pearl Harbor debacle, *At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor* (McGraw-Hill, $22.95/$9.95 paper), I sped through his *Miracle at Midway* (completed by Gordon M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon following Prof. Prange's death; McGraw-Hill, $24.95) like the *USS New Jersey* at flank speed. It is popular military history in the genre of the brilliant John Keegan and, like him, Prange and company play no favorites when dealing with the antagonists. Somehow this detached overview enhances the passion of that struggle for a mound of coral in the Pacific. One closes the book marveling at the good fortune of the Americans and the smugness of the Japanese, as well as their despicable behavior with prisoners of war.

To be honest, I always considered William Manchester to be one of those prolix wimps who infest university English departments and manufacture massive pageants of history with the aid of an army of graduate students. A kind of latter-day Rubens of the IBM Selectric. That was before I read his *Goodbye, Darkness: A Memoir of the Pacific War* (Little, Brown, $14.95/$3.95 paper). I take it all back. This is a minor masterpiece; a shatteringly honest autobiography of a small hero in a big war—Marine non-com Manchester returning to the fetid little islands of the Pacific where the scenes of carnage, bravery, and the pain of his own riddled body pound at his senses. In terms of raw battle drama, Manchester's WWII recollections rank with *The Red Badge of Courage* and Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead.* In so doing, Manchester brings more majesty to his own unheralded drama than he ever did to the Krupps, the MacArthurs, and the Churchills, all of whom were forced to tiptoe after the attic-loads of trivia in which he buries his more commercial efforts.

Upon re-reading Barbara Tuchman's *The Proud Tower* (Macmillan, $17.95/$4.50 paper), I was once again reminded that the noun "crisis" is presently being overused by the media to the point of absurdity. One can imagine the paroxysms of fear and guilt that might be generated by Anthony Lewis, Elizabeth Drew, Carl Rowan, et al. if the anarchists, nihilists, International Workers of the World, etc. were blowing away world leaders at the same rate today as between 1890 and 1910. Do we live in the most savage era of modern times? Nonsense. It is a veritable pasture of charity and good will when compared with the two decades of assassinations, massacres, terror bombings, street riots, mass strikes, public executions, and brutal class struggle which Mrs. Tuchman so vividly describes. What a shame the *Times*, the *Post*, and the evening news missed all that.

Brock Yates is author most recently of The Decline and Fall of the American Automobile Industry (*Empire Books, $13.95*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

THE END OF SENATOR JOE McCARTHY

It is rare that one can pinpoint the precise moment in which a political career comes to a crashing end.

To most Americans today the name John Adams, if it means anything at all, means the second and sixth Presidents of the United States. Not one in a hundred knows that John Adams is a living lawyer practicing in Washington, D.C. But thirty years ago any citizen who could read a newspaper or owned a TV set knew who he was. At least 30,000,000 of them had seen and heard him on television and would have recognized him in the street. For John Adams, the General Counsel of the Army, had starred in the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954, to this day the biggest TV spectacular in history, watched daily by 20 or 30 million people. It almost chased soap opera off the screen.*

On the other hand, most Americans in 1983 have at least a vague idea who Joe McCarthy was and what "McCarthyism" means, for the liberals and left-wingers will not let his memory die. In 1950 Joseph R. McCarthy, the junior senator from Wisconsin, was about as obscure as a United States senator can be. Those who knew anything about him, mostly newspapermen, thought very little of him; and many of them strongly suspected him of taking bribes from large corporations, such as Pepsi-Cola, to push bills they favored. His obscurity ended abruptly in February 1952, when he delivered a stump speech to the Ohio Valley Women's Republican Club at a Lincoln Day dinner in Wheeling, West Virginia. Looking for a good issue on which to seek re-election in 1952, Joe had hit upon the infiltration of the federal government by thousands of Communist spies. Specifically, he informed the ladies that there were no less than 205 Communists in the State Department alone, waving a sheet of paper which he said listed them by name. (Where the famous figure came from was never made clear, although Adams says he simply blew up some old figures given him by a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* and someone in Richard Nixon's office. Even these figures did not refer to actual Communists but to people who had been investigated and in most cases cleared. None of those who had not been cleared was still employed by State in 1952. But it was Joe's way, when asked for substantiation of his charges, simply to leap to new accusations.) He got headlines beyond the dreams of political avarice.

For the next four years there were few days when Joe didn't make the front page and prime time. Some of this was due to the active cooperation of the press. There were in those days far-Right newspapers, such as the *Chicago Tribune* and the various Hearst papers, which enthusiastically supported McCarthy's crusade, but even liberal or leftish journals like the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* printed uncritically his wildest charges. Reporters then, as now, were generally too busy (and sometimes too lazy) to check the facts. McCarthy made his announcements exactly in time to catch the next edition. It is always easier to get the media to broadcast sensational accusations than lackluster facts disproving them.

But the underlying causes of the Senator's immense success went deeper. Denouncing Communists (always called "red-baiting" by liberals) had been good politics since the days of Woodrow Wilson's attorney general, A. Mitchell Palmer. A succession of politicians and assorted rabble-rousers had done well with it in the thirties—Martin Dies, Karl Mundt (who later, as a senator, played a shabby role in the Army-McCarthy hearings), Father Coughlin, J. Parnell Thomas, Gerald L.K. Smith. All of them are now forgotten, as McCarthy is not, for none of them could match his talents at red-baiting. I do not mean to imply that there is anything wrong with condemning Communism. Communism, of course, really was and is an evil thing, but in those days most American Communists were more naive than vicious. Moreover, professional anti-Communists, up to and including Joe McCarthy, were rarely inclined to draw subtle distinctions between harmless, if idiotic, parlor pinks and genuine Stalinists. Joe hit upon a singularly fortunate time to revive the old fear and hatred of Bolshevism. The conviction of Alger Hiss had just demonstrated that there really were Americans ready and willing to spy for Stalin. (Adams, like almost everybody who writes about Hiss, describes him as "patrician." This has always been something of a mystery to me. Hiss was well-groomed and well-mannered, but I am not aware that his background was more than middle class. He was, to be sure, a graduate of the Harvard Law School, but that institution has always admitted plenty of people who, like me, were by no means aristocratic. He was dropped from *Who's Who* many years ago, so I haven't been able to check him out, but I'm pretty confident he is not an alumnus of Groton or St. Mark's or any equivalent prep school of his day. He got his undergraduate degree at Johns Hopkins, which is academically excellent, but not socially prestigious.) In addition, when McCarthy delivered his Wheeling speech, the evidence on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg was just coming to light. Though not patrician, they were far more dangerous spies than Hiss, for

*This essay is in large part based on Adams's recent book, *Without Precedent: The Story of the Death of McCarthyism.* W.W. Norton & Co., $17.50.

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. is Sam Harris Professor of Law at the Yale Law School.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the information they gave the Russians confirmed that of Klaus Fuchs (like so many eminent moles, a British subject) and played a key role in the manufacture of the first Soviet atomic bomb. So the public was ready to take seriously a good red scare. Joe's rise to fame and power was meteoric.

As Joe became the nation's leading anti-Communist, he didn't always have to rely on his fertile imagination. He had his own corps of Daniel Ellsbergs, and occasionally the information they leaked to him was at least embarrassing to the government. For example, the "purloined letter," which purported to be a letter from J. Edgar Hoover to the Chief of Army Intelligence listing more than thirty suspected subversives employed at Fort Monmouth, was slipped to McCarthy by a member of what he called his "Loyal American Underground." (Actually it was an inaccurate two-and-a-half-page summary of a fifteen-page letter which did, in fact, list the names but furnished no real evidence against them—only the raw contents of FBI files, including hearsay, anonymous letters, and the like. Most of those named had already been investigated and cleared by the Army. But Hoover really had written such a letter, and what McCarthy got was about as close as he ever came to revealing genuine facts.)

The Senator was triumphantly re-elected in 1952. By that time he had laid the State Department waste. Unlike Nixon, he never caught a Communist, but he brought about the early retirement of several distinguished foreign service officers and demoralized other top men in the Department to the point where they simply avoided doing or saying anything that might attract his attention. As a target, State was pretty well played out by 1953. The Department of Justice was not adapted to his purposes, for its most powerful official, J. Edgar Hoover, and the second most important, Attorney General Brownell, were among his sympathizers. He turned to the Army. Unlike State, its officers included few Eastern establishment liberals and no striped-trousered cookie-pushers, but it had far more employees than State and was an even more obvious target for espionage. (The laws of statistical probability suggest that there were a few spies in the military establishment, but McCarthy and his assiduous aides never detected one.)

As it happened, I had been the Deputy General Counsel of the Army since 1952, and the Acting General Counsel since early 1953: when the administration changed I lined up a job with a Wall Street law firm, but agreed to stay with the Army until a Republican successor could be found. Thus I learned to know some of the *dramatis personae*—notably the new Secretary of the Army, Robert T. Stevens, McCarthy, and his closest adviser, a clever and unscrupulous young lawyer named Roy Cohn. Indeed, I fought in what was, to the best of my recollection, the opening skirmish of the Army-McCarthy war. McCarthy subpoenaed a Quartermaster Colonel commanding a depot in Brooklyn, demanding that he produce the loyalty-security files of several low-level civilian employees. When the Quartermaster General hollered for help, I shortly discovered that two Executive Orders of Harry Truman, which had never been revoked by President Eisenhower, forbade turning such files over to Congress without the authority of the President. In order to spare the Colonel from McCarthy's abuse and browbeating, I thought he ought to be furnished with an order from the highest possible authority to reject the Senator's demand. So I drafted

American Spectator says: "First-rate! An uncommonly dispassionate insider's account!"*

"With reliability, sensitivity, skill and insight, the author vividly describes the political journey that culminated in jubilation at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles on Nov. 2, 1980. A frank and enjoyable account, *The Reagans* looks closely at the Reagan team and at the man in whom Americans have put their hopes and trust."
—EBBIE SPIVEY, chairman of The Mississippi Republican Party in the *Jackson Clarion-Ledger & News*

"An excellent book!"
—IRENE CORBALLY KUHN, *Manchester Union Leader*

"Hannaford has been and is an insider with unquestioned insight and views regarding President Reagan and his critical decisions on his way to the presidency. He is both an honest participant and a candid observer." —HERBERT G. KLEIN, *San Diego Union*

"I know of no one who can portray the Reagans as closely as Peter Hannaford. His book is a sensitive and accurate treatment of two people whose friendship we treasure."—SENATOR PAUL LAXALT

"A book that belongs to history."
—THE REV. J. CLYDE WHEELER, *Sunday Oklahoman*

*"Perhaps the most laudable feature of Peter Hannaford's generally excellent book about Ronald Reagan is that he quotes his subject at length. Unlike Mr. Reagan's other biographers, he neither paraphrases nor excerpts shards of speeches. If Mr. Reagan has something to say, he lets him say it...The chapters on organizing for near victory in 1976 and total victory in 1980 often read like a thriller, and are far more interesting than the similar accounts contained in other recent books on the Reagan years."
—TODD CULBERTSON, *Richmond News Leader*, reprinted in *Human Events*

"Reagan fans will love it!"
ROBERT ROSS, *Hendersonville Times-News*

*"**A fine account**...Interviews of other key participants [in the campaigns] may enable historians someday to provide even fuller accounts than we have here. But until then Hannaford's is **the best we have and it will always remain crucial to an understanding of those events."**
—KARL O'LESSKER, *American Spectator*

Illustrated with photographs. $17.95, now at your bookstore, or use coupon to order.

Photo: Korody

THE Reagans

A POLITICAL PORTRAIT by PETER HANNAFORD

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.
Dept AS-TR
A member of The Putnam Publishing Group
200 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016
Please send me *The Reagans: A Political Portrait* (ISBN 0-698-11083-8)
@ $17.95 plus $1.65 postage and handling, and applicable sales tax.
Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order
Please charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
_____ Exp. date _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one, calling the Colonel's attention to the Executive Orders and instructing him to refuse, with all possible courtesy, to hand over the files. But who would sign it? Secretary Stevens was officially out of town: I always thought he was really in Washington but unanxious to tangle with the Senator. The Secretary of Defense? Possibly even the President? I proceeded up the line to the office of the General Counsel of the Department of Defense, who informed me that the White House had let it be known that the problem was one for Defense or the Army to handle, and that the Defense Department preferred it to be the Army. So I drove across the river to the Justice Department, where I sought the help of the Assistant Attorney General in charge of writing the opinions of the Attorney General, one J. Lee Rankin. Did he agree with me that Truman's Executive Orders were still in effect? Yes. Would he or the Attorney General sign an opinion to that effect? No.

Back to the Pentagon. I was about ready to sign the letter myself when I wandered into the Secretary's dining room. There, eating a plate of ham and eggs, was Under Secretary Earl Johnson, also a holdover from the Truman Administration, with a good job in private industry waiting for him, and no fear of Senator McCarthy. Since Stevens was "out of town," Johnson was the Acting Secretary of the Army, and as such he signed the letter. The Colonel was armored when he went up to the Hill, and, for a wonder, McCarthy accepted the rebuff without vilifying either me or Johnson. (Later, however, in April 1954, months after I had left the Pentagon, McCarthy and Cohn included me as Item 17 in their bill of particulars against the Army—I had, they said, covered up for Fifth Amendment Communists. This was a singular piece of good fortune, though I was not grateful for it at the time. I am, in fact, a neoconservative, and whenever some *homme de gauche* or other, displeased by one of my pieces, accuses me of having been a McCarthyite—it has happened at least three times—I simply display my medal of honor and shut him up. My possession of the McCarthy medal has always graveled my left-liberal colleagues, for I am the only member of the Yale Law School faculty who was ever denounced by Joe McCarthy, though many of my colleagues were far more deserving than I.)

So I discovered, as John Adams was to discover by more painful experience (I was not surprised or disappointed, for I was only a holdover Democrat), that the Army would have to face McCarthy without support from any other part of the Administration. Even Eisenhower, though he indicated his dislike of the Senator in private, had no stomach for an open confrontation.

I also discovered, as Adams was to discover by more painful experience than mine, that Secretary Stevens could not be counted on either. When I told him about the episode above recounted, I gave him what I still think was excellent advice; so far as possible to conduct his relations with the Senator in writing and to let his lawyer draft the correspondence. Stevens gave me a disapproving, owlish stare and said in effect that he regarded McCarthy as playing on the same team as himself and intended to cooperate with him. I didn't argue; I thought he was headed for trouble, but there was nothing more I could do.

I was replaced by John Adams in October 1953. I gave him a brief and probably inadequate account of my experience, but I doubt that he perceived its applicability to himself. Adams, though repeatedly let down and ultimately fired by Stevens, is generally kind to him. He describes the Secretary's meek acceptance of McCarthy's chicanery, lies, and abuse as "gentlemanly forebearance." In some ways, Stevens *was* a gentleman, certainly when compared to McCarthy, a mucker if ever there was one. He was courteous, well dressed, a product of Andover and Yale, a member of good clubs. He was also very rich, having inherited the J.P. Stevens Company, one of the country's largest textile manufacturers. Adams says that, in order to avoid conflict of interest, "At a huge personal sacrifice, Stevens sold all his stock in the company." I doubt it; I think he sold or gave it to members of his family, with the understanding that it would revert to him when he left government service. Certainly when he resigned he promptly became again the company's chief executive, which probably would not have happened if he had really sold his control block to outsiders. But on the whole he was reasonably honest and honorable, as much so as most of those who are called "gentlemen."

Stevens, however, was conspicuously lacking in one essential characteristic of a gentleman: courage. He had not the backbone to take on the likes of Joe McCarthy. Robert P. Patterson, the last Under Secretary of War and the first Secretary of the Army, or John J. McCloy, Assistant Secretary of War under Henry L. Stimson, or Stimson himself, could have done it, and without getting down in the gutter with Joe, but Stevens could not. His attitude toward McCarthy was an odd combination of fear and naive trust, which led him to a course of regular appeasement and surrender. He ordered the general commanding Fort Monmouth to "cooperate" with Joe in investigating the alleged subversives there; he apologized to Roy Cohn when the latter, having no security clearance, was denied access to classified information; at Cohn's insistence he arranged special privileges for Cohn's dear friend, Private G. David Schine, when the latter had been drafted and was undergoing basic training at Fort Dix. The culmination was Stevens's abject surrender at the "Chicken Lunch" on February 24, 1954, when he signed a "Memo of Understanding" in which in effect he agreed to all McCarthy's demands that he had previously balked at, no matter how outrageous. For example, Stevens promised to make available for cross-examination (including abuse and insult) by McCarthy's committee—i.e., McCarthy—"everyone involved in the promotion and the honorable discharge of [Major Irving] Peress," an allegedly Communist dentist, including General Ralph Zwicker, the commandant at Camp Kilmer, where Peress had been filling teeth. (The answer to the question "Who promoted Peress?" was nobody but Congress—his promotion to major after a certain period of active duty was automatic under a statute providing for the drafting of doctors and dentists. Nor was there any ground at all for giving him a less than honorable discharge.) One picture is worth a thousand words, and Herblock drew it: Stevens handing his sword to McCarthy, with the caption, "Okay, bud, when I want you again I'll send for you." Stevens, otherwise so minor a figure in history as to be imperceptible, will be long remembered for his capitulation at the Chicken Lunch.

Adams thinks that even so McCarthy might have abandoned his assault on the Army—there were tougher men than Stevens among the generals and in the Department of Defense—in favor of, say, Communist infiltration of defense industry, if it had not been for Roy Cohn and Dave Schine. Schine was a handsome rich kid, a recent graduate of Harvard although rather lightly furnished in the upper story, with whom Cohn had become infatuated. The basis of the infatuation was never clear. Some people, of course, suggested a homosexual affair, but there was never any evidence of that, and Schine, at least, was clearly heterosexual. (He eventually married a former Miss Universe.) I speculated myself that Cohn, until he met Schine, simply did not know how to play; all work was making him a dull boy. Schine, with his good looks and money, had an entrée to one sort of cafe society, which Cohn enjoyed. Whatever the reason, Cohn got Schine a job with McCarthy's committee, constantly praised his talents at ferreting out Communists, and was genuinely outraged when Schine was drafted and threatened with basic training and even kitchen police. He demanded that Schine be commissioned and assigned to work with McCarthy's committee, perhaps sniffing out Communist propaganda in the textbooks used at West Point. Almost daily Cohn badgered Stevens, Adams, and anyone else he thought had influence to carry out his plans for Dave.

Adams says that McCarthy told him and Stevens that he didn't care what happened to Schine, but that Cohn could not be controlled. This may well have been true. But Cohn and Schine had leverage besides Cohn's increasing indispensability to the Senator. Their presence helped to dispel an anti-Semitic taint in McCarthy's record. In any event, the battle over Schine was the principal and immediate cause of the final confrontation between McCarthy and the Army. Adams disclosed the

Now available in paperback.

PREJUDICES
A PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY

ROBERT NISBET

"This is so rich a book that it ought to lie on important desks for years. There is no political, sociological or economic subject untouched by this stiletto-sharp mind. If you have a friend whose intellect you deeply respect, this is the gift."
—*Boston Globe*

"These ideas are typical of Nisbet at his best: unconventional, playful with ideas yet serious about their consequences, probing beyond the superficial. Radicals, liberals, conservatives, apolitical lovers of the word, take note."
—*Newsday*

$6.95

Harvard Paperbacks
From Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

details of Cohn's incessant campaign to obtain special treatment for Dave: Cohn and McCarthy accused Stevens and Adams of holding Schine as a "hostage" to compel the committee to give up its investigation of and revelations about Communist infiltration of the Army. (There were many other similar charges, including one that Adams had offered to furnish dirt on homosexuality and subversion in the Navy and Air Force in exchange for immunity for the Army.)

So the Army-McCarthy hearings began on April 22, 1954, and lasted for 36 days. McCarthy resorted to all the tactics he had developed in eight years in politics—bullying witnesses, including the Secretary of the Army, turning purple and bellowing with rage and incredulity when he didn't like an answer. He introduced what purported to be carbon copies of memoranda to him from Cohn and other committee staffers which, had they been genuine, were accounts, made at the time, of the conduct of which he accused Adams. (Adams adduces convincing evidence that they were fakes, concocted for the hearings.) He also used a doctored photograph, cropped in such a way as to represent Stevens smirking benignly at Schine. He used, in fact, his whole capacious bag of dirty tricks. There were many dramatic moments, all good for two- and three-column headlines.

But only one is really worth chronicling here, the five minutes in which Joseph Welch, a Boston lawyer retained to act as counsel to the Army, permanently ended McCarthy's career. I saw it myself, along with uncounted millions of other watchers, and I saw it, of all places, in John Adams's office. (Usually my practice kept me too busy to watch the hearings, but this time I was serving in the Office of the General Counsel the annual two weeks of active duty required of me as an Army reservist. Adams had had a TV set installed in his office and there, not being much burdened by my military duties, I watched the hearings.)

On June 9, 1954, Welch's subtle mockery aroused McCarthy's wrath, and he started off on one of his characteristic (and entirely gratuitous) smears: ". . . I think we should tell [Mr. Welch] that he has in his law firm a young man named Fisher . . . who has been for a number of years a member of an organization which was named . . . as the legal bulwark of the Communist Party." (Fred Fisher was an associate, and is now a senior partner, in Welch's firm, specializing in securities law. He had, in fact, some years before, when he was in law school, belonged to the National Lawyers' Guild, which, although founded by Jerome Frank and other honest liberals as a counterweight to the American Bar Association, had been infiltrated and finally dominated by Communists.) Cohn, who saw what McCarthy was doing to himself, grimaced and shook his head. But McCarthy ignored him and bulled ahead; Cohn shrugged his shoulders and sat back resignedly. After McCarthy finished, Welch stood up and delivered a short philippic which I regarded then and still regard as a masterpiece. (Adams thinks, as I have always thought, that Welch, anticipating the Senator's attack on Fisher, had prepared and memorized it well in advance.) Adams quotes it in full, which it deserves, but a few lines will convey its genius:

". . . Until this moment, Senator, I think I never really gauged your cruelty or your recklessness.

". . . Little did I dream you would be so reckless and so cruel as to do an injury to that lad. It is true he is still with Hale and Dorr. It is true that he will continue at Hale and Dorr. It is, I regret to say, equally true that I fear he shall always bear a scar needlessly inflicted by you. If it were in my power to forgive you for

Should You Be Subscribing to *The Southern Partisan?*

Take this test and find out.

	(Check one) Yes	No
1. Does the word "Conservative" fit your political views (but somehow doesn't seem quite strong enough)?	☐	☐
2. Do you feel even a slight urge to whoop & holler when they play "Dixie"?	☐	☐
3. Is the phrase "States' Rights" a part of your political vocabulary?	☐	☐
4. Do you use the word "soil" as a noun as well as a verb?	☐	☐
5. Are you fed up with the way the media morons run down the South?	☐	☐
6. Do you look back with pride on the rich cultural heritage of the Old South?	☐	☐

If You've Answered "YES" to **ANY** Of These Questions,

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN will be your favorite magazine. Subscribe now to the "Un-Reconstructed Voice of The Old South."

Yes! I'd like to try The Southern Partisan at the special introductory rate of $12.00 per year.

☐ $12.00 check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Street address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: The Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211

A Quarterly Publication of the Foundation for American Education

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your reckless cruelty I would do so. I like to think that I am a gentle man, but your forgiveness will have to come from someone other than me."

McCarthy, who did not immediately realize that he had received a mortal wound, attempted to continue. Welch finished him off:

"Let us not assassinate this lad further, Senator. You have done enough. Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last? Have you left no sense of decency?"

It is not often that one can pinpoint the precise moment at which a political career comes to a crashing end. But most of the millions who saw the scene realized that McCarthy was finished. In December 1954, after hearings by a Select Committee, the Senate voted in effect to censure McCarthy, although only for one of the most venial of his sins, abusing other senators. He stayed in the Senate until he drank himself to death in 1957, but his power was gone. He was a pariah; the Senate chamber emptied when he rose to speak. The media lost interest in him.

The sole result—and it was an important one—of the hearings was the destruction of Joe McCarthy. The only participants to emerge with credit were Welch and Adams, who had for the first time told the truth about McCarthy's dealings with the Army. When he died the Chaplain of the Senate praised his "sincerity." Only a clergyman, anxious to flatter a member of the body who paid his salary, could have made so fundamental a misjudgment of McCarthy's character, for his dominant quality was fraudulence. He would tell any lie, assassinate any character, to get a headline. He felt no personal animosity against his victims or even the Communist Party. If there had been a significant Communist vote in Wisconsin he would have said flattering things about Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. Liberals liked to describe him as an American Hitler, but he was nothing of the sort, if only because Hitler was sincere, a true believer in his own propaganda. McCarthy did not aspire to become a dictator. His basic motives were to be re-elected and to grab as many dishonest dollars as came within his reach. (He received very large sums of money, in amounts ranging from one to six figures, from his admirers. He did not, of course, spend these contributions on his crusade, but squandered most of the money speculating in soybeans and other commodities; his financial acumen was much less than his greed.) I believe that his goals were as simple as that.

In fairness it should be said that on at least one occasion he made an accusation that was substantially true, although he himself was probably indifferent to its truth or falsity. Adams calls "bizarre" McCarthy's 1949 charge that Army investigators had "tortured" a group of SS men accused of massacring American POWs at Malmedy in Belgium during the German Ardennes offensive of 1944. It was, however, a fact that their confessions had been extracted by third degree methods. The evidence is to be found in the record in *Everett on behalf of Bersin* v. *Truman*, 334 U.S. 824 (1949), a petition for habeas corpus denied for lack of jurisdiction by an evenly divided Supreme Court, and in the report of a Board of Investigation appointed by the Secretary of the Army. I doubt, however, that McCarthy had ever seen these documents.

From the perspective of thirty years later, how much harm did Senator McCarthy do? His false accusations caused emotional distress and some financial hardship to about fifty innocent people, notably the scientists employed at Fort Monmouth, although all were ultimately vindicated. His smear tactics brought about the defeat of at least two intelligent and honest members of the Senate. He harassed and abused hundreds of honest servants of the government, civilian and military. The truth is bad enough, although not quite the reign of terror attributed to him by the left-liberal version of the history of the period.

But in my view the worst thing he did was to make anti-Communism disreputable. To this day it is impossible to criticize the far Left without being accused of "McCarthyism."

At any rate, to tell McCarthy's story to people who never knew or have forgotten it, although they have heard of him, is to render a public service. John Adams has as much personal familiarity with that story as anyone alive, and he has done a lot of thorough research. He writes like a good lawyer, not elegantly but clearly and with less bias than would have been excusable. The more people who read *Without Precedent*, the less likely are we to contract the disease again. □

John Podhoretz

JUDITH ROSSNER'S TURNAROUND

August is about coming to terms with the world.

American literature tends toward the bizarre, the Gothic. From Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, with its odd plot about mesmerism, to the work of Southern writers like Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor, almost exclusively concerned with the detritus of human nature, and on to John Irving's tongueless women and fellated castratoes, American writers have celebrated the outlandish and ignored the everyday. The result has most often been disastrous: it is as though these authors have accepted at face value Henry James's condemnation of the "thinness" of American life and have sought to enhance their work by being "imaginative" in the most unimaginative sense. It is very easy to invent extraordinary situations by populating them with unusual characters and unrealistic events. It is more difficult to make the ordinary seem extraordinary. That requires a moral imagination: the ability to create characters at once individual and yet believable (the sort of character who makes one think, "This is my life as well") and to contrive a plot that seems inexorable and yet full of meaning (the sort of plot that makes one think, "This is what I would do if faced with such a problem"). It took forty years, but the nineteenth-century transcendentalist philosopher Margaret Fuller finally did decide to accept the universe. American writers still seem to be debating the point.

There is a reason why these writers question the universe. In all such fiction the idea of accepting what does exist—and the concomitant task of describing and dissecting what exists—is profoundly repugnant. These works apotheosize the unusual and grotesque, and belittle the lives of those who are not blessed with six fingers, or a malformed leg, or any number of physical or spiritual deformities. They reject the sane for the insane, the hale for the halt. In J.D. Salinger's "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," for example, a fellow who happily plays with a little girl on a beach and then puts a bullet through his head is not too good to die, but too good to live. The most sympathetic character in Irving's *The World According to Garp* is a lady named Roberta Muldoon who, only a few years earlier, was Bobby, tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles. What *is* is intolerable; what isn't, perhaps even what shouldn't be, is divine.

Judith Rossner has always seemed to be a member of this school. Rossner's work has been relentlessly depressing: her characters are always divorced from the ordinary, and they are punished for it by a cruel universe. Her most famous novel, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, is the story of a prim Catholic girls-school teacher who turns into a singles-bar

John Podhoretz is a Reporter-Researcher at Time *magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carouser at night and is, in the end, murdered for her transgressions. Like many of her contemporaries, Rossner has wallowed in violence and the unnatural, without ever lifting her novels beyond a certain chic pessimism and nihilism.

Something remarkable, however, has happened to Judith Rossner. *August,** her new best-seller, is a moral triumph of a kind. The most extraordinary thing about this very good novel is that it turns all of Rossner's, and her fashionably nihilistic colleagues', ideas about normality and abnormality on their head. *August* is about coming to terms with the world, not rejecting it.

Most of the novel takes place in the chic Manhattan office of Lulu Shinefeld, a psychiatrist. Her patient is Dawn Henley. When the novel begins, Dawn is eighteen, a tall, beautiful blonde who is irresistibly attractive to men. But she is convinced, as she explains to Dr. Shinefeld, that "if I showed [boys] what's inside my head they wouldn't want to have anything to do with me."

With a Chekhovian gift for compression, Rossner lays out the facts of Dawn's life in a few spare pages at the opening. Dawn tells the psychiatrist that her past is "pretty crazy. At least most people would think so. I took it for granted." Her mother committed suicide when she was six months old; her father died in a boating accident a year later. She was raised by her Aunt Vera and Vera's lesbian lover, Tony, in a small Vermont town. She called Vera Daddy, Tony Mommy. When she was thirteen, Vera and Tony parted, Tony married, and Dawn had her first serious accident when her bicycle careened into a car. This began her sessions with a middle-aged psychiatrist with whom she fell passionately in love. When the doctor terminates her analysis, she has a nearly fatal auto accident, which propels her into Lulu Shinefeld's office. It is quite clear from the outset that Dawn takes nothing at all for granted about her upbringing.

In a series of *tour-de-force* set pieces, Rossner simultaneously shows us the workings of a successful, almost ideal psychoanalysis and creates a most memorable character in Dawn Henley. Dawn is presented to us in a very tricky way: we never see her outside the doctor's office. She reveals both the mundane and the hidden facts of her life through her own confused, often dishonest words to Lulu Shinefeld. Every tiny, insignificant subject with which Dawn begins her sessions (from a fight with her college roommate to her disgust with a Burger King on Broadway) becomes an excuse for Dr. Shinefeld to begin probing at the major causes of Dawn's troubles. Dawn's discoveries are difficult and time-consuming, and are nearly impossible to describe because they fit into an overall jigsaw puzzle that comes clear only at the end of the novel. Suffice it to say that Dawn's unconventional life is the source of her great troubles; she has grown up around people who have given her no sense of how the world really works.

Unlike most people who make their regular jaunts to the couch and unlike most of Lulu Shinefeld's other patients, Dawn is in desperate need of aid. She is by turns petty, emotional, cool, intelligent, and stupid, as her rambling, associative comic-monologues demonstrate:

> It's a good thing I'm numb, that's all. Have you noticed how numb I am? I guess I'm protecting myself, the way I did . . . If you think I can handle Tom's leaving me now, you're wrong. If I don't talk about it all the time it's because I can't stand to. I don't even know what I have been talking about. I come here every day just because . . . See how out of it I am? I don't even come here every day. It's wishful thinking. Actually, I wish I could be here to begin with and not have to come . . . Do you have a daughter?

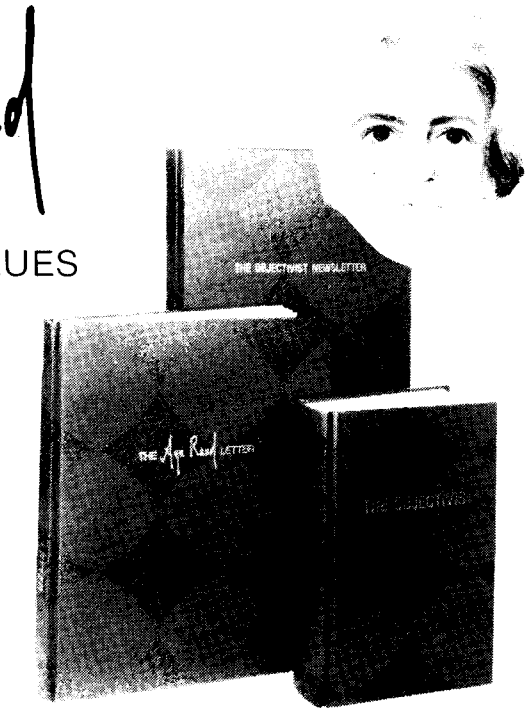
Dawn Henley has good reason to want Lulu Shinefeld for a mother. Lulu is a model Freudian analyst; she rarely talks during their sessions, only asks questions. Dawn's love and affection for her is well-earned; in her office Lulu seems quite godlike. Outside her office is another story. She is twice-divorced, the mother of three, and she has made a hopeless bollix of her life. Her daughter Sascha, the offspring of her first marriage to a Greenwich Village Stalinist, "capped an adolescence that was like a black comedy of the sixties by running away from home shortly before she was due to graduate from the only private school in Manhattan that could have imagined giving her a diploma." Lulu's second marriage, to an irreproachably responsible but severely dull fellow psychoanalyst, ended in a bitter divorce.

Lulu gets involved in a rather ruinous affair with yet another analyst, an attractive, boyish man who ends up confusing her life even more. Her experience is the cautionary example of the book. As she tells Dawn near the end of the analysis, "People don't get finished. They're not books or statues . . . Life isn't a problem that gets solved." Dawn's fear of the real world—represented in the novel by the month of August, when she and all other patients must live without their psychiatrists—is in some sense justified. The world we see through Lulu Shinefeld's eyes is hardly an attractive one. In this fashionable, upper middle-class New York, wealthy women leave their husbands for ex-convicts and everyone either needs or is a psychoanalyst. Lulu's life is a litany of endless cocktail parties and conversations, during which everyone is so terribly concerned to do the right thing that he only does wrong. Lulu and Dawn share at least one thing; they are members of "that vast army

*Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.

Ayn Rand

IDEAS AND VALUES



THE AYN RAND LETTER

In her *Letter*, Ayn Rand challenged the philosophical foundations of both contemporary liberalism and religious conservatism. She unmasked the premises underlying behaviorism, egalitarianism, censorship, and anarchism, and she argued that an explicit rational philosophy is essential for the preservation of individual liberty. 400 pages (81 issues) 1971-76 $29.95

THE OBJECTIVIST

Articles by Ayn Rand and other contributors on many aspects of ethics, economics, politics, psychology, literature and art. Some highlights include "The Age of Envy," "The Left: Old and New," and "Of Living Death," a reply to the Pope's ban on contraception and abortion. 1,120 pages (69 issues) 1966-71 $39.95

THE OBJECTIVIST NEWSLETTER

This journal of ideas applied Ayn Rand's philosophy to the problems and issues of contemporary culture. It featured articles by Ayn Rand and other contributors, and an "Intellectual Ammunition Department" — answers to readers' questions on philosophy and politics. 228 pages (48 issues) 1962-65 $24.95

ORDER FORM

ORDERING INFORMATION: Full remittance must accompany all orders. Add $2.00 per order to cover postage and handling. Make check or money order payable to PALO ALTO BOOK SERVICE. California residents, add 6% sales tax. Please pay in U.S. funds, only.

Please send me:

☐ THE AYN RAND LETTER $ _____
☐ THE OBJECTIVIST $ _____
☐ THE OBJECTIVIST NEWSLETTER $ _____
☐ Free catalog: The Works of Ayn Rand
( ) Free catalog -- 50 new books in economics, politics, fiction, etc.

Total $ _____
Sales tax $ _____
Handling charges $ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $ _____

Send to:

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City & State _____ Zip Code _____

PALO ALTO BOOK SERVICE
200 California Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94306 (415) 327-7781

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of anxious single women whom the changing times had mobilized along the landscape." And one of the most important lessons Dawn learns—and Lulu as well—is that just as one can never escape one's past, one can never remove oneself from such a landscape.

But if Lulu leads an unsatisfying life, she can at least take solace in the fact that she has brought Dawn Henley into the light. And her experience with Dawn makes it possible for her to come to terms with her prodigal daughter.

The novel concludes in July. Dawn's five-year analysis is over; she must "walk out of this office forever and into August." Rossner refuses to paint a rosy picture of that August; it is, after all, how and where Lulu Shinefeld lives. But the author makes it clear that it is the only real choice, and it is a measure of her accomplishment that we feel not a shred of nostalgia for the crazier, messier Dawn. She is *better* at the end than at the beginning, and in some odd way Lulu Shinefeld is better for having known and helped her. *August* is an exemplary depiction of how extraordinary ordinary people can be. □

Herman Belz

AFFIRMATIVE ON CIVIL RIGHTS: THE REAGAN RECORD

Since when does opposition to Affirmative Action mean a rejection of the Civil Rights Act of 1964?

In contrast to their preprimary disagreements on most issues, Democrats adhere to a fixed party line on the question of civil rights. Joining a chorus of condemnation emanating from the "civil rights community," Democrats have attacked the Reagan Administration for what they describe as its attempt to reverse the civil-rights gains of blacks and other minority groups over the past two decades. Now, while it might be natural for politicians and political activists to be something less than rigorously objective, it is nonetheless hard to imagine any record becoming the subject of greater distortion than the Reagan civil-rights record.

The Reagan Administration, in fact, has been carefully applying federal civil-rights law as developed by the courts in the 1970s. This story has been ignored, while the Administration's opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, its reservations in extending the Voting Rights Act in amended form, and its preference for congressional rather than IRS policy-making on tax exemptions for schools have been seized upon as evidence of hostility toward civil rights. Even more unsettling for its critics has been the Administration's rejection of racial quotas and its attempt to restore the much-eroded principle of equal rights without distinction of color as the foundation of civil-rights policy.

We can never be too often reminded that from Reconstruction until just recently civil-rights law rested firmly on the principle of individual rights without reference to race. Until well into the twentieth century this principle was honored more in the breach than in the observance. Nevertheless, no contrary standard was ever written into public law, and when the modern civil-rights movement came into existence in the 1950s, the constitutional requirement of racially impartial, equal protection under the law became a major source of its moral and political legitimacy.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 has been the principal instrument of modern civil-rights enforcement. It protects individuals against discrimination on account of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin, whether in voting, education, employment, or access to public accommodations. Moreover, in language about as clear as can be, the act prohibits policies of racial group preference, or reverse discrimination. As we know, however, the past 20 years have seen the equal employment opportunity provisions of Title VII of the act transformed into race-conscious affirmative action, so much so that in 1981 the former head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Eleanor Holmes Norton, called the Civil Rights Act a "fully mature Statute" which had already wiped out employment discrimination. The main task in civil-rights enforcement in the 1980s, she added, would be to "re-educate the public concerning affirmative action and how it works."

The Reagan Administration has thus been under fire not because it has failed to enforce civil-rights law, but because it has been critical of how affirmative action "works." Though you'd never know it, the Administration has actually followed a rather affirmative civil-rights strategy of its own. The Reagan Justice Department has neither ignored nor tried to dismantle the civil-rights law fashioned during the 1970s. For example, the Justice Department has actively enforced the Voting Rights Act, reviewing election law changes, reapportionment plans, and election procedures for discriminatory intent and effects. Its Civil Rights Division has adhered to the seminal *Griggs* decision in defining discrimination as the adverse impact of employment practices on minority group members, as well as unequal treatment of individuals on account of race. In scores of public employment cases, in addition to moving against discriminatory practices, the Division has sought remedial relief for individuals who have been discriminated against. Such relief, under the relevant Supreme Court holdings, takes the form of backpay awards, retroactive "slotting" in seniority systems, reinstatement in appropriate positions, and access to hiring and promotion priorities. Individuals who have been excluded from employment may petition for relief, as may those who were discouraged from seeking employment by knowledge of an employer's discriminatory practices. The Justice Department further requires employers found guilty of Title VII violations to make special efforts to recruit minority employees. The Department's enforcement of existing law has brought significant compensation to victims of discrimination, as in the recent award of $2,750,000 against Fairfax County, Virginia, on behalf of 685 plaintiffs.

The Justice Department has also supported the "bottom line" theory in equal employment opportunity law, one of the major legal underpinnings of affirmative action in the 1970s. This theory holds that specific features of an employer's hiring procedure need not be validated—i.e., proved to be job-related when shown to have an adverse impact on minorities—if a sufficient number of minority group members are employed in the work force as a whole, or at the "bottom line." In the important though little known case of *Connecticut* v. *Teal,* the Justice Department entered an amicus brief arguing that the state, because it employed an adequate number of minorities, did not violate the rights of individual blacks under Title VII by using tests that had an adverse impact on blacks as a group. The Supreme Court decided otherwise, delivering what specialists in labor law see as a blow to the structure of affirmative-action programs in private industry. Whether *Teal,* which deals with public employment, will have this effect is not yet clear.

In any event, in *Teal* as in other cases, the Justice Department has adhered to the controlling precedents in recent civil-rights law. And it has done so not out of bureaucratic inertia, but because of a clear commitment to individual civil-rights on the part of William Bradford Reynolds and other Reagan appointees. The Department has simply drawn the line in litigation that would lead to the spread of race-conscious affirmative action. The Civil Rights Division has made it clear that race may be taken into account in redressing the denial of individual rights,

Herman Belz teaches history at the University of Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but when it comes to racial quotas as compensation for historic discrimination against minority groups, such quotas are inconsistent with the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

The point of several recent cases dealing with police and firefighters unions has been whether judges may issue remedial orders to require local governments to hire, promote, and lay off employees according to racial quotas, without regard to whether the minority group members benefiting from the orders have been victims of discrimination. The argument for such quota-relief is that past societal discrimination has created a compelling need for racial balance and hence for race-conscious remedies; that judicial orders are proper if they are "reasonably related" to achieving this end; and that "there is nothing magical about seniority," as the first circuit court of appeals put it in ordering lay-offs by racial quota.

The Justice Department argues that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 specifically protects bona fide seniority systems, with the qualifier that individual victims of discrimination may be given their rightful place in them. The Department further observes that the act expressly prohibits racially preferential policies, that its purpose is to protect the rights of individuals, not groups. The Civil Rights Division has declared that Section 706 (g) of Title VII limits the scope of judicial remedies to cases involving identifiable victims of discrimination. It follows, then, that innocent third parties have a right not to be discriminated against on account of race.

The latest case in which the Justice Department has entered an amicus brief against racial quotas—*Firefighters Local Union 1784* v. *Stotts*—has been accepted for review by the Supreme Court. Although the Court is likely to decide the case on narrow grounds, any curtailment of judicially administered race-conscious remedies will have far-reaching implications. In a letter to the attorney general, the chairman of the pro-quota Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has stated that recognition of the Justice Department position would invalidate innumerable EEOC consent decrees and rulings. Meanwhile the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights has announced that if the anti-quota argument prevails, it will "sound the death knell for effective judicial enforcement of Federal equal employment opportunity laws."

A decision against quotas would, of course, do nothing of the sort, as current Justice Department policies make clear. The reaction of the Civil Rights Commission, however, does suggest the profound unease with which civil-rights activists react to plain talk about race-conscious affirmative action. Nowhere has this unease been more evident than in the ongoing struggle over the Civil Rights Commission.

Created in 1957 as a temporary fact-finding agency in the executive branch, the Civil Rights Commission has in recent years become a major disseminator of affirmative action doctrine and a highly politicized arm of the "civil-rights community." Like every previous President trying to use the Commission to promote his civil-rights policy, President Reagan last summer proposed three new appointments to the agency: Morris Abram, John Bunzel, and Robert Destro. Senate liberals on the Judiciary Committee, backed by defenders of affirmative action from the House and lobbyists from civil-rights organizations, refused even to consider their qualifications. Instead, they contended that the President lacked the constitutional power to remove members of the Civil Rights Commission, which they said Con-

ANNOUNCING THE END OF

MAGAZINE MUSH AND ME-TOOISM

You are joyfully invited to subscribe to a fresh, zesty, alive alternative: Chronicles of Culture. *A decidedly articulate alternative you will* relish!

Our alternative to me-too magazines is *Chronicles of Culture:*

Written for an audience in search of fresh, provocative, mind-jolting, original thought.

Imagine! A publication that begins with that fresh perspective, and then goes about the business of reviewing, criticizing, essaying each month—in little danger of fraternizing with other magazines.

In one fundamental way, we stand considerably removed from the herd.

We are *non-liberal.*

Puncturing the liberal pontification.

When we observe that some popular idea is, at best, constructed of very wet papier-mâché, we state so. Succinctly, but, we hope, with a modicum of style.

We attempt to shout "hogwash," but in a distinguished manner.

What of our style and content? One fragment, excerpted from Leopold Tyrmand's Editor's Comment which launches a recent issue, as he writes about today's liberal culture:

> One consequence of this culture is that a vast segment of the population is forced to work hard to support a class of parasites, many of whom—thanks to economic priorities gone berserk—have turned their lives into a grotesque *Grand Guignol* of drugs and kinky crime and who provide their own troubadours with obscene wealth. It is a culture in which a nurse earns less per year than a cretinous, unwashed rock singer spends on dope per day. For this culture we have nothing but the deepest contempt, and we want to make it known. In the 1930's a German antifascist by the name of Carl von Ossietzky, before he was tortured by the nazis in Dachau, addressed himself to his nation in one of his last warnings: "All I wish is for you to remember, I was against!" So are we, when we face the travesty of humanness and the humiliation of reason in America.

What's going on here?

Remarkably, readers and editors come together in *Chronicles of Culture* to produce a vibrant, fresh approach to non-liberal journalism.

At last, there exists a journal *worth* reading for its originality, its zest, its willingness to examine books, film, music, theater, politics, the press and other institutions—with no concern for Consensus or Conventional Wisdom.

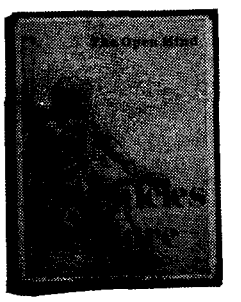
Early Warning System.

In every issue you should find enough critical common sense to save you from the purchase of at least one book or the price of one movie. Imagine! An Early Warning System *every month* on what's worthwhile and what's worthless in theater, film, books, and more!

Is *Chronicles of Culture* for you? We encourage you to find out—at no obligation. Simply forward the Subscription Request and Free Issue coupon. But do it today, so we may send you our freshest issue immediately.

If you haven't seen Chronicles, it's worth a look because it is such a refreshing change from the normal diet of humanist cellulose.

—Tom Bethell
The American Spectator



Chronicles of Culture
934 North Main Street
Rockford, Illinois 61103

I wish to judge *Chronicles of Culture* for myself. Enroll me as a potential subscriber and send me your current issue free.

☐ Bill me for $18.00 (12 monthly issues). If I'm not satisfied with my first issue I'll write "cancel" on the invoice and return it unpaid. No further obligation on my part.

☐ Check for $18.00 is enclosed. Please start my subscription now.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

T8332

Chronicles of Culture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress had intended to be an independent agency.

This argument doesn't hold. To begin with, the Civil Rights Commission is not an independent regulatory agency in any of the senses in which that term is used in constitutional law; it has no rule-making or adjudicatory authority. Moreover, the President was well within his constitutional powers in seeking to replace commission members. The opposition was bewildered at the prospect of the Commission's no longer enjoying a pro-quota majority. It resented the challenge to its civil-rights monopoly represented by the Reagan appointments, a resentment made all the greater for the fact that two of the appointees, Abram and Bunzel, had appeared before the Commission in 1981 to argue against racial quotas.

The President was again depicted as unfriendly to civil rights. Lost in the hysteria was the Administration's own proposal from several months earlier to reauthorize the Commission for a 20-year period, and to make it more independent by giving its members staggered six-year terms. The civil-rights establishment was all in favor of this proposal—until the President sent his nominations to the commission. Suddenly, it discovered a lack of executive removal power, as well as the "independence" of this allegedly unique agency, an issue never raised when the Administration proposed appointments to the Commission in 1982.

The House has reacted to the controversy by moving to protect the incumbent commissioners. In August, it passed a bill extending the life of the agency for five years and restricting the President's removal power. A deadlock has ensued in the Senate with conservatives holding up the bill and liberals continuing to block the President's nominations. In consequence, the Civil Rights Commission was not reauthorized by September 30, when its most recent five-year extension expired. It entered a 60-day transition period after which, if Congress takes no action, it will cease to exist.

A compromise was proposed enlarging the Commission to eight members and allowing the President to make two appointments. This was presented as a happy resolution which civil-rights organizations support and which all reasonable people ought therefore to endorse. Yet the White House did not endorse it, and there was little reason why it should. It was not really a compromise at all, but a scheme to allow the advocates of quotas to maintain their hold on the agency and almost surely exacerbate its politicization. Moreover, it did not address the problem of the agency's institutional independence, a major concern of the Administration's original reauthorization bill, and it conceded the opposition argument that the President lacks the power to remove and appoint members of this agency. With constitutional law clearly on his side, the President in late October ended further speculation about a compromise by dismissing the three pro-quota Democrats on the Commission, whom Abram, Bunzel, and Destro were intended to replace. The ball is back in Congress's court as the termination of the Commission approaches.

Southern opposition often made reauthorization of the Commission in its early years a touch-and-go affair. It is ironic and a measure of how attitudes on civil rights have changed that liberal opposition to the idea of race-neutral equal rights now threattens to destroy the agency. Yet if the present deadlock continues, it is liberals, like Southerners of the 1950s resisting change and clinging to whatever power they can, who will bear principal responsibility for the Commission's demise.

The Civil Rights Commission for most of its 26-year existence has served a useful purpose in national civil rights policy. It could continue to do so in the future if brought back within the mainstream of national thinking on civil rights and given a greater degree of institutional integrity and independence. This is what the Administration has tried to do in its reauthorization of and appointments to the Commission. If it stands its ground it may yet succeed. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

AIRLINE DEREGULATION CONSIDERED

by Clinton V. Oster, Jr.

In the wake of the bankruptcies of Braniff and Continental Airlines, as well as the continuing financial perils of such carriers as Eastern and Republic, critics of airline deregulation have become increasingly vocal in their calls for *re*regulation. No doubt, these are difficult times. During the last three years, the airlines have amassed losses totalling over one billion dollars. The twelve largest carriers lost 43,000 jobs (14 percent of their work force) between the third quarter of 1979 and the third quarter of 1982. Losses and layoffs of such magnitude are unprecedented among airlines. But simply because they occurred following deregulation does not mean that deregulation is necessarily at fault. For one thing, the airlines have been severely affected by both the recession and the dramatic increases in the price of jet fuel following the Iranian revolution. More importantly, there is the legacy of 40 years of Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) regulation.

Airline passenger regulation had its formal origins in the United States with the creation of the Civil Aeronautics Authority (CAA) in 1938, which in 1940 was reorganized into the Civil Aeronautics Board. The major elements of airline economic regulation remained unchanged from that time until the move toward less regulation began, in 1976.

For roughly four decades the CAB exercised tight control over the basic features of airline service: who could provide the service, where the service could be provided, and what price could be charged. Airline management had discretion only over the time of day and frequency of flights, the type of aircraft, and amenities such as movies, drinks, airport lounges, and the like. Even this limited management control was exercised in an environment where the CAB tended to shelter weak carriers from competition with strong ones.

This 40-year legacy of CAB regulation left the airline industry with five important characteristics on the eve of deregulation. The first was a tradition of management unaccustomed to the rigors of a competitive marketplace. Airline managers were brought up to expect that fundamental business decisions—what markets to enter and what price to charge for their product—would not be wholly theirs. If an airline encountered difficulty, the CAB would come to its aid with favorable treatment in awarding routes or with outright subsidies, even if mistakes by management had contributed to the difficulty. In cases of extreme financial distress, the CAB would arrange for the failing carrier to merge with a financially stronger one. CAB actions thus helped insulate managers from the consequences of their decisions.

The second legacy was a pattern of labor contracts featuring both high wage-rates and restrictive work-rules. Under CAB regulation, airline managements had less incentive to bargain aggressively with labor than would have been the case in a deregulated market. Although lower wages and less restrictive work-rules would mean greater profits even under regulation, a tough bargaining stance would bring an airline little competitive advantage over other carriers since lower costs could not be converted into lower prices. Cost increases from labor contracts or other sources were typically passed on by the CAB in the form of higher

Clinton V. Oster, Jr. is co-author of Airline Deregulation: The Early Experience (*Auburn House*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fares. But as the new post-deregulation carriers like People Express have demonstrated, in a competitive environment lower costs can contribute to lower fares and a gain in market share.

The third legacy was the patchwork route networks of most carriers, resulting from the CAB's eclectic means of awarding routes. Rather than award a new route to the carrier best positioned to serve it, for example, the CAB would sometimes award monopoly routes to financially ailing carriers in an attempt to maintain industry stability. Similarly, long routes (which were believed to be more lucrative) were often awarded to short-haul carriers to compensate for losses on short routes. The coming of deregulation saw almost all U.S. airlines serving some routes for which their equipment was poorly suited and lacking authority to serve other routes that fit well into their existing networks.

The fourth legacy of CAB regulation was a fare structure only partially related to the cost of providing service. Fares were designed to be more expensive for long-haul flights, another form of compensation for the less profitable short-haul flights. With fares based only on distance, such factors as the number of passengers traveling the route weren't ever considered. Two markets of the same distance, however, may not be equally profitable, even if the same type of aircraft is used. The Boston-Chicago market, for example, involves many more passengers than the Memphis to Miami route. While in the former market an aircraft may be fully utilized throughout the day flying back and forth, in the latter there may be only sufficient demand for a single flight in the morning and another at night, leaving the aircraft unutilized during the rest of the day. If the airplane cannot be used productively during "off-peak" hours, then the cost per flight will be higher in that market. Now, many factors besides market density influence costs, and achieving high aircraft utilization is far more complex than this example suggests, but the point remains: the cost of air service depends on more than distance and type of plane.

The fifth legacy was an oversupply of wide-body aircraft (B-747s, DC-10s, L1011s, and A-300s). At the beginning of deregulation, the airlines had either in service or on order more such specialized aircraft than necessary in a competitive environment. Even as late as 1982, the five largest carriers (American, Delta, Eastern, TWA, and United) had about 30 percent of their aircraft capacity tied down by wide-body aircraft. CAB regulation contributed to this "excess capacity" problem: first, by setting fares to make long-haul, high-density routes potentially the most profitable; second, by allowing airlines to compete only on the basis of service. Airlines bought wide-body aircraft because they were well suited to the most profitable routes and seemed indispensable in attracting travelers on long-haul routes. In a deregulated environment, however, there is no reason for one type of route to be more profitable than any other, and so many carriers have found themselves with more wide-body capacity than they can profitably use. Indeed, the search for wide-body markets has contributed significantly to the transcontinental and northeast-to-Florida fare wars.

The Airline Deregulation Act was signed into law just over five years ago. In addition to adjusting to deregulation, the airlines have also been subject to a deep and lingering recession, a dramatic increase in the price of jet fuel, and a reduction in air traffic-control capacity following the PATCO strike and the subsequent dismissal of the striking controllers. In a changing economic environment, it is difficult to separate the effects of these external events from those of deregulation.

Nevertheless, some trends have emerged over the past five years. Foremost is that airline fares are lower, on average, than would likely have been the case under continued regulation. Such a statement may seem startling at first glance, since most fares are higher now than they were in 1976 or 1977. But the issue is how current fares compare with those that would have prevailed under continued CAB regulation.

This question, of course, hinges on a comparison of fares with costs. Before deregulation, the CAB's standard industry fare level was based on distance. This formula was updated as necessary to reflect changing costs and so provides an excellent cost index. These set fares featured a considerable margin over costs, and the actual fare paid averaged less than the formula, even before deregulation. During the period 1970-1977, in fact, the actual average fare paid was 82 percent of the formula fare. But during the period 1978-1982, the actual average fare paid fell to 73 percent of the formula fare. In other words, since deregulation the airlines have charged lower fares in relation to costs than before.

Usually, the airlines do this by offering discount rates to price-conscious travelers on flights with excess capacity. Once an airline is committed to making a flight, the marginal cost of serving an additional passenger (in an otherwise vacant seat) is very low. Before deregulation, the average load factor (the percentage of seats filled) was only about 55 percent. Following deregulation, however, such discount fares helped push load factors to almost 60 percent—this despite the reduced demand for travel during the recession.

A frequent charge of deregulation critics is that the nation's small communities have suffered dramatic declines in service. It is true that the Deregulation Act made it easier for an airline previously regulated by the CAB (a "certificated" carrier) to pull out of a market it no longer wished to serve. But the Act also authorized a subsidy program to guarantee "Essential Air Service" to communities receiving service from certificated carriers prior to deregulation.

Certificated carriers have used this new freedom to transfer their jet aircraft to markets for which they are better suited. Where has this left the small communities? Between October 1, 1977 and October 1, 1982, 145 communities lost service from a certificated carrier. However, commuter airlines flying smaller, propeller-driven aircraft well suited to smaller markets have moved in to such an extent that total weekly aircraft departures in these communities in October 1982 were 26 percent *higher* than in October 1977. In addition to more departures, flight times were typically scheduled at times more in line with traveler preferences.

Though the fact that these communities are now served by smaller commuter planes may be a blow to the ego of a local Chamber of

GREAT WAR STORIES

Books worth fighting for.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR
By John Buchan *2400 pages, 6" x 9" hardcover, 76 maps, 40 photos, 4-vol set. $100.00*

GALLIPOLI
By Alan Moorehead *386 pages, 6" x 9" hardcover, 18 photos. $17.95*

VICTORY AT HIGH TIDE
By Col. Robert Debs Heinl, Jr. *307 pages, 6" x 9" hardcover, maps. $17.95*

A BLOODY WAR: 1939-45
By Hal Lawrence *193 pages, 6" x 9" hardcover, 28 photos. $17.95*

THE GENERAL
By C.S. Forester *256 pages, 6" x 9" hardcover. $12.95*

Please add $1.75 for each book ordered to cover shipping and handling. Maryland residents please add 5% sales tax.

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card Number Expires

Cardholder's Signature

Write to us or call 301-267-8522 to receive a free catalog.

The Nautical & Aviation Publishing Co. of America
8 Randall St., Box AS
Annapolis, MD 21401

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace – testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $125.

☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $110.

(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order – or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

112 courses in 35 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 12th year.

Audio-Forum
Suite S1
On-the-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM®

All orders received by Dec. 12 will be delivered before the holidays!
Or visit our New York sales office 145 E. 49th St., New York, NY 10017 (212) 753-1783.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Information Take-off: When the Boeing Commercial Airplane Company observed that business inquiries received at its Seattle message center often were delayed in routing and delivery, they consulted CADO, the newest subsidiary of Continental Telecom Inc. A CADO computer system with custom software

now routes and delivers messages throughout Boeing's Puget Sound locations in minutes. Annual dollar savings in message center operations have been significant. And timely information in Boeing's competitive business is a key element in their sales process. Dollars saved. Information now. That's what the telecommunications revolution delivers. And that's where Contel shines. From telephony to satellites. Architects of telecommunication.

WRITE TO CONTINENTAL TELECOM INC., DEPT. 956, 245 PERIMETER CENTER PARKWAY, ATLANTA GA 30346.

CONTEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commerce, it is important to note that the typical pattern when a commuter replaces a jet carrier in a small community is that ridership increases. Most travelers apparently have found the added frequency and schedule convenience more than adequate compensation for the reduced comfort.

Finally, there is the question of the large number who lost their jobs. To repeat, employment has fallen sharply among the major carriers since 1979. But what is rarely pointed out is that 1979 was a high point of airline employment. Between July 1977 and July 1982, employment among the major carriers had fallen by only about 10,000, roughly the number of all Braniff employees in 1977. And even with the Braniff bankruptcy, total airline employment for all scheduled carriers was higher in 1982 than in 1977 by about 17,000 workers. While many jobs have been lost among the major carriers (largely because of Braniff), a significant number of new jobs have been created among the smaller carriers and newly formed airlines.

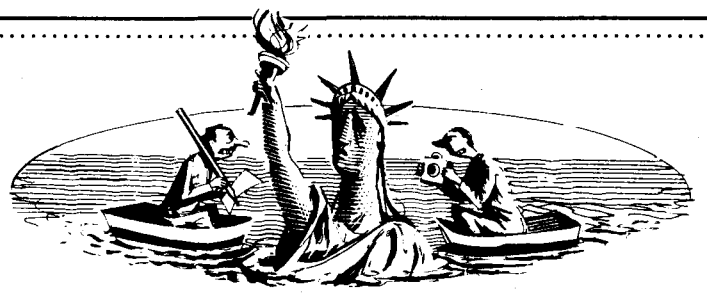
Recession, fuel price increases, and the air traffic control reduction following the PATCO strike all have had detrimental effects on employment for the major carriers. But without deregulation even more jobs might have been lost. This is a tentative conclusion based on a statistical model I have devised in an attempt to separate the effects of deregulation from those of recession, fuel price increases, and the PATCO strike. The model is somewhat complex, but the basic mechanism underlying the conclusion is not: lower fares of deregulation mean more travelers; more travelers require more support jobs to accommodate them.

What, then, can be said after five years of deregulation? Clearly, deregulation has not been a panacea for all the airline industry's many problems, but neither has it been the reason for the industry's present troubles. Like most policy changes, deregulation has created both winners and losers. The winners appear to be airline travelers who are paying lower fares and choosing from a much broader array of fare and service options.

The biggest losers will probably be those workers employed at major airlines when the Deregulation Act was passed: they are simply no longer in a position to obtain the favorable wage and work-rule settlements that prevailed during the halcyon years of CAB regulation. Yet the new job opportunities with both the newly formed carriers and the carriers previously confined by regulation to intrastate markets must be taken into account as well.

In any case, after five years it still may be too early to tell. The best that can be said is that thus far the results seem generally positive: fares are lower across a broad array of markets; small communities as a group have not suffered service losses; and total airline employment is up despite recession and dramatically higher fuel prices. Future events may perhaps reverse these conclusions, and other aspects of deregulation may ultimately prove detrimental. But that would require a marked change in the trends of the past five years, and no such change is yet evident. The fact remains that the airlines have made substantial progress in overcoming 40 years of CAB regulation, and there is no evidence that re-regulation would solve any of the problems that remain. □

PRESSWATCH

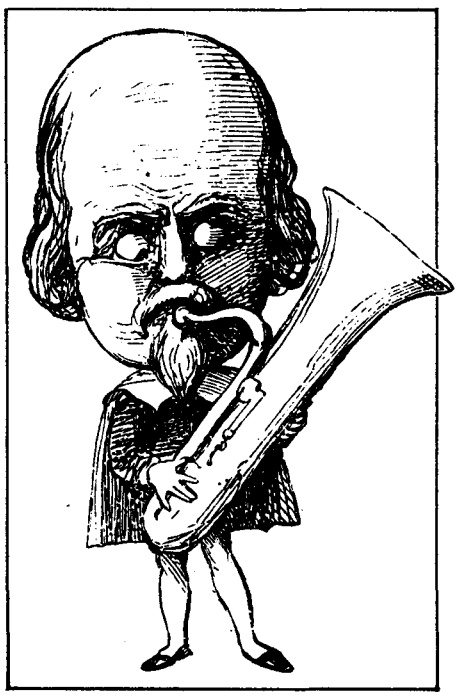


NATTERING NABOBS

by Fred Barnes

The coverage of Central America in recent months points up one of the ugly truths about the American press: the better the news, the less of it you get. As the war began to turn against the Communist guerrillas in El Salvador, there was a palpable dip in the attention paid to it. When the intrusion of American troops and ships (on maneuvers, not a combat mission) started to produce some of the results that the Reagan Administration had promised—stirring in the hearts of Cubans and Sandinistas the desire to negotiate, for one thing, and not bringing on World War III, for another—less was written and broadcast about it. And the excuse that these trends, as they endured, lacked the freshness or uniqueness which makes for newsworthiness doesn't wash. After all, stories on the right-wing death squads are old, but that hasn't stopped their being retold, nor should it. And the reminders haven't ceased about the links between the American-backed contras in Nicaragua and the evil but deposed Somoza regime.

The obsession with the negative is endemic to journalism these days. Reporters, both print and broadcast, simply have an unquenchable thirst for bad news. They leap on any turn for the worse. And they do it partly because bad news gets better play; their editors invariably showcase the



gloomy, the dire, and the horrendous. The facile explanation for this—believe me, you hear it a lot—is that "we cover the planes that crash, not the ones that land safely."

If you find that response less than compelling, join the crowd. But at least it offers a structural explanation for dwelling on bad news in Central America and looking elsewhere when good news crops up. Fortunately for the press, trouble for the United States flared in Lebanon just as prospects in Central America brightened. So the press focus shifted to the Middle East. Of course, there is also an ideological explanation for the slackened coverage in Central America, namely that many reporters are inclined to think the worst of whatever the United States is doing and thus are delighted to report signs of failure. And for a long period, there were many such signs to report. No longer, though, which means less coverage.

All of which leads me to cite four notable and praiseworthy exceptions to the structural and ideological slant on events in Central America. The most astonishing was on the op-ed page of the *New York Times,* not a page of surprises other than those in William Safire's column. So when a piece labeled "On U.S. Latin Policy" by Mortimer B. Zuckerman, the chairman of the *Atlantic Monthly,* appeared in September, there was no reason to expect anything but the ritual denunciation of American policy. But wait. "I went [to Central America] holding political views of El Salvador and Nicaragua shared by many liberals and centrists in our nation," Zuckerman wrote. "I returned impressed with the effectiveness of United States policy and convinced that we need to be involved." American military support of El Salvador was "critical" and "essential" if democracy is ever to flourish. Nicaragua? "I found . . . a government busily consolidating a left-wing totalitarian state internally, and aggressively involved in attempting to overthrow its neighbors."

Michael Kramer, the political writer for *New York,* echoed Zuckerman in his magazine's September 12 issue. "A visit to the region, to Nicaragua and El Salvador especially, and talks with the leaders on both

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sides help put the situation in perspective—and show that the administration's policy, so chaotic from afar, surprisingly seems more coherent and effective than expected," Kramer wrote. And there was more. "Life in Nicaragua today . . . is already classically eastern-European," he said, before going on to knock down myths like the Sandinistas' supposed fondness for a mixed economy. But "the greatest myth about Nicaragua is that the Sandinistas' turn to the left is the result of American hostility," he noted. ". . . Nothing could be farther from the truth. Unlike Cuba, where Fidel Castro kept his real intentions hidden until well after he overthrew Batista, the Sandinistas—for anyone who cared to read—have always been up-front about their orientation. . . . They were just pretending to be pluralist. They described the totalitarian state they were building and vowed that their power would never be put to risk in free elections."

Remember now, Zuckerman and Kramer aren't flunkies for the Reagan Administration. Nor are John Vinocur of the *New York Times* or Ronald Radosh, co-author of *The Rosenberg File.* Yet their conclusions about Nicaragua match Zuckerman's and Kramer's. "The soaring promises of the 1979 Sandinista insurrection—political pluralism, a mixed private-and-state economy and international nonalignment—are gone, replaced by opened mail, People's Tribunals, smothered debate," wrote Vinocur in the *Times* last August. But Vinocur doesn't quite buy the Eastern Europe analogy. "Managua does not have East Berlin's watchtowers and machine gunners or Bucharest's near catatonic despair," he said. "Unlike Eastern Europe, anyone can get a passport and leave."

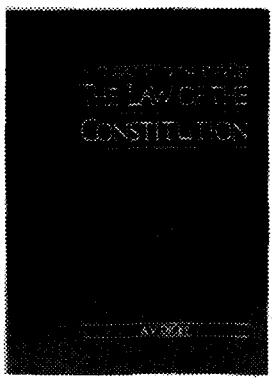
Radosh's piece appeared in the October 24 issue of the *New Republic*, which publishes many tough-minded, cant-free pieces on foreign affairs. He had nothing kind to say about American policy toward Nicaragua, but he found Sandinista society to be "increasingly militarized and polarized, defined for the average person by the daily ration lines for the most necessary commodities. . . . The heralded promises . . . have been replaced by a slow but clear movement toward a Cuban-style regime." His most telling criticism, though, was of the fraudulent "face the people" sessions held by Sandinista leaders. "The relationship between people and leaders was more feudal than revolutionary: the lord dispensing justice in return for loyalty." For a Marxist regime, that is the unkindest cut of all.

For Radosh, such criticism of Nicaragua will only harden the leftist hatred of him that his book on the Rosenbergs has evoked. And surely for Kramer and Zuckerman, it had to be difficult to conclude, in print, that the policy of the Reagan Administration isn't maniacal. Writing favorably about the course of events in El Salvador and unfavorably about America's chief foe in Central America, Nicaragua, goes against the journalistic grain. And that made what they said all the more riveting.

What is the source of bias in the press? I cited both structure and ideology as being factors in coverage of Central America, but it appears that Austin Ranney, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, would disagree, at least as far as television correspondents are concerned. In *Channels of Power,** his insightful new study of the impact of television on politics, he goes with structural bias alone. "It seems to me that network television news does have a bias, but it is not a political bias in favor of liberalism or con-

*Basic Books, $14.95.

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Introduction to the Study of The Law of the Constitution

By A. V. Dicey

Forward by Roger E. Michener

Dicey's classic study of the British Constitution and the rule of law was first published in 1885. In subsequent editions he tried to take account of intervening constitutional developments. The last edition Dicey himself prepared was the eighth, which appeared in 1915. This Liberty*Classics* volume presents that edition rather than later posthumous editions in which Dicey's own work was further updated by an editor. While Dicey's discussion of British law is of interest in its own right, his discussion of the concept of the rule of law will be of at least equal interest to contemporary readers. Hardcover $15.00, Softcover $7.00.

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. *All* orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid *in U.S. dollars*. To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. B102
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

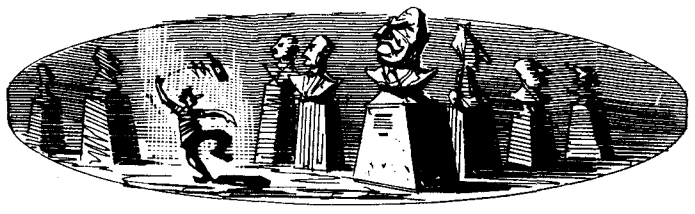
servatism," he writes. Instead, it is a bias "against all politicians, and especially against those most identified with electoral politics." And, he adds, "television newspeople also have an antiestablishment bias: that is, they view with special suspicion whatever political leaders and organizations seem most powerful at the moment."

I think this amounts to a half-explanation. Liberalism is also a factor, but not always the overriding one in political coverage. Ranney cites the example of the kid-gloves treatment of Jimmy Carter when he was a long-shot presidential candidate early in 1976 compared to the more critical coverage after he became the favorite for the nomination and for winning the presidency. "It was Carter the long-shot who became Carter the frontrunner," he writes, and this changed the press treatment. Senator Edward Kennedy experienced the same phenomenon in 1979 and 1980. When favored to oust Carter, he was handled roughly, his halting speeches pilloried. But once he lost any chance to beat Carter, he was lionized by the press as a gallant, articulate warrior for the liberal cause.

Rather boldly, Ranney goes so far as to insist that Vice President Spiro Agnew's attack in 1969 on network television's news coverage had some merit. "It seems to me that, at least, Agnew's charges were and remain serious," he says. "If television plays as important a role in creating political reality for Americans as I contend . . . and if that reality is systematically biased in favor of a particular ideology or party or candidate, then one of the most basic preconditions for democratic government does not exist in this land, and those of us who care about that should think hard about how we can induce the broadcasters to maintain a more objective stance without violating their First Amendment rights." Ranney notes that he pursued the question of bias and remedies for it "on the assumption . . . that one can raise these topics without in any way appearing to be a supporter of Spiro T. Agnew."

Given the normally hysterical reaction of the press to any criticism of its practices, I'm not sure Ranney is on safe ground with this assumption. Is it really respectable for anyone to devote nearly a whole page of a book to quoting from an Agnew speech that attacked the press? Time will tell. ☐

EMINENTOES



BARBARA HONEGGER'S GREAT DAYS

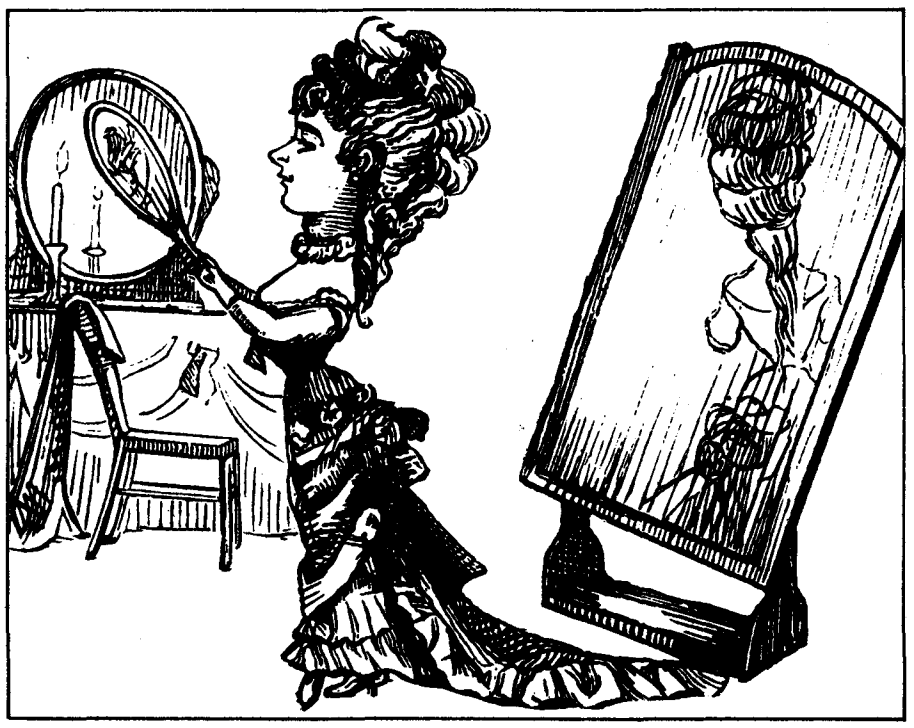
by John H. Fund

Now that the cool weather has arrived and our more than 4,000 accredited media representatives are no longer so parched for those non-stories which figured so prominently in the languid days of August, it is a good time to sit back and take a deeper look into those summer news crazes, perhaps the most peculiar being the case of Barbara Honegger. She, of course, is the Reagan appointee who quit the Department of Justice and called the Administration's policy on women's rights a "sham." Her resignation set off a ten-day extravaganza that began by threatening to create another canyon in the "gender gap" and ended as a surrealistic farce.

Barbara Honegger is the product of a Republican family from California's sprawling San Joaquin Valley. A precocious child, she graduated first in her high school class before enrolling at Stanford University, receiving a B.A. in creative writing in 1969. For the next decade, she pursued her own educational odyssey, holding down research and secretarial jobs while immersing herself in parapsychology (the study of psychic phenomena, meaningful coincidence, and synchronicity). According to college acquaintances, if a subject was outré, bizarre, and not to be found in the normal college catalogue, she was immediately attracted. As one Stanford student put it: "She was 180 degrees removed from a California Valley Girl. Instead, she was a bona-fide Space Cadet."

Honegger reveals in her autobiographical manuscript, *The Omens of Power* (written under the pen name Damien Windsor), that during this time "a web of well-kept secrets about the origin of this nation" were revealed to her through parapsychology. Among these secrets was how the symmetry of the three stars in the constellation Orion's belt were linked to George Washington's presidency and the "all-male secret society" of the Masons.

Then in 1976, Honegger became a research assistant for Dr. Martin Anderson at the Hoover Institution, a Reagan domestic policy adviser in the '76 presidential campaign. After a year at Hoover she left to enroll in the country's first graduate program in parapsychology. Two years later, her coursework completed, she received the "first accredited degree in parapsychology in the nation," albeit from the rather obscure John F. Kennedy University of Orinda, California. By this time, in her role as a "cosmic Sherlock Holmes," she had completed the link between the Dog Star Sirius and the Masonic goal to "establish a new world secular order, completely separate from the older sacred or religious order linked to God or gods."



Here the author of *Omens* pauses to catch her breath. "I wouldn't blame the reader if he threw down this record at this point convinced that it is utter nonsense," she informs the reader. "Do that if you will, but you will miss the events which link the United States unquestionably to the ancient and secret Masonic tradition, and the coincidences which link Ronald Reagan to its source."

In December 1979, Honegger was rehired by Martin Anderson to resume her old duties as a research assistant. This, of course, had been foretold to her, as an increasing number of occurrences in her life seemed to be.

On January 7, 1980 she returned to Hoover for a morning appointment

John H. Fund is a reporter for syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Anderson. While sitting in the chair next to Anderson's desk, "I looked out the plate glass window to the gray sky and rolling foothills in the distance. As I did, I was suddenly moved to speak:

"'I want to tell you why I'm here. You're going to return to the Reagan campaign. Reagan is going to win by a landslide, and you're going to follow him to the White House. I am going to be there with you.'"

As she spoke these fateful words, "the sun broke through the clouds and flooded the room in which we sat with brilliant light. As it did, I felt another flood, more uncanny, which I can only describe as a sense of pure empowerment. It has been from that moment that I have known that Reagan can't lose."

Anderson did in fact rejoin the Reagan campaign, which went on to score a landslide victory. Honegger followed Anderson to Washington, where she became a special assistant and scheduler for him. She made no secret either of her interest in the occult and coincidences or of her profound disagreements with Reagan on social issues. "She was very liberal on crime and abortion," says a former roommate, Elisabeth Richards. "She would always complain about the 'reactionaries' on the White House staff." One co-worker says, "I honestly believe she felt she would convince Reagan to support abortion and the ERA."

Honegger established a reputation of being "somewhat odd" among button-down Reaganites. She sported necklaces in the shape of a "mystic beetle" and her office window featured a display of the fateful three stars mounted on sticks. To anyone who evinced the slightest interest, she would give a copy of her magnum opus, *The Omens of Power.*

When Anderson departed from the White House in early 1982, Honegger was quickly brushed aside. But backed with a warm letter of praise from then White House liaison Elizabeth Dole, she clinched a temporary $37,000 a year job in the Department of Justice.

During the 1980 campaign, Honegger had been the brainchild of the 50 States Project, an attempt to smooth over Reagan's opposition to the ERA by promising firm and swift action to aid individual states in ending discrimination in their own laws. At the Justice Department, Honegger pursued the same principle in examining federal statutes. She drafted the executive order creating a "gender discrimination agency review" to serve as a centerpiece of the Administration's ERA alternative, even serving as its project director until the ephemeral body was disbanded. She portrayed herself as a loyal Reaganite trying to use her position to elevate the issue of women's rights inside the White House.

But others disagree. Some say that she was already applying for positions with liberal and feminist groups because she considered her job involving dreary word-searches through the Federal Code for gender-specific laws as "computer drudgery." Honegger was then supposed to forward these lists to her superiors. "They gave her a very fancy job title, but nothing to do in terms of making policy. It happens all the time but it frustrated her," says one co-worker.

After more than a year at the Justice Department, Honegger saw her temporary position expiring on September 30. With no job prospects in sight, and in complete frustration at her inability to make anyone take her concerns seriously, she decided to blow the whistle. At first she planned a simple letter to the editor of the *Washington Post.* But feminist friends, sensing the best cause célèbre for the women's movement since Jimmy Carter fired Bella Abzug, convinced her to write an opinion piece instead. Honegger stayed at the house of her already acquired media consultant while writing the article. "I was afraid to be alone at home," she said. "I had the sense I was pregnant with a national baby. . . ."

When the piece appeared in the Sunday *Washington Post* on August 21, it proved to be a rambling, ultra-detailed account of her disillusionment with Reagan that took up almost an entire news page. After outlining her failure to make anyone take her computer printouts seriously, she ended with the following line: "Frankly, my dear, I don't think Ronald Reagan gives a damn."

This bombshell was followed the next day with a bubbly profile in the *Post.* Honegger resigned her position the same day and became an instant celebrity, appearing as *Newsweek* put it "on virtually every news show but the early morning farm report." Phone calls pursued her across town and she claimed to feel "like a piece of public property." But, she gamely added, "I will be public property until the job is done."

Yet had it not been for Justice Department spokesman Thomas DeCair's characterization of Honegger as a "low-level munchkin," the story would have ended in a day or so. White House press secretary Larry Speakes further inflamed the situation by saying that Honegger had "played an important role" at the White House by dressing up as the Easter Bunny in the yearly Easter egg roll.

DeCair and Speakes thus transformed Honegger from a disgruntled ex-employee into a crusading Joan of Arc, giving her a brand new lease on news space. She called a full-scale press conference where, flanked by a galaxy of feminist leaders, she pointed out that it had actually been Ursula Meese, the wife of presidential counselor Edwin Meese, in the bunny suit. She then proffered a photograph of herself and Reagan, saying: "This is the munchkin with the Wizard of Oz."

"Barbara Honegger is nothing less than Ronald Reagan's smoking gun on women's issues," claimed one feminist leader. But Stuart Taylor of the *New York Times* noted with bemusement that "Miss Honegger seemed to be loving the limelight in her rambling discourse at today's news conference. . . . As stage-managed media events go, the news conference arranged by NOW was less than smooth. But it was deliciously evocative of political public relations in the television age, especially in August when news is scarce and reporters are hungry."

"Totally exhausted" at the close of the conference, Honegger nonetheless closeted herself with two public relations consultants and prepared to travel to San Diego to confront the Wizard during a speech to a group of Republican women.

Two days after her *Post* article, it reached the point where the NBC-owned station in Washington preempted "Real People," that celebration of the American eccentric, to air a half-hour report on the gender gap featuring Miss Honegger. As the interview progressed it became less and less possible to distinguish be-

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES

provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.

Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.

THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE OF LIBERAL ARTS

For Catalogue and Brochure Write To:

Dr. Peter V. Sampo
Thomas More Institute
of Liberal Arts
One Manchester Street
Merrimack, NH 03054

Please send me information about this program.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

"Here is Kristol at his best and boldest."
—*PAUL JOHNSON, New York Times Book Review*

"One of Irving Kristol's most striking qualities is his facility for getting to the heart of the matter....I am sure that I will not be the only reader to finish this splendid book with a feeling of profound gratitude."
—*HENRY REGNERY, Wall Street Journal*

"This mild-mannered, almost diffident man is, quite simply, one of the most influential social and political commentators in America."
—*RICHARD J. WHALEN, American Spectator*

"The most politically influential man of letters writing on American public policy."
—*JOSIAH LEE AUSPITZ, Commentary*

REFLECTIONS OF A NEOCONSERVATIVE
Looking Back, Looking Ahead
Irving Kristol

$19.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030
Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween the two programs. When Honegger was almost begged to cite specific laws she had discovered that discriminated, she offered only one: the fact that federal law provides a pension for the widow of the President but makes no provision for a widower. In another interview she mentioned the prohibition against women serving in combat but continued her evasive maneuvers on the matter.

By the time Honegger arrived in San Diego the limelight had proved so comfortable that she relaxed enough to tell a *People* magazine reporter some of her more unusual views. Sitting in the restaurant of the Bahia Resort Hotel she commented, "You do, of course, see that my initials are all over this hotel, don't you?" Later she confided The Dirty Secret of the Administration: "Reagan is planning coerced body-part donation. And eventually coerced whole-body donations. That's what forced pregnancy is. If we can force whole bodies, why not body parts?"

But what marred her media event in San Diego was a *Los Angeles Times* interview in which Honegger revealed that a supernatural "source" using her voice had told her she would be part of a Reagan Administration in order to defend women's rights. Calling it "channeled information . . . as if it were from the future," Honegger boasted that she wanted to "redeem the soul of the Republican Party."

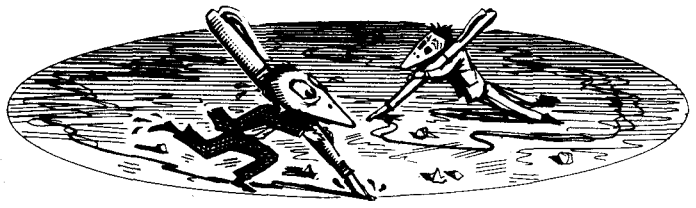
Hounded by reporters for an explanation, Honegger claimed she had been misquoted. "There was no voice," she told them. "It was a very strong intuition."

More and more pieces of the Honegger mosaic were vouchsafed by friends or unfriendly White House sources. She had told associates she had a Ph.D. in parapsychology but suddenly claimed only a master's. She had boasted of raising money to launch an expedition to survey Halley's comet and of having lunched with noted Soviet parapsychologists while at the White House. One reporter who sympathetically interviewed her at length nonetheless judged her in no uncertain terms. "She's a kook, and a publicity hound . . . I don't think she ever believed in Reagan and is now taking us all for a ride." *USA Today* reported that Honegger had told them that White House deputy chief-of-staff Michael Deaver had scheduled an appointment with her. Yet Deaver's office denied this, saying only that a low-level aide would be speaking with her "on the telephone."

The Honegger Hype ended suddenly when Sam Donaldson delivered the coup de grâce on the August 26 "Nightline." Pale and nervous, she responded to even the simplest questions by telling viewers to "read my article in the *Washington Post.*" After repeated attempts at communication, an exasperated Donaldson explained that many Americans weren't able to get copies of a week-old *Post* article. "Her appearance was a fiasco," reported *People* magazine. Said one technician after the show, "Well she's sunk her own boat. She's committed media suicide." Like sharks scenting blood, the press now played up Honegger's "erratic public behavior." It was humiliation by a thousand cuts. What the media giveth they can and do taketh away. The deaths of Marines in Lebanon and the loss of the Korean airliner combined with her quirky personality to end her stay in the sun of publicity.

But Honegger had the last laugh. She had told the *Washington Post* "that media attention would get them [the White House] to fulfill their own promise." Two days after his bunny suit remark, Larry Speakes was contrite. "We would be glad to have her input as we have all along," he said. And on September 8, the White House announced it would support changes in the gender designation of 47 federal statutes. Although many of the proposed actions were admitted to be "trivial" (partly because many of the federal laws Honegger had found were of debatable importance), "Brave Babs" had cowed the President's staff into submission. At last word, she was planning to run for Congress. □

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS



HEALTH FOOD AWAKENINGS

by Lawrence Klepp

If anyone is to be honored as the founding father of the health food movement, it probably should be the Rev. Sylvester W. Graham, a Presbyterian clergyman best known as the inventor of the original Graham cracker. During the 1840s, the Rev. Graham traveled about the country fervently preaching against white bread, meat, spices, and spiritous liquors. Meat, he declared, caused constipation and sexual excess, both subjects about which he had strong feelings. So often did he extol daily bowel movements that the newspapers began referring to him as the Peristaltic Persuader. He was also one of the first theorists to connect onanism with creeping dementia; he recommended, in addition to vegetarianism, cold showers as a preventive measure.

At about the same time the Rev. Graham was annoying butchers and bakers, A. Bronson Alcott and eleven other Transcendentalists withdrew from the Brook Farm cooperative community because they found it too worldly and set up their own community, called Fruitlands. There they refrained from not only meat but also butter, eggs, milk, cheese, tea, coffee, rice, and molasses. At least one man also refused to eat any root that grew downward instead of aspiring upward toward the sun. They began the day at dawn with a breakfast of dry wheatcakes and water and proceeded to their work in the fields, doing without the use of either farm animals or manure on moral grounds. Since they also believed that weeds had as much right to grow as their crops, the farm wasn't very successful. Some began advocating letting the forest grow back and living entirely on wild berries. It was the onset of winter, however, that proved their undoing. They had also renounced wool clothing, leather shoes, and the burning of oil or tallow candles, and after a number of long, cold, dark winter nights they concluded that transcending the world was best done back in Boston.

Thus dietary reform had from the start an intimate connection with moral uplift and spiritual endeavor. Religion has always meddled with food, but what has distinguished the health food movement is a tendency to consider food morally potent in itself, producing virtue or depravity according to its nature. Consider, for instance, Dr. J.H. Tilden, who late in the nineteenth century taught that pies, cakes, chewing gum, and certain combinations of foods (e.g., starch and protein, as in a cheese sandwich or meat and potatoes) cause fermentation in the digestive system, which in turn gives rise to evil thoughts and deeds. As he put it, "Go back of all rottenness in domestic, church, social, and political life, to the kindergarten of crime, there disease-producing table habits and all social crimes, in miniature, will be found. Lascivious thoughts, followed by onanism, are the legitimate out-

Lawrence Klepp lives in New York and is writing a book about eccentric religious sects.

SAVE UP TO 90% ON PERFUMES

We've created our versions of Opium, Bal A Versailles, Joy, Oscar de la Renta, 1000, L'Air du Temps, Chloe, Shalimar, Norell, Halston Night, Metal, etc. at $17.00 per oz. plus $2.00 delivery charge first bottle, 50¢ each additional one. Men's colognes too. Send for free sample and fragrance list.

Money back guarantee
Essential Products Co., Inc
Dept. A, 90 Water St., NY, NY 10005
212-344-4288

Serving Wall Street area since 1895

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come of a sex precocity forced by unwise feeding."

Consider also Professor Arnold Ehret (1866-1922), founder of Ehretism, or the Mucusless Diet. He held that because of such mucus-forming foods as meat, eggs, milk, cheese, nuts, and white bread, "life is a tragedy of nutrition." A diet mainly of fruit and vegetables, which happens to be the regimen followed by Adam and Eve in the Garden, would cure humanity of its fallen and ailing condition. In his words, "The magic formula for 'Heaven on Earth' must read like this: 'Eat your way into Paradise physically.'" The mucusless "diet of Paradise," he concluded, would not only get rid of "worry, disease, sorrow, hate, fight, and murder," but would also do away with "masturbation, night emissions, and prostitution."

The discovery of vitamins early in the twentieth century made succeeding health-food evangelists somewhat more practical and clinical in their prescriptions and promises, but the note of uplift remained. They blamed everything from crime to humorlessness on vitamin deficiencies. If less preoccupied with onanism, they still regarded food as the key not only to health but to a sort of strenuous idealism as well. In the 1920s Bernard MacFadden promised vitality and optimism through the ingestion of simple, natural foods, fasting, and (in the case of women) the renunciation of high-heeled shoes. Gayelord Hauser began preaching the virtues of such "wonder foods" as brewer's yeast, blackstrap molasses, yogurt, and other eventual staples of the movement. Other evangelists followed in their footsteps. Dr. Lelord Kordel wrote *Eat Your Troubles Away.* The relentlessly optimistic and slightly paranoid books of Adele Davis converted multitudes. By the fifties, health food stores, once confined to the vicinity of Hollywood and patronized mainly by retired Midwesterners searching for pep and movie actors worried about their overtaxed libidos, began to appear elsewhere in the country. The gospel was spread by radio and television.

But it wasn't until the late sixties that the health food movement really mushroomed. In 1963 there were perhaps ten health food stores in all of New York City; today there are 135 in Manhattan alone. In 1965 there were roughly 800 such stores in the country; today there are 9,000. Health food has become a $2-billion-a-year industry. Vitamins, commonly priced at three or four times the cost of manufacture, sell briskly in megadoses. New, ever more esoteric supplements are introduced at great velocity. Among the latest of these elixirs are spirulina, octacosanol, and glucomannan ("ancient weight-loss secret of the Orient"). *Prevention* magazine, consisting of militantly cheerful articles promoting assorted supplements ("It's Time To Get Into Zinc Sync") and strident advertisements offering the same pills and potions, has reached a circulation of 2.5 million, in spite of the somewhat dampening fate of its founder, J.I. Rodale. Some ten years ago, at the age of 72, while boasting on "The Dick Cavett Show" of the perfect health and prospects for extreme longevity conferred on him by health foods, he dropped dead of a heart attack (the show was never aired).

During this same period, hundreds of thousands of Americans have converted to vegetarianism, and dozens of other food sects and subsects have emerged, each with its own peculiar taboos. Some shun dairy products; others require them. Some admit fish but ban bananas; others allow almost anything so long as it is not cooked. Some denounce eggplant, tomatoes, and potatoes as poisonous; others, particularly zealous, advocate living entirely on fruit; others, still more zealous, teach that ideally one ought to be adequately nourished by breathing deeply.

Most of these sects promise not only health but also spiritual fringe benefits. Consider, for instance, the Macrobiotic (i.e., "long-life") Diet, devised by Georges Ohsawa, who himself died at the inconclusive age of 73. In its highest and purest stage it rules out everything but brown rice and tea, but by that point such an exquisite balance of yin and yang is attained that the body, through a sort of spiritual grace, is enabled to manufacture for itself the numerous vitamins missing from the rice and tea. The death from malnutrition of a 24-year-old New Jersey woman who had followed this phase of the diet for nine months seems to have retarded its general acceptance.

The health food enthusiasm as it has developed since the sixties bears a striking resemblance to the Great Awakenings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Like them, it is compounded of extravagant fears and hopes, both whipped up by professional preachers. Then the threat was the end of the world and hellfire; now it is an apocalypse of cancer and malnutrition. Then the hope was salvation through grace and eternal bliss in heaven; now it is salvation through whole grains and living to age 127 in some organic elysium. Once again, the enthusiasm will gradually fade out as both hopes and fears prove groundless. Then the sectarian spirit will presumably seek out some other apparently innocuous activity to interfere with. There are many possibilities, but my own suggestion would be sleep—some sects preaching against sleeping on one's stomach; others against sleeping on one's back; some opposed to leaving the window open; others seeking to abolish closed windows; some denouncing rising early; others clamoring against sleeping late. Then we can have yet another Great Awakening. □

Bullish on Braces?

Righto! You too should wear braces/suspenders. Comfortable—stylish. For business/dress/sportswear for our today's casual lifestyle. Be bold—show them off! For yourself/gifts. Free brochure with largest selection of smashing British braces/French bretelles magnifique/fine American suspenders. **BERNARDO**
2400 Westheimer. #108W (T). Houston. TX 77098

COGITATIONS
ON LAW AND GOVERNMENT

Join Us, Won't You?

If you possess an active mind, an agile intellect and find yourself becoming continually ensconced in the political fray that dominates world relations and the national scene . . . If you enjoy rigorous cerebral fisticuffs between competing conservative and liberal scholars . . . Then your cerebrum yearns for the wisdoms in COGITATIONS.

For Example:
In the **Stating the Claim** section of COGITATIONS Winter 1983 edition, Free Afghanistan Director Karen McKay exposes recent Soviet atrocities in Afghanistan as explained to her by Afghan Freedom Fighters . . . The **late Congressman Larry McDonald** (published posthumously) argues in favor of strong U.S. countermeasures against Communism in this hemisphere, while Senator Edward Kennedy argues for **a non-military, economic solution** to the problem . . . USC Law Professor Erwin Chemerinsky battles in favor of Gay Rights, while COGITATIONS **contributing editor Wes Belden** battles against . . . **Keynes protege Herbert J. G. Bab** proclaims that Reaganomics will wreck the republic, while **Young America's Foundation Analyst Todd G. Buchholz** calls for Reaganomics and more . . . In the **Case Histories** section, **Veteran Frank C. Kerr** recalls the harrowing fight of 15,000 American Marines against 100,000 Communist Chinese in Korea's Battle of Chosin Reservoir . . . And **Law Professor George Steven Swan** exposes the secret communications of Hitler, Churchill and Roosevelt . . .

This Much and More Fascinating Commentary Fills the Pages of COGITATIONS.

Washington Post Columnist; **The American Spectator Editor-in-Chief R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.:** *"In an age where the American legal system is frequently considered no more than a ribald joke—a perception not diminished by the energies of Messrs. F. Lee Bailey, William Kunstler, and Alan Dershowitz—*COGITATIONS *comes as a refreshing surprise. Had I not seen it with my own eyes, I would not have believed a law journal so sensible a possibility."* United Feature Syndicate Columnist and Author **Donald Lambro:** "COGITATIONS *is a challenging, thought-provoking, and intellectually stimulating journal that can only contribute to a healthy dialogue among students of the law and government."*

RUSH me my first of four issues of the Quarterly **COGITATIONS.** I've enclosed the low rate of $7.50. Below is my mailing address:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

To order a special Christmas Gift Subscription, please fill in your own name and address above and on a separate sheet of paper list the name(s) and address(es) of the person(s) to whom you wish a year's subscription and gift card from you sent.

COGITATIONS, Box 35, Gifford, IL 61847

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

LECTURES ON DON QUIXOTE

Vladimir Nabokov, edited by Fredson Bowers,
preface by Guy Davenport / Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / $17.95

Matei Calinescu

At the outset of *Strong Opinions,* mainly a collection of written interviews granted by the *Lolita*-famous Nabokov between 1962 and 1972, we find the following memorable statement, insolently modest, haughtily self-ironic: "I think like a genius, I write like a distinguished author, and I speak like a child." Nabokov goes on to recall that "throughout my academic ascent in America, from lean Lecturer to Full Professor, I have never delivered to my audience a scrap of information not prepared in typescript beforehand. . . . My hemmings and hawings over the telephone cause long-distance callers to switch from their native English to pathetic French." A Pninishly awkward speaker who, at parties, could not tell a story without having "to go back to every other sentence for oral erasures and inserts," Nabokov (unlike some of his colleagues) clearly could not afford to come to class with just a few notes jotted down on the back of a used envelope. Had he been a better extemporaneous speaker, we would probably have been deprived of an incidental but fascinating component of his literary legacy.

The importance of Nabokov's criticism is twofold. First, taken by itself, it is a fine example of a great modern novelist's critical vocation, a vocation that usually manifests itself invisibly or esoterically within the body of his fiction. Second, in relation to Nabokov's own novels, his criticism has the effect of clarifying certain apparent ambiguities while rendering ambiguous and even mysterious certain apparent clarities that his critics tend to take for granted. Nabokov's criticism calls into question the widespread view of his "pure aestheticism" and "playful formalism," and with the recent publication of his *Lectures on Don Quixote,* this aestheticism now reveals an ethical dimension, leaving it less "pure" and full of unexpected, enriching tensions.

Nabokov was certainly aware of the interest of his lectures. Early on, he revised his Gogol notes and published them as *Nikolai Gogol* (1948), a delightful critical (anti)biography and a most penetrating study of Gogol's art. It contains Nabokov's famous discussion of "poshlost," the Russian term for "kitsch" or bad taste, defined, very interestingly, not aesthetically but ethically (by means of the metaphor of the "devil"). Some ten years before his death in 1977, he declared his intention to publish a series of essays based on his classroom lectures—on Joyce's *Ulysses,* Flaubert's *Madame Bovary,* Kafka's *Transformations,* Cervantes's *Don Quixote*—but the project was never carried out. The manuscripts that have survived are mostly in Nabokov's own handwriting, with extensive emendations made during his teaching years at Wellesley, Cornell, and Harvard. Their publication since 1980—thanks to the admirable editorial work of Fredson Bowers—has been a major literary event.

It is clear that the texts included in *Lectures on Literature* (1980), *Lectures on Russian Literature* (1981), and now *Lectures on Don Quixote* are unfinished. What is surprising is the degree to which they are internally if not externally "finished," bearing the distinctive marks of Nabokov's verbal art, his passion for precision, his calculated insouciance, graceful idiosyncrasies, and bluntly unconventional intelligence. "Curiously enough," Nabokov once jested with his students, "one cannot *read* a book: one can only reread it." Nabokov himself, we might say, could not *write*: he could only rewrite. Even his first drafts seem subtly rewritten, always fresh and spontaneous, exhilaratingly free of repetition, overwriting, noble or ignoble banalities, not to mention the temptation of "great ideas" ("hogwash" he called them).

Cervantes was apparently one of those accepted authors who simply did not exist for Nabokov, and *Don Quixote* one of those books he considered "dummies." At least this was the case before he was asked to lecture on Quixote at Harvard, where he had accepted a visiting appointment for the spring of 1952. Years later, he recalled "with delight tearing apart *Don Quixote,* a cruel and crude old book, before six hundred students in Memorial Hall, much to the horror and embarrassment of some of my more conservative colleagues." While this sums up one of the main arguments of the Quixote lectures it tells us nothing about Nabokov's growing fascination with the character of Quixote himself, whom, the lecturer suggests, we can somehow separate from the very book that brought him into being. The book *Don Quixote,* then, is "crude," a farrago of episodes sloppily put together, full of inconsistencies and incongruities; it is also a "veritable encyclopedia of cruelty" (replete with scenes of mental and physical torture that do not go beyond the primitive level of medieval farce and presuppose the existence of a natural link between pain and humor); what eventually saves the book is Cervantes's "intuition of genius" which gave birth, in such an unlikely context, to the attaching figure of Don Quixote. So the book is a masterpiece, after all, or, in Nabokov's striking formulation, "the most scarecrow masterpiece among masterpieces."

The conclusion of Nabokov's reluctant but extremely minute (re)reading of *Don Quixote* is equally striking: Cervantes's novel "is one of those books that are perhaps more important in eccentric diffusion than in their own intrinsic value. . . . We are confronted by an interesting phenomenon: a literary hero gradually losing contact with the book that bore him; leaving his fatherland, leaving his creator's desk and roaming space after roaming Spain. In result, Don Quixote is greater today than he was in Cervantes's womb." Whatever the book's numerous defects, its hero remains mysteriously seductive: "We do not laugh at him any more. His blazon is pity, his banner is beauty. He stands for everything that is gentle, forlorn, pure, unselfish, and gallant. The parody has become a paragon." One cannot help noticing the strong ethical sense of this last passage. Even beauty acquires a clear-cut ethical dimension. This table of values should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with Nabokov's moral convictions. When asked in

Matei Calinescu is Professor of Comparative Literature and West European Studies at Indiana University and author of Faces of Modernity *(Indiana University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1969, "Which is the worst thing men do?" he answered: "To stink, to cheat, to torture." To the follow-up question, "Which is the best?" he replied: "To be kind, to be proud, to be fearless" (a condensed version of what Don Quixote stands for).

Nabokov's analysis of *Don Quixote* has brought out the following paradox: that the hero of a book aesthetically "crude" and ethically "cruel" ("brutal" and "barbarous" are frequent synonyms) is someone just the opposite—gentle, unselfish, gallant. According to Nabokov, the error of critics such as Aubrey F.G. Bell and Joseph Wood Krutch is that they "oversentimentalize" the book and see the "cruelty" as a display of generous humor and humane feelings. But is this error really so great, or are these critics merely projecting onto the book as a whole the qualities Nabokov himself grants only to its main hero? Moreover, leaving aside the fact that Nabokov writes so much better than those he attacks, is he on safer ground when he decides to separate a major character from the text that creates his fictional reality? And isn't Nabokov here violating his oft-stated principle that one must not mix ethics and aesthetics, the concerns of life with the concerns of art? Clearly, as long as he deals with the novel's compositional "crudeness" (not a new theme in Cervantes criticism) he stays within an appropriate aesthetic frame of reference. But by rejecting much of the book on account of its "cruelty," isn't he stepping outside that frame? For answers we must take a closer look at how Nabokov conceives the relationship between "art" and "life." In this sense *Lectures on Don Quixote,* while reasserting well-known Nabokovian positions, introduces a number of important nuances, qualifications, and distinctions.

The first lecture opens with a restatement of a recurrent "aestheticist" theme of Nabokov's criticism: one must not confuse "the facts of fiction" with "the fiction of facts," i.e., "reality." He also repeats his favorite idea that great novels (such as Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* or Tolstoy's *Anna Karenin,* which academics offer as examples of "realism") are nothing but "supreme fairy tales." Yet without such fairy tales, Nabokov stresses, "the world would not be real." As for the "real life" that we are wont to look for in literature, the "real life" (the quotation marks are Nabokov's) that is defined by the perspective of the so-called average man, what else can it be but a "piece of fiction," given that "the average man himself is but a piece of fiction, a tissue of statistics"? If followed attentively, Nabokov's argument leads to a distinction not between fiction and reality but between a higher kind of fiction (the "fairy tale") and a lower kind ("real life"). The higher kind of fiction is marked by the richness, vividness, and imaginative precision of the details woven into it. (We recall that everything in Nabokov's conception of writing hinges on the importance of detail: for him details are "divine" and he would have certainly subscribed to the famous maxim of the art critic Aby Warburg, "God is in detail.")

On the other hand, Nabokov notes, "between certain generalities of fiction and certain generalities of life there is some correspondence." This important qualifier of the larger paradox about novels as fairy tales gives the fiction reader a right to make judgments, not only about the internal compositional felicities or infelicities of a work, but also about the degree to which it is faithful to certain external "facts" it purports to reflect. Nabokov praises Joyce for the complete accuracy of the image of Dublin that can be reconstituted from

HO HO HELLO

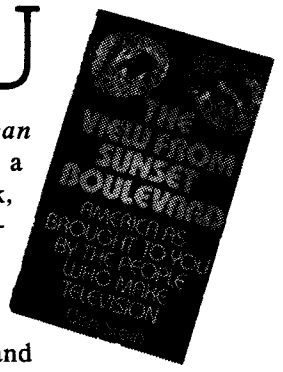
This fat man is now taking American Spectator Christmas Gift orders. Call:
(800) 341-1522
TOLL FREE DATATEL®

Santa has just discovered a distinctive Christmas gift to replace all frozen turkeys and tasteless ties: Christmas gift subscriptions to *The American Spectator.* Those on your gift list will thank you for introducing them to a source of sound observations and good writing on all the economic, political, and cultural issues that bedevil us today.

Simply pick up the phone and dial the number listed above to order one-year subscriptions at $15 each (a saving of $6). Charge it to your MasterCard or VISA, or tell Santa's operators to bill you in January.

Cards heralding your gift(s) will be sent during the holiday season, with subscriptions to begin soon after.

OUR GIFT TO YOU



When you give *The American Spectator* we will give you a FREE copy of Ben Stein's book, *The View from Sunset Boulevard.* Mr. Stein—a frequent contributor—gives a rare glimpse into the world of the people who make television and the "alternate reality" we get as a result. Yes, yours . . . **FREE** . . . from *The American Spectator* when you give a gift.

Weekdays
8 a.m. - 9 p.m. E.S.T.
Fridays till 5 p.m.
SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS ONLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ulysses, and blames Cervantes for the jarring inaccuracies of his geography. "The picture Cervantes paints of the country," he says, "is about as true and typical of seventeenth-century Spain as Santa Claus is true and typical of the twentieth-century North Pole."

This qualifier also entitles the reader to speak—as Nabokov does—of the ethics of a novel. Throughout the Quixote lectures, Nabokov argues that *Don Quixote* reveals a partial failure of its author's ethical imagination. The modern reader of *Don Quixote* cannot help but "find the implications of its humor brutal and grim," and it is not enough to say that Cervantes was a "man of his time":

> It is sad when an author assumes that certain things are funny in themselves—donkeys, gluttons, tormented animals, bloody noses. . . . As a thinker, Cervantes shared lightheartedly most of the errors and prejudices of his time—he put up with the Inquisition, solemnly approved of his country's brutal attitude toward Moors and other heretics, believed that all noblemen were God-made and all monks God-inspired.

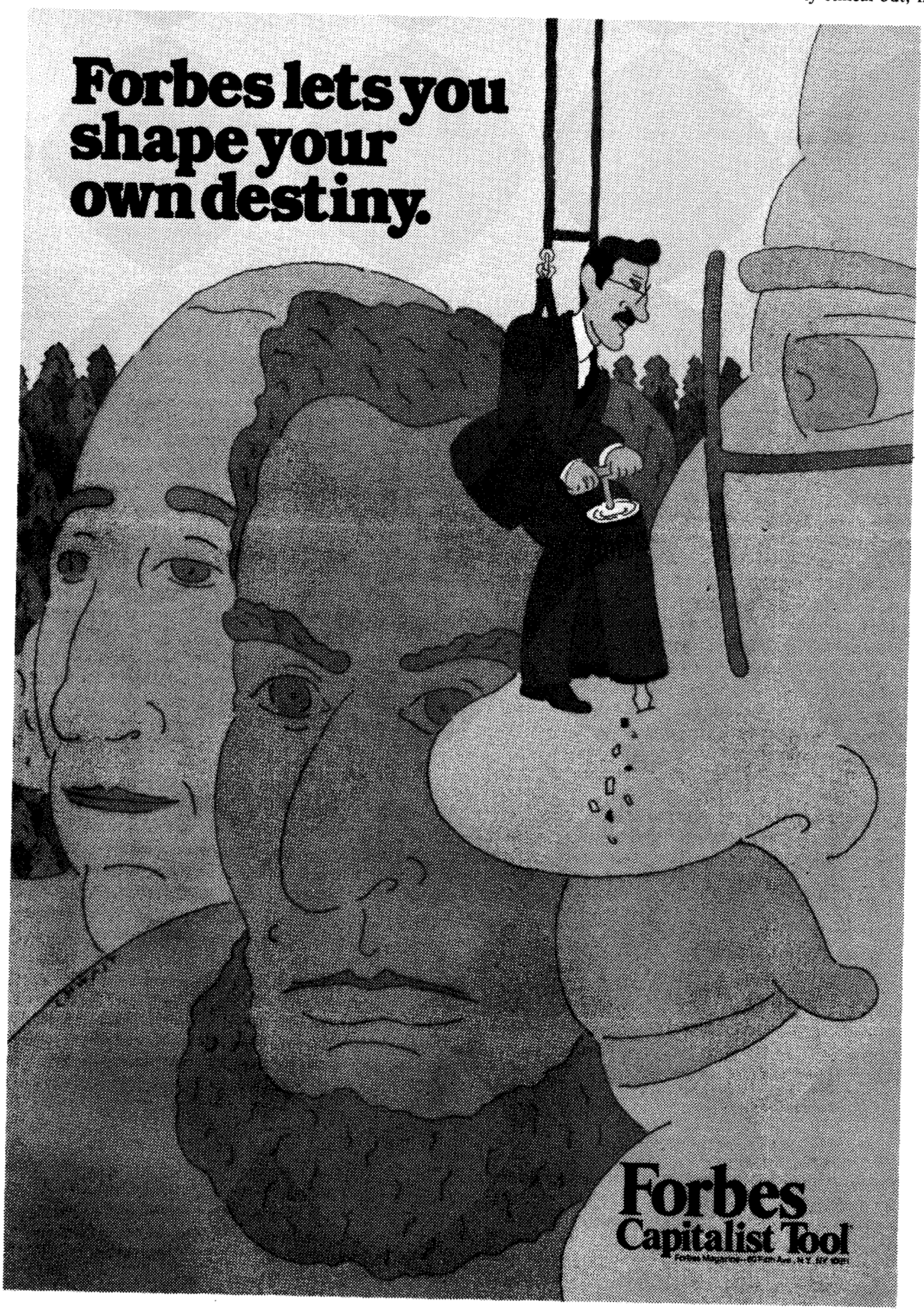
Note that the substance of such harsh accusations is not only ethical but, in a larger sense, ideological. Fortunately, in the case of Cervantes,

> his art transcended his prejudices when he created his pathetic hero. The art of a book is not necessarily affected by its ethics. As a thinker, Cervantes's mind is both directed and shackled by the classical and academic ideas of his age. As a creator, he enjoys the freedom of genius.

In other words, the art of a book *is* normally affected by its ethics. More important, as in the case of *Don Quixote,* when an author's art transcends his ethics, his achievement is at once aesthetic and moral. The moral aspect of Cervantes's artistic triumph becomes evident when we realize that Don Quixote as a hero, endowed with powerful fictional reality, ends up standing for "everything that is gentle, forlorn, pure, unselfish, and gallant"—that is, for values that are in sharp contrast with the overall "cruel" ethics of the book. A typical aesthete, I might add, far from being bothered by cruelty, relishes it, although not necessarily in its more naive forms, such as those used by Cervantes for comical effect. Representatives of the various aestheticist movements, whether late nineteenth-century decadents or twentieth-century avant-gardists, often developed an "aesthetics of cruelty" of their own (the success of Antonin Artaud's concept of "the theatre of cruelty" is just one example). Nothing could be more foreign to Nabokov's stubbornly civilized views of literature and art.

If Nabokov consistently rejected "great ideas" and sentimentality in literature, as well as all the modern calls for artistic "commitment" (Sartrean or otherwise), he did so because he saw them as mere forms of "cheating"—and to cheat, we know, is one of the worst things men, and all the more so artists, can do. Nabokov's aesthetics, then, is always a form of ethics: even if art is ultimately a game, ethical standards are important for the game to be played well. In art, the dangers of cheating—or the demonic temptations of Pseudo—are in fact much stronger than in ordinary life, the price we perhaps have to pay for the exquisite joys of genuine and rigorous imagination.

The major disappointment in *Lectures on Don Quixote* is Nabokov's failure to see the book's most "Nabokovian" concerns and themes. Cervantes's playful treatment of the uses and abuses of authorship (including not only the attribution of the work to the fictional Arab, Cid Hamete Benengeli, but also the polemical sorties in the second part against the fake *Don Quixote* of



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avellaneda, and the joyous display of narrative inventiveness in response to that piece of literary forgery and exploitation) is certainly more than a "primitive" device, as Nabokov unfairly describes it. Also, one would expect the author of *Despair* and *Pale Fire* to be more sensitive to the intricate distinctions between illusion and self-conscious illusion; to the many paradoxes of identity, enchantment, and disenchantment; to the problematics of play, simulation, and dissimulation; and to the effects, often grotesque, of rapidly shifting frames of reference which hopelessly blur the ordinary distinctions between fiction and reality. The intriguing similarities between *Don Quixote* and *Lolita* (which was published just a few years after the delivery of the Quixote lectures) have not escaped the attention of Guy Davenport, who writes in the foreword:

> Both Cervantes and Nabokov recognize that playing can extend beyond childhood. . . . That's what Don Quixote is doing: playing knight-errant. Lolita's side of her affair with Humbert Humbert is play . . . and the psychology of Humbert (meant to elude the theories of Freud) may be that he is simply stuck in the playtime of childhood. In any case, whenever a critic considers the picaresque novel, or literary treatments of illusion and identity, he will find himself thinking of Cervantes and Nabokov together.

If this is so, and I think it is, the question arises: why doesn't Nabokov recognize in Cervantes one of his great precursors? How can we account for this blind spot in a writer as lucid and clear-sighted as Nabokov? It brings to mind a version of what Harold Bloom calls "the anxiety of influence," which would explain Nabokov's reluctance to lecture on *Don Quixote* and the fact that, unlike his other university lectures, these were given only once, at Harvard, in the spring semester of 1952. For all that, Nabokov's Quixote lectures remain a great pleasure to read and, if not particularly enlightening in regard to Cervantes, very much so in regard to Nabokov himself. □

CHILDREN OF WAR
Roger Rosenblatt / Anchor Press / $13.95

Jack Beatty

You are fishing off a pier in Haiphong harbor when a boat loaded with people sails past your perch; you leap for it; and 52 days later arrive in Hong Kong. On the way fights break out and people are thrown overboard. One night you hear the captain plotting to kill and then eat you. Someone throws a sack over your head, but at the last moment the captain decides to let you live. Later in the journey a boy dies—or is he killed?—and when the captain orders you to eat a strip of his flesh, you do as you are told. You are a ten-year-old boy.

Or you are a Cambodian girl and it is the evil time of Pol Pot and you are working on a Khmer Rouge mobile squad when one of the boys in your group refuses to harvest any more rice. This makes the soldiers angry. Usually they murder out of theory but this time it is out of rage. They place a device over the boy's head. There are ropes attached to it. They make you pull a ring at the end of one of the ropes. And the boy's head comes off.

Jack Beatty is a Senior Editor at the Atlantic.

Or you are an Israeli girl living in the Galilee town of Qiryat Shemona when the terrorists come and murder eight of your friends. Or you are the baby called "Palestine," born in a "caesarean section by explosion" when Israeli jets bomb your West Beirut neighborhood (there are PLO offices there), killing your mother but splitting her side open wide enough so that you can roll out, wrapped in her placenta.

You might be any one of these children, or your children might be, but for a gulf between you and them called America. Roger Rosenblatt has crossed that gulf, and if you read his book, it will make these children part of your life.

You will be the better for it. To be sure, you may not come away agreeing with the children that good should be returned for evil. Indeed, you may wish that Mr. Rosenblatt had pressed the children more on this point: had asked how goodness can stop a fiend like Pol Pot, for example. But their recoil from all thought of revenge will seem to you a precious human victory over barbarism, even if it lets the barbarians off scot-free.

Roger Rosenblatt is a Senior Writer for *Time*. In his essays, for that magazine and others, he has displayed the gift of being able to write about his own childhood with a candid sensitivity. The least pontifical of journalists, he approaches the spurious mysteries of the public world rather as a child, or a poet, might: from odd angles, taking nothing for granted, asking unsettling basic questions. He sacrifices the appearance of knowing all the answers, an occupational necessity for most journalists, making do instead with wit, self-irony, and openness. All this makes him an ideal writer on children.

Imagine, therefore, the whoops of delight that went up at *Time* when Mr. Rosenblatt first broached the idea of this book—to travel to the places on this earth where warfare is endemic and find out how the children who were born onto these wars are doing. His conclusions are complex though on the whole he thinks the children of war are bearing up well. He did his researches, in the summer of 1981, in Belfast, Israel, Lebanon, Thailand (where he met with refugees from the Cambodian genocide), and Hong Kong (where he met with refugees from Vietnam). A *Time* cover story based on this journey appeared in 1982. It created an immediate literary sensation and won the prestigious Polk Award for reporting.

This behind him, you would think that Mr. Rosenblatt was settled and done with the children of war. But no. When the Israelis invaded Lebanon and laid siege to Beirut, Mr. Rosenblatt felt he had to go out there to check on his children—had they been turned into haters, been killed or wounded, driven mad? Remarkably, his wife urged him on, saying he had to go "into the fire" to empathize fully with the children. He did and from the experience learned not only about children but about himself and the human condition of war.

Mr. Rosenblatt is a deft stylist. In *Children of War* he mixes reportage with moral reflection, light moments with dark, details that mean nothing with images that seem to mean everything. Here is a patch of him at his best; it forms the last paragraph of the Belfast chapter:

> By eight o'clock the sky is black, and the city pops on in a fluorescent amber. It has a noise, this city, like a train or a wail. Tonight the carnival's noise prevails. The place is packed, the faces glowing orange and red in the wild spinning lights. At the giant revolving swing a man solemnly takes tickets and the children mount the seats in pairs. Slowly the machine turns; slowly the nickelodeon starts up; and the chains that hold the swings grow taut until they parallel the ground. Suddenly the children are on their sides in the air, whirling above Belfast, impelled from the center by centrifugal force.

Note how the noise of the Beechmount carnival "prevails" over the noise of the city, as its spirit does

Uncle Hersh says: *"There's no such thing as a free ice cream cone!"*

Three Little Words That Can Change Your Child's Life...

DO YOUR BEST!

It isn't easy in this day and age to instill in a child those time proven principles of pride in one's work, dependability and productivity. Yet how important to your child's future...and this nation's. Habits and attitudes are formed in childhood. High school is too late. Besides, an excellent education in itself isn't enough (just look around you!)

Productivity, built around the key words — **Do Your Best** — must be taught on a child's level of understanding in a positive, encouraging, appealing manner that convinces — and early enough.

Achievement Basics' **Junior Business Basics Series** Vol. I-the dramatized cassette **Do Your Best** with accompanying book, does that and inspires diligence and helpfulness at school, home, and out in the world. What a step ahead for your child!

Kids realize the need for and practicality of these ideas as they appear naturally in the often humorous stories and adventures of the irrepressible Montana grocer Uncle Hersh, his niece and nephew. For kids 9-13 or bright younger. Professionally produced with top acting talent, music and sound effects. You are apt to enjoy these as much as the kids!

Also available is Vol. II, **Where's the Wall on Wall Street?**, which emphasizes **Investment,** as the gang goes to New York to visit the Stock Exchange (accuracy okayed by AMEX)...learning the simple basics of its operation as well as how capital is raised to finance the nation's businesses. Cassette plus large handsome Reminder Wall Chart and sample Stock Certificate with instructions for child to fill in with his own name, etc...take to school, etc.

Vol. III **You Can Lead a Horse to Water But. . .** This adventure on the farm emphasizes **Incentive**, plus **Profit and Loss** and **Entrepreneurship** — all in simple, clear terms. Cassette plus sample Profit and Loss Statement for the farm, and sample Statement for your child for his own use. Some call this "Lemonade Stand Economics"... that your child will benefit from and enjoy.

Order individual sets for only $6.60 ppd. or all three of the **Junior Business Basics Series** for $17.95 ppd. from **Achievement Basics: Box 26306, Denver, CO 80226.** Great for gifts!

IMPORTANT: Free 3-months subscription to the Newsletter written by the kids themselves telling how they practice the things they are learning from the sets in their own lives. The influence of peers is invaluable! Free with each package.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the city's discords. The passage builds to that ecstatic image of the children whirling high above Belfast, transcending while their ride lasts its dangers and divisions.

The other acts of transcendence Roger Rosenblatt describes lie in the moral realm, in the children's refusal of hatred, and in the realm of thought, in his struggles to make sense of what he has seen. He says somewhere that children make better witnesses to the truth than to the facts. Perhaps the highest praise of his book is to say that this is true of him as well. □

HUGGING THE SHORE: ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

John Updike / Alfred A. Knopf / $19.95

Eric J. Sundquist

Defending the length of his new collection, some 900 pages of reviews, occasional essays, vignettes, and varied ephemera from the past eight years, John Updike notes that a quarter of the words belong to other people: "A good review is, among other things, a little anthology." Updike lives up to this ideal more often than most reviewers; besides their expected display of wit and metaphoric brightness, his reviews show pleasantly what he knows and what he has learned in order to do his job well. How often, faced with a little-known novel of exotic setting (Shusaka Endo's *Silence*), does a reviewer straightforwardly haul out his Encyclopedia Britannica to study the seventeenth-century persecution of Japanese Christians? Updike's encounters with other novelists are a combination of delight and industriousness, every sentence a careful thought carved into words worthy of—sometimes surpassing—those of his subject.

Certainly, few American novelists or critics share his wide command of the world of letters. Updike is at ease anywhere acts of imagination have been transfigured into words, most of all when his own verbal powers can detect the energy behind the act. Summoning the "urban" tradition of Augustine, Dante, Piranesi, and Giacometti to elucidate Italo Calvino's enchanting travel fantasy, *Invisible Cities*, Updike writes: "The gift of space that this book ends by calling for, then, is just what the book itself bestows; amid the crowded, confused, consuming 'infernal city . . . where we live every day,' art and imagination, creating inner space, are offered as amelioration." On the other hand, in Levi-Strauss's *The Origin of Table Manners* imagination has failed. Marshaled by a Marxist theory that "locates its utopia not in the future but in the past," the once vibrant stories of early American myth float in the anthropologist's sky "like angels doing military drills," their "orderly revolutions and transpositions . . . making a haven, for their passionate analyst, from the torsion and heat of the modern age."

Updike's preface tells us that a special pleasure arose in the Levi-Strauss review from "having seen a knotty thing through and phrased a clear conclusion." That spirit of solving each work's mystery, or surmounting its barriers, permeates these reviews (by far the bulk of the collection, most from the *New Yorker*). Few of them fail in the task, fewer still appear tossed off or simply misguided. Some assessments are idiosyncratic. The praise of Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* ("the most intelligent attempt by an American male to dramatize sexual behavior as a function of, rather than a suspension of, personality") reflects Updike's similar fascination with genital love. Nevertheless, he maintains rather conservative formal and thematic standards, and regrets that much contemporary "artistic exploration has taken place along a frontier lined with other books instead of exerting any very hungry pressure, in the manner of the prewar giants, against the world itself."

A cosmopolitan, Updike writes equally well of American, European, African, and Asian literature—and always with the appropriate tact or acid sharpness. He finds a book by William Burroughs concocted with "scissors and eggbeater" and likens the reader of Günter Grass's recent political fictions to "a psychiatrist patiently auditing a stream of free association," waiting for a "clue to the monologist's real concerns." He pops the balloons of Carl Sagan's cosmology, of Roland Barthes's several "unreadable" books on reading, of Pinter's unfilmed Proust screenplay (Marcel has become a "standard cinema stud"). He stargazes at Doris Day and Louise Brooks; and he refuses to slaver, as reviewers predictably did, over the embarrassing boasts and insults revealed in Hemingway's letters (published against his wishes), directing us instead to "the valuable—the fine and good and true and lovely—Hemingway [that] is to be found in the writing he published in books, just where he said it would be." The letters, fiction, and biographies of dozens of authors, dead and living, are generously weighed and elegantly described in *Hugging the Shore*. Leaving aside Updike's sly confession that his reviewer's fee and his monthly alimony payment were roughly the same, one feels that only a sheer love of writing could drive a man busy bringing forth abundant fiction of his own to such devoted attention to the work of others.

Still, the volume and diversity of the reviews when taken up all at once produce a sense of alarming efficiency, as though Updike's compulsions to read widely and write cloak rather than sustain each other. This question must be raised for several reasons. He appears at his best in reviews of works by the same author now set in sequence so as to form a serial essay (for instance, those of Nabokov, Calvino, Anne Tyler, or Raymond Queneau) or in longer single pieces (Edmund Wilson's fiction, the Levi-Strauss review). Yet the more Updike approaches the essay proper, curiously, the more his writing hesitates to vault beyond the eloquence of appreciation to the large definitive wisdom one seeks in the best critical thought.

Two pieces on Hawthorne and Whitman (devised first as talks) are thus finely crafted deliveries of pedestrian ideas. A third, on Melville's late career, recapitulates with clarity and feeling his public failure but adds little to views current since Melville was revived sixty years ago. Updike's neglect of the social and political forces which Melville felt and wrote of so deeply leaves the impression that his vicissitudes were purely internal, his enigmatic works and authorial life in no particular way tied to the national crises of the 1850s and 60s. No American writer can be less successfully estimated outside his historical context than Melville.

Of course Updike is hardly alone among critics in preferring and promoting the aesthetic aspects of literature. While this preference is one source of his elegance and sympathetic generosity as a reviewer, it often circumscribes the value and reach of his thought. In an otherwise surprisingly persuasive consideration of Vonnegut's best fiction ("Who of his writing contemporaries strikes us as an imaginer, as distinguished from a reporter or a self-dramatizer?") Updike questionably asserts, apropos of Vonnegut's own ambiguous statements, that the fiction writer need not decide whether the "United States was evil, foolish, or right in waging war against Nazi Germany." Likewise, in his introduction to Bruno Schulz's *Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass* Updike reads the nightmare world of the protagonist and his grotesquely figured dying "Father" in purely autobiographical and creative terms, with no reference to the political nightmare encroaching upon Poland and Polish Jews by 1937, when the book first appeared.

Although these kinds of shortcomings are not exactly minor, they are hidden by Updike's always perceptive eye and his abiding belief in, and lavish presentation of, the art of fiction. A handful of fictional vignettes; essays on golf, New England, and Venezuela; several interview fragments and prize acceptance speeches—these fill out the book but neither increase nor diminish its worth. The wealth of reviews, and the virtual education in the state of recent fiction they offer, are the heart of the book. Updike's novels at their best remind us of the rich, moving everyday world that is our own; his criticism here reminds us how volatile and diverse are the ways of rendering that world in words. □

Eric J. Sundquist is associate professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley, and author most recently of Faulkner: The House Divided (*Johns Hopkins*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRATEGIC MILITARY SURPRISE: INCENTIVES AND OPPORTUNITIES

Klaus Knorr and Patrick Morgan, with contributions by Michael Doyle, Michael Handel, and Richard Betts
Transaction Books / $14.95 pbk.

SURPRISE ATTACK: LESSONS FOR DEFENSE PLANNING

Richard K. Betts / Brookings Institution / $24.95; $9.95 pbk.

Terry O'Rourke

If war breaks out between the Soviet Union and the United States, it will probably be initiated by surprise attack. This conclusion is not simplistically dictated by Soviet strategic and tactical emphasis on surprise; rather, it echoes the truism that virtually every major outbreak of war in modern times involved key elements of surprise: erroneous assumptions of enemy capabilities and intentions, attacks at unexpected times and places, and new weapons and tactics.

One would hope that the shattering experience of Pearl Harbor would permanently ensure the United States against complacency. After all, to add insult to injury, the Pearl Harbor attack was itself patterned on Japan's 1904 attack on the Russians; as the amazed leader of the Pearl Harbor attack later asked, "Had these Americans never heard of Port Arthur?" Unfortunately, the lessons of history quickly recede into a mist of ambiguity and wishful thinking. In the case of the United States, this process is aggravated by adherence to the doctrine of deterrence, which presupposes a "rational" opponent who understands that an attack is "crazy": when deterrence collapses, decision-makers accordingly are inclined to discount or dismiss changes in the opponent's capabilities and conduct.

Serious study of the role of surprise in modern warfare has long been overdue. With the exception of Roberta Wohlstetter's *Pearl Harbor Warning and Decision,* which appeared in 1962, and a scattering of monographs since, the subject has received little attention. Two excellent books have appeared to fill this near void in defense literature: *Strategic Military Surprise* by Klaus Knorr and Patrick Morgan, and *Surprise Attack* by Richard Betts.

Although the two books somewhat overlap, they differ in emphasis. Knorr and Morgan devote the bulk of their work to twenty historical case studies exploring the nuances of surprise, concluding with sections on the incentives and opportunities for surprise. Betts also believes that history provides vital instruction, but most of his own book addresses current U.S. and NATO vulnerability to surprise.

"Surprise is defined in terms of the defender's unreadiness," says Betts, "caused by one or more mistaken estimates of whether, when, where, and how the enemy would strike." Surprise acts as a force multiplier. By destroying the victim's forces at the outset, the attacker "exploits his own [capabilities] to the maximum." The peacetime military balance is thus a false indicator of defense capability: surprise "radically alters the balance at the outset of war." Surprise, in short, confounds the victim's prior expectations and assessments.

Although history provides innumerable examples of surprise, it also teaches, as Knorr observes, that "learning from past blunders is far from easy. The tendency is to oversimplify the reading of past events, expecting their causes to repeat themselves in mechanical fashion, and thus to be prepared for the last crisis."

It is impossible to overestimate the difficulty involved in perceiving, interpreting, and responding to warnings of attack. Warnings are usually received against a background of "noise"—competing or contradictory signals. Enemy deception schemes compound the problem by increasing the volume of noise, heightening the ambiguity and the impression that the evidence is inconclusive. Prior, unfulfilled warnings of attack, perhaps the result of enemy "conditioning," can erode the credibility of subsequent warnings. Between June 1949 and June 1950, for example, MacArthur's Far East Command warned Washington over 1,200 times of an impending North Korean attack.

The victim, moreover, usually adheres to erroneous views on the possibility of attack, thereby misreading the signals. Such views range from mere wishful thinking to projecting one's own version of rationality or military doctrine on the enemy. Morgan believes that such predispositions are the main cause of vulnerability to strategic surprise. According to Betts, "the principal cause of surprise is not the failure of intelligence but the unwillingness of political leaders to believe intelligence or to react to it with sufficient dispatch." Both conclusions are substantiated by the fact that surprise is seldom total: a correct interpretation has usually been made by the lower level intelligence or military officials close to the incoming information.

Terry O'Rourke practices law in Southern California.

What do these have in common?

- Olga's tummy-control girdle
- A & P's checkout counter
- Joe Gribble's manure clearing system
- Bert Adams' battery (and the Supreme Court Justices)

All are inventions that had to be scrutinized by the U.S. Patent Office. Read the just-released 240-page book by Patent Attorney Richard Gausewitz to find out how they affect you. Get *Patent Pending* from your bookstore or order directly by sending a $14.95 check plus $1.75 for shipping and insurance to:

DEVIN-ADAIR, PUBLISHERS
Box A, Old Greenwich, CT 06870
Excellence, Since 1911

TAKE THE CHALLENGE!
The 15th Institute on Comparative Political and Economic Systems

What will you do this summer?

Now is the time to apply for the Institute at Georgetown University. Our three-tiered program is designed for students to meet and question leaders in government, business, and foreign affairs.

This summer, students will receive 6 college credits, intern for senators, congressmen and committees on Capital Hill, and attend the respected American Foreign Policy Forum.

Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, Paul Craig Roberts, Rep. Phil Crane, Ambassador Rivas-Gallont, Rep. Jack Kemp, and many others have addressed the Institute. For students eager to learn from national policy-makers . . . the Institute is a priceless experience!

Professors and Students
for an exciting brochure, write:

Dr. George Viksnins, Director
Institute on Comparative Political and Economic Systems
1000 16th Street, N.W., Suite 401
Washington, D.C. 20036

Phone: 202/293-5092

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____
College _____ Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Egypt's 1973 attack on Israel, for example, was predicted several days in advance by an Israeli intelligence officer; and notwithstanding the top-level U.S. consensus to the contrary, two days before the same attack a National Security Agency briefer had argued that war was imminent.

Reviewing current U.S. policies and force postures, Betts's primary concern is NATO's central front. Lacking strategic depth and superiority in standing forces, NATO cannot afford a surprise attack. Although he believes war between the Soviet Union and the United States is more likely to break out elsewhere, Betts regards the central front as the most critical to U.S. interests since a war in this sector "would probably escalate to the nuclear destruction of the United States." Because of the tremendous dangers such a war would pose to both sides, Betts argues that deterrence in Europe is probably solid, and for that reason Western leaders would find a Soviet decision to strike almost impossible to believe.

Nonetheless, Betts argues, in order to minimize the risk of surprise, Western policy-makers must shed their preconceptions and consider circumstances that might lead to a Soviet attack in Europe, the most obvious one being simple aggression. For example, if political conditions should evolve that reduce NATO's military capabilities or fracture the alliance, weakened deterrence could tempt Moscow to dominate the continent by eliminating Bonn; or, if the Soviets resolved to strike eastward, "they could believe it necessary to secure the more threatening western front before pivoting to take on the Chinese." Finally, the Soviets could see a situation—perhaps involving their own economic woes, Warsaw Pact unrest, and a resurgence in Western military capabilities—"in terms resembling Japanese perceptions in 1941 of inevitable war and an eroding position in the military balance, where the maturation of evolving trends seems certainly unbearable, while the risks of attack seem possibly bearable."

Betts further argues that even were NATO warned of an impending attack, it is dangerous to assume that a coalition as diverse as NATO would undertake unified, complete, and prompt mobilization. NATO has never gone on full alert, so there is no way to judge how quickly the decision process in response to warning would unfold: critical decisions are not made in Brussels, but in the members' capitals. One NATO study in the late 1970s concluded that absolute readiness would require the better part of a week after political authorization to mobilize. Judging by the past, moreover, one really does not know if an alliance exists until the shooting starts. Although the neutralization of some NATO members in a crisis is an unpleasant possibility, it is, as Betts says, "no more remote than the possibility that Moscow would decide to launch World War III."

The most challenging problem for the Soviets is to mask the timing or significance of mobilization or movements prior to attack. Despite the advantages of holding the initiative, the range of deceptions available to the Soviets is limited. Betts suggests several, including a plan for a partially reinforced attack preceded by a fake crisis or revolt in East Germany: reinforcements brought in to stamp out the "revolt" would keep moving west. On the other hand, the Soviets might seek to enhance surprise before completing full mobilization of ground forces by launching concentrated air attacks against airfields, nuclear storage sites, supply

Energy Uncertainties

What ever happened to the energy crisis?

Only a few years ago there seemed to be steadily worsening shortages of oil. Now the talk is of glut.

Are our national energy problems over? Or are we merely enjoying what is at best a temporary reprieve from energy upheavals?

The world is awash in oil, but it's wishful thinking to believe either that the glut is permanent or that our energy problems have faded away with the gas lines and odd-even gas-buying days.

The difference between surplus and scarcity is tenuous. It took a change of only two million barrels of oil a day to tip world oil from a seller's to a buyer's market in 1981. Supplies are stable now, but this stability is fragile. It could easily be upset by a swing in oil production or usage. Energy demand may grow as economic recovery gathers momentum. And political uncertainties cloud our energy future.

The International Energy Agency warns that the world may experience oil shortages later this decade. Domestically, the U.S. is producing 10% less oil today than we did in 1970, even though domestic prices have increased from $3 to about $30 a barrel. Since the beginning of 1982, the number of drilling rigs in operation in the U.S. has dropped by almost half.

Alternative energy sources have not been widely embraced. For instance, nuclear energy development is blocked by environmental concerns and ensnared in red tape. Coal-conversion projects have stalled throughout the industrial world. Solar energy still is in its infancy. The synfuels program seems to be at a standstill.

It's an illusion that energy prices are going down. Oil prices have softened, but only from their historic high of $34 a barrel. The prices today are still more than 15 times greater than they were at the time of the 1973 oil embargo. And they're holding in this range even though there's been a 40% decline in oil production since 1979. Whatever happens to oil, the prices of other energy sources, such as natural gas and electricity, are going up sharply.

In the area of energy conservation, however, there's good news. Strong gains have been made in energy savings. Total energy used in the U.S. last year was the same as in 1973, even though the gross national product has grown by about 17% in the past nine years.

Energy conservation should remain at the top of the nation's agenda. We should not allow ourselves to become complacent about energy. Nor should we forget the lessons of the past decade. To return to wasteful habits, or slacken our efforts in conservation, would only weaken America's economic future.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depots, barracks, and communication centers—thereby crippling the West's ability to mobilize and coordinate forces. Air attacks would be supplemented by the use of parachute-dropped and helicopter-carried forces in NATO rear areas to block reinforcements.

As disturbing as these suggestions are, Betts overlooks a more obvious scenario: a simultaneous Warsaw Pact attack through neutral Austria toward Munich and NATO's rear area. The number of available troops in Hungary and Czechoslovakia includes seven Soviet motorized divisions, at least four Soviet tank divisions, and Hungarian and Czech forces of equal or greater number. If Austria is overrun, NATO forces—scarcely adequate to cover the frontier from Lübeck south to the Austrian border—would be required to defend an additional 200 miles of frontier stretching along the southern flank of NATO forces facing east toward Czechoslovakia and northeast toward East Germany.

Both books foresee few changes that could reduce vulnerability to surprise. Regarding the operational level, Betts recommends increasing flexibility and decreasing response time through pre-prepared firing positions and terrain modifications. Knorr is more general in calling for better command and control capabilities, lower level decision-making in emergencies, and the deployment of ready and mobile forces capable of rushing speedily to any breach.

With respect to preconceptions, Betts is decidedly pessimistic: we are dealing with an "intellectual or cultural phenomenon that transcends differences in structure and process." Knorr argues that the West must establish institutional practices that continually challenge potent preconceptions. Even though the process may "degenerate into uninspired and uninspiring practice," he believes that some mistakes can be diminished if not altogether avoided.

Knorr also observes that military assessments are prepared "for the most part with reference to the defender's strategic plans, not the attacker's." Such assessments, he says, need to focus on the intentions and plans for surprise of potential attackers, as well as on the defender's vulnerabilities. In the same vein, Betts advocates more ambitious assessment of "the doctrinal implications of Soviet military literature and exercises"; he believes that once the range of plausible innovation is detected and articulated "the potential vulnerabilities in Western posture would emerge with more clarity."

These recommendations are obviously a step in the right direction. A principal preconception of our time continues to be the belief that the Soviets adhere to our doctrine of nuclear deterrence. Richard Pipes's famous essay "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Could Fight and Win a Nuclear War"* generally met with hysterical derision and so will most suggestions that the Soviets do not share our strategic assumptions. The risk of strategic surprise will be reduced only when we recognize that preconceptions can both blind and paralyze. □

**Commentary,* July 1977.

THE ISLAMIC THREAT TO THE SOVIET STATE
Alexandre Bennigsen and Marie Broxup / St. Martin's Press / $27.50

Daniel Pipes

Quiet for the past six decades, the forty-five million Muslims living in the Soviet Union are likely soon to become a critical actor in world politics; in brief, this is the argument forcefully presented by two respected scholars, Alexandre Bennigsen and Marie Broxup. The implications of their book are explosive.

They begin with a look at the history of Russian and Muslim relations. Russian subjugation of Muslim territories began in 1552; by 1900, Moscow ruled Muslims living in the Volga region, Crimea, the Caucasus, and Central Asia. The methods and goals of Russian rule resembled those of the British in India or the French in Algeria, the chief difference being that "Russian methods were certainly harsher and more brutal than those employed by any other European colonial power."

The revolution of 1917 offered an opportunity to break with this legacy of repression; indeed, a few Muslim leaders saw the Bolsheviks as liberators and joined them with enthusiasm. After only six years, however, it became clear that the new Russian leaders intended to control the Muslims even more tightly than did their predecessors. Although the Communists replaced colonies with "republics" that appeared independent, what they had in fact done was to modernize the language of imperialism. Further, they interfered in the cultural and religious practices of Muslims, something the imperial regime had not done. More than ever, power was centered in Moscow.

Since the 1940s, the Soviet goal has been the "drawing together" of Muslims into Soviet culture, and the eventual "merging" of the two. This was to be achieved through intermarriage between Slavs and Muslims, the replacement of Muslim languages (chiefly Turkic and Iranian) by Russian, and the abandonment of traditional customs in favor of Soviet ones.

In the view of Bennigsen and Broxup, the government has failed to attain any of these goals. After 66 years, "the hoped-for biological

Daniel Pipes, lecturer on history at Harvard University, is author most recently of In the Path of God: Islam and Political Power (*Basic Books*).

The Prince Edward Island Blanket

100% Fine Virgin Wool
Imported From P.E.I., Canada

Since 1932, the Prince Edward Island Blanket has been woven at a family owned and operated mill in rural Prince Edward Island. It is warm, soft yet durable, and as beautiful as it is practical.

Average Size: 76" x 90". Colors: Natural White w/Natural Gray Stripes; Natural White w/Brown Stripes; Fawn (Light Brown) w/Black Stripes; Red w/Black Stripes; or Brown w/Black Stripes. $75 ea. ppd. (Del. 3-4 wks., Money Back Guarantee)

To Order or For Brochure Write:
Maritime Province Company
7300 Rt. 130, #3 (E)
Pennsauken, NJ 08110

Check, money order or Visa/MC (with credit card order include card #, expiration date and your signature). N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.

"... they move like a herd and speak like a herd ..."

Our Country & Our Culture

A Conference of the
Committee for the Free World

This important—and famously controversial—discussion of why American intellectuals are hostile to their country is now available in print.

Contributors:

Hilton Kramer Norman Podhoretz William Barrett
Irving Kristol Robert Nisbet Peter L. Berger
Joseph Epstein Gertrude Himmelfarb Samuel Lipman
Michael A. Ledeen Joseph Adelson Midge Decter
John O'Sullivan William J. Bennett H. J. Kaplan
Roger Starr Neal Kozodoy

Enclosed is $_____. Please send me:
_____copies of *Our Country & Our Culture* at $3.95 each.

Name_____

Address_____

THE ORWELL PRESS/211 East 51 Street/N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symbiosis between the [Muslim] and [Russian] communities, the substitution of local languages by Russian and replacement of the local popular culture by the Soviet (i.e., Russian) model have become unattainable dreams." In every respect, Soviet efforts have been frustrated by Islam, the all-encompassing religion that to this day "permeates the psychology, the character, and the behaviour of Soviet Muslims."

So long as Soviet Muslims remain politically quiescent, these failures are tolerable. The authors argue, however, that a crisis is in the making, that the Muslims are becoming a major threat to the status quo. Several problems are especially acute:

•*Demographics.* Muslims constituted a mere 11.5 percent of the Soviet population in 1926. Today, the figure is 16.8 percent, a figure that is to increase to 22 to 25 percent by the year 2000. This has bestowed a new importance on the Muslims. They already make up 23.5 percent of the total male population eligible for the draft (going up to 29 percent by 2000), and so are a critical factor in military calculations. The same applies to the economy; Muslims today provide nearly all the new sources of manpower available to the labor force. Their work ethic and habits have therefore become the focus of considerable attention.

•*Afghanistan and Iran.* "Though the change is as yet hardly noticeable," the authors write, "a turning point in the history of Soviet Islam came in 1978, with two major external events." The invasion of Afghanistan by Soviet troops pitted Muslims against Russians for the first time in decades; and the presence of Soviet Muslims in Afghanistan gave them an unprecedented opportunity to make contact with foreign Muslims.

The effect of Iran's Islamic Revolution on Soviet Muslims was perhaps even greater: the spectacle of Iranian "success in humiliating United States 'imperialism' must raise their own hopes that its rival and counterpart, Soviet 'imperialism,' will also be defeated one day." As a result of developments in Afghanistan and Iran, "the Iron Curtain between Muslim brethren residing on either side of the border is crumbling."

•*Sufi Brotherhoods* (clandestine mystical associations of Muslims). "Since the victory of the Bolsheviks up to the present day, the only serious, organized resistance encountered by the Soviets in the Muslim territories has come from the Sufi *tariqa* [brotherhood]." In the authors' assessment, these have "certainly saved Islam in the USSR." The appeal of brotherhoods appears to be increasing and their power seems to be growing.

Together, these factors give Soviet Muslims reason to feel confident. "They know that the future belongs to them—unless a major catastrophe occurs. The spiritual world of the Muslim Turkic elite in the Soviet Union, by contrast to that of the Russian intellectual elite, is marked by a sense of optimism—probably the only community of the USSR to feel this way."

Confidence heightens aspirations. The Muslims want "independence, full sovereignty and liberation from Russian control. . . . How could it be otherwise? They know that Southern Yemen, Libya, Uganda and Angola are sovereign states while glorious Bukhara is not." The authors believe that time is on the Muslims' side and suggest that "the most reasonable solution would be to follow Solzhenitsyn's advice and grant the Muslim borderlands the right to secede 'before it is too late,' thus reducing the USSR to the size of Moscow Tsardom at the time of Basil III [who ruled from 1505 to 1533]."

There is of course not the slightest chance that the last great colonial empire will ever be voluntarily dismantled. Bennigsen and Broxup provide the evidence to show that the price for this inflexibility could be monumental: political upheaval, economic dislocation, and military weakness, threatening the integrity of the Soviet state and leading to fundamental changes in the position of the Soviet Union in international politics. □

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

LOST IN THE COSMOS: THE LAST SELF-HELP BOOK

Walker Percy / Farrar, Straus and Giroux / $14.95

Mark Royden Winchell

One of the essays in Bill Buckley's *A Hymnal* tells of the embarrassment Buckley felt when he was cajoled into playing the harpsichord on the "Dinah Shore Show" (he was promoting a book at the time). Deriving some small consolation from the fact that no one he knew watched daytime television, Buckley prepared—a couple of weeks later—to meet a distinguished novelist and philosopher whom he regards as his hero. That moment came when Buckley emerged from his plane on a small airstrip east of New Orleans: "a tall lanky man in Levi's" approached, shot out his hand, and said, "I'm Walker Percy, Mr. Buckley. I feel I know you. Just saw you on the Dinah Shore show."

The quirky eclecticism which makes Walker Percy Bill Buckley's hero and an expert on daytime TV is evident in his latest work, *Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book.* Masquerading as a pop-culture parody, this grab-bag of philosophical meditation, fabulistic narrative, and social commentary addresses a problem cosmological in the ancient sense of the term—the need to understand the cosmos and one's place in it. Paradoxically, what makes this task difficult is also what makes it possible—the fact that man is conscious of himself as a self.

To a large degree, Percy contends, the malaise of our time results from the belief that such palliatives as scientism, politics, religiosity, and sex will enable us to transcend the loneliness which self-consciousness begets. Indeed, for many Americans religion is no longer their opiate, but opiates their religion. As a case in point, the author cites a rock star's testimonial to his chauffeur: "Don't let anybody kid you—nothing, not sex, not music, not adulation, can compare with the rush of intravenous Dilaudid." Notes Percy: "There are only these contraindications: expense, crime, illness, death."

As might be inferred from the foregoing, one of the delights of this book is Percy's gift for rendering the New Age ethos in all its strident banality. (An example of this is "The Last Donahue Show," a colloquium featuring a cruising homosexual, an adulterous businessman, a pregnant fourteen-year-old, and "a well-known talk-show therapist, or in media jargon: a psych jock.") Nevertheless, the political Right ought not to assume that it has an ally in Percy. Although it makes no policy recommendations (e.g., nuclear freeze), *Lost in the Cosmos* is less than kind in its treatment of the military-scientific-industrial complex.

In one memorable vignette, a Nobel laureate lies in his Washington hotel room and masturbates into a bottle while watching a closed-circuit screening of *Behind the Green Door.* In a subsequent phone conversation, he and a general discuss a preemptive chemical warfare strike

Mark Royden Winchell teaches English at the University of Southern Mississippi. His book on William Buckley will appear next spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the Russians (hearing only one side of the conversation, we are reminded of a Bob Newhart or Shelley Berman nightclub routine—itself the comedic basis for a famous scene in *Dr. Strangelove*). Finally, the scientist prepares to mail his bottle of sperm to an insemination laboratory in California. Percy then asks us whether "the U.S. gene pool and the future quality of life will be improved by the contribution of Dr. F's ejaculate." Check "yes" or "no."

Lost in the Cosmos concludes with the tale of a round-trip space flight between Earth and a planet erroneously thought to contain intelligent life. When the crew of that flight returns home, 400 earth years have passed, and most of the human race has been decimated by nuclear war. Among the American survivors are an astronomer named Aristarchus Jones and a Benedictine abbot named Liebowitz. The choice facing the crew is either to go with Jones to colonize a new planet or to follow Liebowitz to the radiation-free oasis of Lost Cove, Tennessee (like Hank Williams, Jr., Percy is convinced that country folks can survive).

By giving us a choice of scenarios (check one), the author avoids a definitive endorsement of either scientific utopianism or spartan piety. However, Abbot Liebowitz—who as a Jewish convert to Catholicism represents two ancient traditions—seems to embody the more heroic alternative. With the fate of the Holy Father and the rest of the clergy unknown, Liebowitz decides to take seriously Christ's promise that His Church will endure until the end of the world.

Although Percy's adherence to Catholicism has always seemed tenuous, he is an honest seeker with the will to believe. In the space odyssey at the end of *Lost in the Cosmos,* he does again what he did in his 1971 novel *Love in the Ruins*—he extrapolates an imagined future as a way of commenting on the dilemmas of the present (interestingly enough, a growing number of post-Vatican II Catholic fictions are being written as futuristic fables). If Eliot was correct in saying that Tennyson was more truly religious in his doubt than in his faith, then Walker Percy can be judged religious by the intensity of his search. His problem is that he knows too much of both Christianity and science to rest comfortably in simplistic formulations of either. The cosmos in which he is lost is one that Jerry Falwell and Carl Sagan have yet to discover. □

WINTER'S TALE

Mark Helprin / Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / $14.95

Eric Goldstein

It would be nice to be able to praise Mark Helprin's fiction. At a time when so many American authors are either chronicling the drabness of modern life or writing novels about writing novels, Helprin likes to sit you on his lap and tell a good story, usually with a few epiphanies up his sleeve.

Helprin has attracted attention for experimenting with techniques and voices, most notably for his use of fantasy. *Newsweek*'s Peter S. Prescott proclaimed that Helprin "writes stories that are as good as any being written today," citing as evidence the way he "weaves imperceptibly among realistic images . . . and images of fantasy" in the novella "Ellis Island." Joyce Carol Oates admired the "Gabriel Garcia Marquez universe" within Helprin's first novel, *Refiner's Fire* (1977), while a reviewer for *Harper's* hailed its "dancing in and out of reality."

Helprin is a writer of great ambition and some talent. *Refiner's Fire* and the short stories in *Dove of the East* (1975) and *Ellis Island* (1981) showed that he could spin a good yarn, when his rarefied prose did not undermine it; and that his romantic sensibility could captivate, when it did not lead to unearned epiphanies. Helprin's pirouettes into the fantastic, however, proved to be among the dimmer aspects of his fictive world.

Even with these reservations in mind, Helprin's new novel, *Winter's Tale,* comes as a shock. Between its covers, which are two excruciating inches apart, Helprin's romance with fantasy unleashes all of his vices as a writer. If nothing else, this shoddy, self-indulgent fairy tale offers a case study of the perils faced by any writer who trades in our world for one of his own making.

The title of the new work seems to pay homage to Isak Dinesen, author of *Winter's Tales,* whom Helprin clearly admires. The two writers share a fascination with myth, fable, the art and artifice of storytelling, and man's place in the natural order. Both write as if the truths they are concerned with are not available to minds that submit to strict veracity.

It is natural for a writer with these concerns to be attracted to the fantastic. Masters such as Kafka and Garcia Marquez use it to transport the reader to strange, internally cohesive worlds that enrich our perceptions of our world in a way that "realistic" fiction cannot. These writers know that a foray into the fabulous must be convincing on some level to the reader, whether it involves a Hobbit-filled Middle Earth or a Paramus, New Jersey that is true-to-life except for one talking chihuahua.

It is begging the question to argue that all fiction is make-believe and reality subjective. Most readers sense a boundary dividing the implausible or the eccentric from that which ignores the workings of the world as they know it. Crossing this boundary, even when "dancing" over it, must be justified aesthetically and contextually.

Fantasy elements fit the context of the larger-than-life tale told in Helprin's first novel, *Refiner's Fire.* Marshall Pearl, the young Jewish hero of this picaresque tale, mixes with millionaires and rednecks, battles Rastafarians in Jamaica, drops out of Harvard, dreams himself back into the Civil War, scales the Rockies, crawls through sewers, gets "spat on the beach" after a shipwreck, and dies a hero in the Six Day War. Helprin is attempting in all of this to convey the

---

Eric Goldstein is a writer living in New York City.

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only how but also why people resist facing the truth.

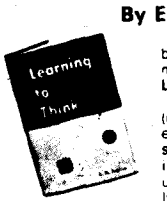
A tool for clear thinking as well as convincing others.

$9.95 *plus* $1.25 handling

THE ART OF ARGUMENT by Giles St. Aubyn

LEARNING TO THINK

By E. R. Emmett

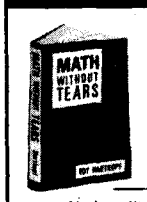


This fascinating and readable book shows you how to achieve the most basic goal of education LEARNING TO THINK.

Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives. He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and makes us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated*

$9.95 *plus* $1.25 handling

Math Without Tears



Using non-technical language and a light touch Roy Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many everyday applications of mathematics. He takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus, emphasizing the practical aspects of math. Humorously written.

Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost

$11.95 *plus* $1.25 handling

No handling charge on 3 books or more!

EMERSON BOOKS, INC

Dept. 183-H, Verplanck, N.Y. 10596

10-Day Money-Back Guarantee

The Ingersoll Prizes
in
Literature and the Humanities
1983

The T. S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing
Jorge Luis Borges
Buenos Aires, Argentina

The Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters
James Burnham
Kent, Connecticut

The Ingersoll Foundation
of
Rockford, Illinois

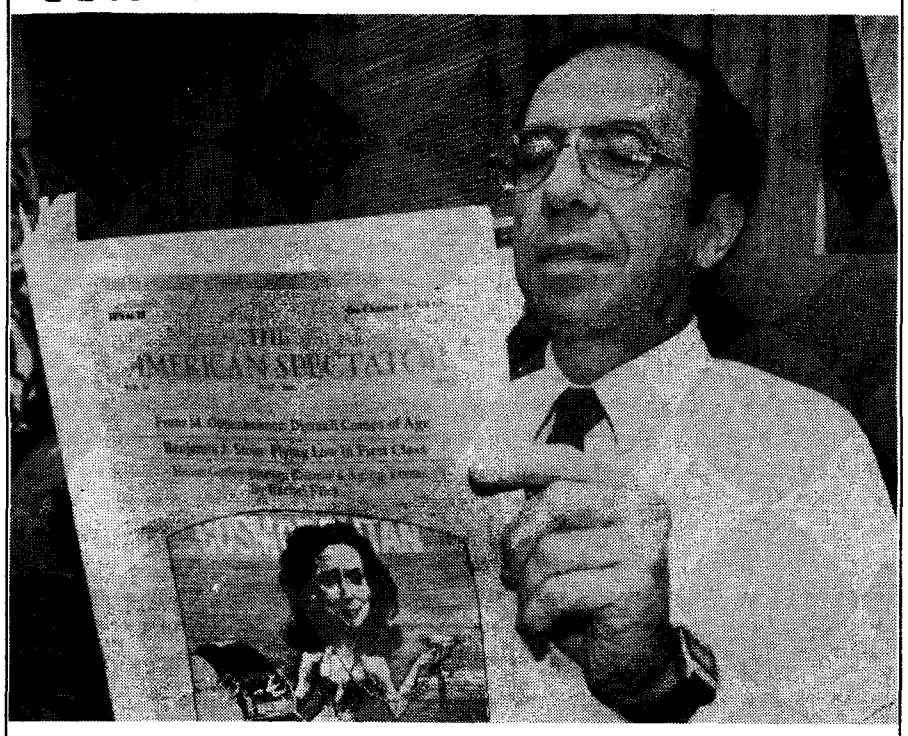
Clayton R. Gaylord, *Chairman*
John A. Howard, *President*

Leopold Tyrmand,
Executive Secretary,
The Ingersoll Prizes

The awards, in the amount of $15,000 each, will be presented at a ceremony at The Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Chicago on December 8, 1983. Invitation only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who reads The American Spectator?



Mark Fowler, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.

ALSO: Malcolm Muggeridge, Ben Wattenberg, Peregrine Worsthorne, George Roche, S.I. Hayakawa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Henry Kissinger, Clayton Fritchey, Milton Friedman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Midge Decter, James Q. Wilson, David Brinkley, Woody Allen, Joseph Coors, Irving Kristol, Henry Fairlie, Alan Abelson, Charlton Heston, Senator Jake Garn, Edwin J. Feulner, Jr., Gertrude Himmelfarb, James Hitchcock, Gen. Alexander Haig, Tom Wolfe, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George Gilder, Jack Paar, Donald H. Rumsfeld, George Will, J. Peter Grace, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, III, Fred Iklé, Philip Crane, George W. Ball, Tom Stoppard, William F. Buckley, Jr., Patrick Buchanan, Albert Shanker, Lewis Lapham, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, William Rusher, Richard M. Nixon, William E. Simon, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Thomas J. Lescher, Norman Mailer, Clare Boothe Luce, Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Lasky, Nelson Polsby, Roger Milliken, Randolph Richardson, Thomas Sowell, Sidney Hook, Jim Fallows, Edith Efron, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Elliott Abrams, Lewis Lehrman, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Shmuel Moyal, Huntington Cairns, Anne Armstrong, Norman Podhoretz, Jeff MacNelly, Doris Grumbach, Ernest van den Haag, Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Ray Price, James Glassman, John Lehman, John Roche, John Chamberlain, William Safire, Neal Kozodoy, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Charles Horner, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Vincent Allen, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Richard Perle, Hugh Kenner, Frank Shakespeare, William Proxmire, Patrick Cosgrave, Jean-François Revel, Luigi Barzini, Tom Charles Huston, Clay La Force, John Lofton, M. Stanton Evans, Peter Brimelow, Dana Andrews, Richard Whalen, Richard Lugar, Henry Regnery, Charles Peters, John Lukacs, Leonard Garment, Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Nathan Glazer, John O'Sullivan, Alan Reynolds, Antonio Martino, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, Herb Stein, Roger Starr, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, Jeffrey Hart, David Packard, Robert Nisbet, James R. Schlesinger, Thomas Murphy, Suzanne Garment, Roger Rosenblatt, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, David Stockman, Dixy Lee Ray, Richard Allen, Ernest Lefever, Sen. Paul Laxalt, Joseph A. Califano, Garry Trudeau, David E. Davis, P.J. O'Rourke, William M.H. Hammett, Adin K. Woodward, Robert Lekachman, Leo Rosten, Arthur Laffer, Jerome F. Donovan, Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr., Steve Tesich, Charlie Kittrell, Ralph J. Lemley, George Nash, Frank Mankiewicz, George Roche. Richard Grenier, Kenneth Adelman, and many others.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter a
☐ new
☐ renewal subscription to *The American Spectator* for one year (12 issues) for only $21.
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Please Print
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
X3RN

expansiveness and the possibilities of America, and of life itself.

The first eighty pages are magnificent. They are filled with moments of "heightened reality" that are vivid and stirring. Soon after this point, unfortunately, the heights begin to lose touch with the reality. There is an enormous chamber of nude women glimpsed, or at least collectively hallucinated, from a New York sewer; a horrific, city-sized slaughterhouse whose workers lose all conception of time; and whimsical beasts sighted in the Caribbean Sea. Although these fantastic images further Helprin's vision of a wondrous world, they do not pull their weight. Casually inserted and indifferently imagined, they give the narrative an arbitary quality.

"Ellis Island," the novella, shares with *Refiner's Fire* a fascination with the American experience, viewed this time by a young Jewish artist arriving in New York at the turn of the century. The hero is an I'll-try-anything sort in an anything-can-happen town, and the result is a topsy-turvy romp in the New World.

The wacky improbabilities in "Ellis Island" add to its verve—Helprin can, after all, tell a story—until the plot veers off into the fantastic. After a head injury, the hero wakes up in a world populated by what seem to be Hassidic Mad Hatters. These cute fellers say "meshugah" a lot, one after the other, and are given to linking arms and dancing across the bridge to Manhattan: "They block traffic completely, and sometimes they lose themselves in the dancing. . . . The cables stretch and zing, the towers start to bend, and the roadway gets like a rubber whip." When the story reemerges from this cloying interlude, the hero and his world somehow matter less.

If you liked the Hassidic bridge-boogie in "Ellis Island," then you'll love the time warps, flying horses, and carnivorous "cloud wall" in *Winter's Tale.* A publisher's blurb paints the novel as "a romantic fable as dazzling as winter at noon, in which Peter Lake, an Irish burglar, leads the dreamers and lovers and rascals of New York City across snowdrifts of time in an arduous dance towards the year 2000, where the Promised Land of justice hovers on the horizon." It is painful to report that this description is not just hype from the publicist. It is a fairly literal synopsis of the plot.

Beginning with a *Ragtime*-like survey of turn-of-the-century New York and building to an apocalyptic "gilding of the universe," *Winter's Tale* is a playful blend of social history, fantasy, hyperbole, adventure, romance, nonsense, parody, and metaphysical mythmaking. But whether you take it as a spiritual journey or simply as entertainment, the novel does not fly.

Winter's Tale sets out to be a celebration of the imagination. As one character reminds us, imagination "is the force that ensures justice and historical momentum in an imperfect world." It is also, unfortunately, the force that beams the author to that exalted plane where plotting, characterization, and an internally convincing universe matter less than the timeless and the ineffable on the one hand, and his own whims on the other.

When house burglar Peter Lake and his would-be victim fall immediately in love, "It was as if they had been kept from one another for a thousand years and would not come together for yet another thousand. But now, chest against chest, arm cradled in arm, hallucinatory and light, they felt as if they were whirling in a cloud." If this image is transcendental in its simplicity, then so is every Harlequin Romance.

Helprin's portrait of old New York is not much more engrossing. Except for some moving glimpses of squalor, his Arabian Nights-like metropolis alternates between the sublime and the ridiculously colorful. The zany exploits of a gang of ruffians are recounted *ad nauseum*; the crooks are not redeemed as characters by virtue of being "in rebellion to capture the light of heaven."

Few of the fantastic touches in *Winter's Tale* have much life of their own. An eternally nineteenth-century hamlet upstate is just too wholesome and enchanting. Time warps, cloud walls, and the trick of whirling your enemies overhead amount to little more than one-liners or tools serving Helprin's revelation of a "perfectly just city rejoicing in justice alone."

There are a few nuggets buried in *Winter's Tale,* such as a vestigial pre-Indian tribe of clamdiggers living in the Bayonne Marsh and Peter Lake's hideout above the constellations pictured on the ceiling of Grand Central Station. Too often, however, Helprin's millennial etherealizing precedes and befogs his imagery. Light—not the kind you or I might discern—but painterly, expressionistic rays from the sun, stars, radiant faces, magical bowls, and apparitions are rendered with more care than the personalities of the main characters.

There is, as a result, little solid ground to stand on in *Winter's Tale.* Without it, the novel can provide neither escapist fun nor a world that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enhances the reader's regard for his own world.

The *Ellis Island* collection contains two fine short stories. "Tamar" is about a young Jew's brief glimpse into the life of London's wealthiest Jews on the eve of World War II. In "Martin Bayer" a ten-year-old boy vacationing with his family on Long Island in 1916 discovers "that he carried a store of strong memories which emerged bright and clear in his eyes and gave him access to a world of random and sudden images as beautiful as the upwelling of music." Both stories are suffused with Helprin's romanticism, yet both are anchored in a specific milieu that is evoked by concrete, carefully chosen details.

These qualities are no less essential to fantasy fiction, but they are largely absent in *Winter's Tale.* One wonders where the author of "Martin Bayer" and "Tamar" is hiding in the following passage:

> From the Battery rose a beautiful angled beam of light in every color. Each section was as tall as a man, a yard wide, and how long no one could tell. The warmer colors—the reds, greens, violets, and grays—were the core, and the more ethereal and metallic colors the sheath. Solid beams mitered the air, rose through the plumes and disappeared beyond sight. The blue, white, silver, and gold beams that comprised the sheath were transparent, blinding, and jewellike, and a halation that appeared substantial enough to walk upon followed and echoed the main structure in a diffuse, spangling silvery road.

Mr. Helprin, phone home! □

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

George Will: An Exchange

Joseph Sobran's essay on George Will ("George Will and the Contemporary Political Conversation," *TAS,* October 1983) contains any number of odd notions, but surely none quite as preposterous as that which would redeem the *argumentum ad hominem* by charging Aristotle with, ". . . a lot to hide: at least one illegitimate child, for instance. In his place, who *wouldn't* want to keep public discussion impersonal?"

One must assume that the child in question was Nichomachus, named after Aristotle's own father, and born to Aristotle and Herpyllis, the good woman who entered his house years after the death of his beloved Pythias. Neither the relationship between Aristotle and Herpyllis nor the time and city that hosted it would be a source of shame to the philosopher or, later, to his "illegitimate" son whose solicitude was probably responsible for posterity's having the benefit of the *Nichomachean Ethics.*

The plain fact is that attacks on the character of a man cannot pass as an appraisal of his theories or proposals. Mr. Sobran appears to be devoted to that somewhat recent mode of aspiring scholarship that would settle for finding an apt label rather than undertaking the honest labor of testing the *truth* of what the labeled (and often libeled) spokesman has said. One cannot be sure which "conservative" tradition Mr. Sobran would associate himself with, but it would be surprising if there were any such tradition officially opposed to compassion. Mr. Will is convinced that too much of today's rhetorical (as opposed to principled) conservatism has a contemptuous view of government's obligations to the wretched. I doubt that Mr. Will regards the New Deal as the last word on political philopsophy or the Welfare State as the ultimate destination of all reasonable polities. Nonetheless, there are some problems best dealt with governmentally, and these are often problems in which sheer *number* renders private initiatives insufficient. This is, to be sure, a debatable point, and it seems to be Mr. Will's hope that the conservative community will not exempt itself from participation.

—Daniel N. Robinson
Professor of Psychology
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

As a polemicist wielding his axe against sentimental humanitarian cant, Mr. Joseph Sobran has been useful to conservatism. But Dr. George Will, a journalist who is also a philosopher, redefining conservatism and staking a claim for legitimate humanitarianism in his book *Statecraft as Soulcraft,* has blunted Mr. Sobran's axe with nice distinctions. Enraged that this former academic should render his role as executioner superfluous, Mr. Sobran has hurled his blade at the neck of Dr. Will.

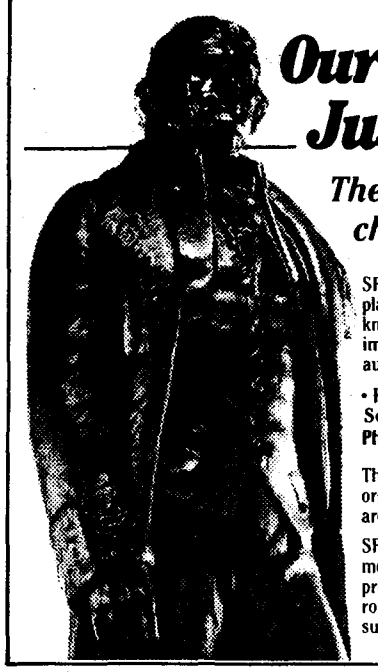
How sad and miserable it is for conservatism and for Mr. Sobran himself that he should so easily find access to print only to gratify his meanness. Of course he has much cause to envy Dr. Will: a popular newspaper column, a Pulitzer Prize, riches, fame, and favor with the President even without slavish submission to Republican ideology. Then again, Mr. Sobran's persistence may also be the rage before the dying of the light: the relevance of his position is expiring before his eyes. It belonged to conservatism's half-century of opposition and rhetorical irresponsibility, which Dr. Will has described as "cranky and recriminatory." Moreover the vindictiveness of this conservative enforcer bodes ill for anyone hoping to make a serious contribution to public philosophy through conservative journalism; and it shows how "intellectual conservatism" is suffering from hardening of the arteries, impervious to new ideas, repeating itself, and getting downright nasty.

Dr. Will has associated himself with the name of a faction strange to American ears, Toryism. But, in all truth, it is a simple matter to perceive Mr. Sobran as a Whig—I will not say a *vile* Whig, though Whiggery is what it is.

No matter what Eliot said of the futility of following an antique drum, the names of some factions retain an eternal significance, especially when enshrined in great literary texts. But Johnson defined only Whiggism as a *faction*; the Tories represented the *national* interest. Whiggery, as one of Yeats's seven sages defined it, is

> A levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind
> That never looked out of the eye of a saint
> Or out of a drunkard's eye.

Mr. Sobran may recoil in surprise at the suggestion that he holds levelling doctrines; but in rejecting Dr. Will's critique of American conservatism, he rejects the attack on philosophies and systems that would reduce man to the predictable level of his worst and ignore the possible level of his best. Whiggery envies excellence, and two centuries of it will accomplish the same as a decade of Jacobinism: the destruction of natural aristocracy. In defending the Madisonian calculus of conflicting factions, Mr. Sobran chooses the regime of mediocrity over the regime of excellence. Naturally, the man who denies excellence proceeds to call the advocate of excellence a humbug; whereas Samuel Johnson recommended that, if a man denies the existence of virtue, we should count our spoons, Sobran suggests that, if a



Our Speakers Don't Just Talk . . .

They bring you positive, energetic, challenging new ideas!

SPEAK UP FOR AMERICA has assembled a roster of the finest platform speakers America has to offer. Each is prominently known, each speaks with credibility and authority and, most importantly, each has an informative, upbeat message for your audience. SPEAK UP FOR AMERICA brings you speakers such as. . .

• Pat Buchanan • William Simon • Senator Orrin Hatch • Senator Roger Jepsen • Dr. Edwin J. Feulner, Jr. Phyllis Schlafly • Senator Paula Hawkins • Howard Phillips.

These speakers will give your people new incentive . . . give your organization a new direction . . . and give you the new ideas that are changing America—in a positive way.

SPEAK UP FOR AMERICA is dedicated to the success of your meeting or convention. We begin with a detailed analysis of your program and objectives and follow through to the last thundering round of applause. Make your next meeting a positive success—send or call for more information today.

SPEAK UP FOR AMERICA
A NATIONAL SPEAKERS SERVICE
6819 Elm Street—Suite 3
McLean, Virginia 22101
(703) 356-1704
Making a difference in America—*positively!*

☐ **Yes,** I want to hear more about how SPEAK UP FOR AMERICA can fill our platform talent needs.

Name_____
Company_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone Number_____ AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man exhorts us to virtue, we should look to his mistress.

Whigs have always been uncomfortable with appeals to principle; themselves a faction, they have always depended for their support upon fragile coalitions of factions, whose politics, severally or in concert, would not bear examination. Johnson considered the "notion of liberty" as cried up continually by the Whigs irrelevant to the private lives of most Englishmen, serving only to "amuse" them and to "keep off the *tedium vitae*." During the American Revolution, "Tories" were Loyalists. The Whigs were composed of the heretical zealots of religious persecution in New England and the would-be squires of the South who fancied themselves gentlemen even though the tillers of their estates were not tenants but slaves. Johnson, in his pamphlet *Taxation No Tyranny,* pointed to the Americans' hypocrisy in opposing the British toleration of Popery in Quebec, and then asked, "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of Negroes?" As a twentieth-century Whig, Mr. Sobran would have the pseudo-philosophical pretexts of an impious eighteenth-century colonial rebellion strangle our political discourse and prevent it from attaining the level of genuine political philosophy.

And who were the American rebels but transplanted English Whigs? Republicans all, the Old Whigs of ancient families traditionally jealous of royal power looked back fondly on Athens and Rome; the stock-jobbers and shopkeepers of the self-made middle class, who outnumbered the Old Whigs, idolized modern Venice's empire of avarice; the religious enthusiasts desired a messianic regime of the elect. Jonathan Swift characterized them as "an odd mixture of mankind taking in every heterodox professor either in religion or government"—a good description also of the menagerie gathered under the Neo-Whig banner of "Fusionism" for which Sobran speaks: libertarians, strict constructionists, Jaffite Straussians, sleazy literary modernists, romantic individualists, democratic theists, Southern Agrarians, gold-bugs. Perhaps each enthusiast possesses some small portion of the truth, but the sum of the parts does not equal the whole. At the bottom of the pile, the Toryism of American Tories is supposed to lie suffocated while economic Muggletonians and the Sweet Singers of Rothbard run wild. If the Tories begin to make noises about the moral use of power, they are to be shouted down with cries of "Statism!" If they say a word in behalf of welfare, they are to be ostracized as crypto-liberals.

Of all the conservative crankinesses that Sobran holds to in defiance of Tory Will, the most ridiculous is the myth of "limited government." As Johnson says,

> In sovereignty there are no gradations. There may be limited royalty, there may be limited consulship; but there can be no limited government. There must in every society be some power or other from which there is no appeal, which admits no restrictions, which pervades the whole mass of the community, regulates and adjusts all subordination, enacts laws or repeals them, erects or annuls judicatures, extends or contracts privileges, exempt itself from question or control, and bounded only by physical necessity.

This is not totalitarianism, but nature; and nature abhors a vacuum, especially a vacuum of power. This is the idea of sovereignty, an elementary principle of political science stated years in advance of Count de Maistre by a moralist who did not wear a mask, a political philosopher who had been a parliamentary correspondent for years and who ghost-wrote the law lectures of Blackstone's successor at Oxford, a shrewd observer of humanity whose works Mr. Sobran has read with less frequency, or with less understanding, than he pretends.

Dr. Will's crime of crimes, nevertheless, is to defend welfare. As Mrs. Thrale recalled, "severity towards the poor was, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, an undoubted and constant attendant or consequence upon Whiggism." As he said himself, "a decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization." Of course he knew that poverty is a relative condition; but this defender of the pyramid of social subordination, who knew it from the bottom, and who had studied envy as a moral problem, knew also that class envy is a political problem.

I submit that, for better or worse, one of the formulae of Republican demagogy is to arouse the middle class's resentment of the welfare class, leading to an emotional justification for the belief that welfare should be abolished. Dr. Will has asked serious questions without providing answers, and that may be his worst offense of all: he has not provided the defenders of conservative orthodoxy with quite enough evidence to damn him. Will's ultimate purpose is philosophical. As I read his book, it only aspires to build bridges for political conversation. If it is only building bridges for the greater glory of Dr. Will, we shall have to wait and see.

Mr. Sobran seems to score a minor debating point by quoting Burke's *Thoughts On Scarcity*. I am not so sure he is entitled to that point. But if he wants Burke so badly, then let him have Burke. Burke was a Whig.

—T. John Jamieson
Evanston, Illinois

Joseph Sobran replies:

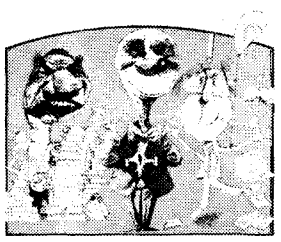
I am saddened by Professor Robinson's pathetic attempt to whitewash Aristotle. One can only guess at the motives that drove him to do so.

In blackening my character and insulting my intelligence, Mr. Jamieson is on firmer ground. I regret that he has chosen to pass so lightly over my total contempt for the poor, but I suppose that we must make some allowance for limitations of space. Alas, he ruins a perfectly good ad hominem attack by trying to construct a rational argument with a little help from Dr. Johnson. As it happens, he has managed to select one of the few specious passages in Johnson's writings. On Johnson and the theory of sovereignty, see C.S. Lewis's introduction, "New Learning and New Ignorance," in *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century.*

Defending the welfare state—even on conservative premises—is one thing, and I don't mind that. A sneering dismissal of vast stretches of conservative thought is something else again. Having said this, I should add that I remain a George Will fan six days a week. No question, I'd like to have his success; but I'd rather have his gifts.

REPRINTS

It would be hard to find three subjects more hotly debated today than education, environmentalism, and the growing nuclear freeze movement. Each of these topics merited in-depth coverage in past issues of *The American Spectator,* and now, due to popular demand, are available in reprint form. Order your copies today to provide material for your own debates, or to distribute to educators, businessmen, and students.



The Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac. This 12-page investigative report appeared in the June 1982 issue and documents Soviet involvement in the nuclear-freeze movement. The article was the subject of a White House press conference, as well as numerous national newspaper articles and television shows.

Marva Collins and American Public Education by Rita Kramer. Mrs. Kramer reports on Marva Collins, whose success in teaching ghetto children how to read and write earned her the wrath of the NEA, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the assorted fat cats of our bloated educational bureaucracy. First run in the April 1983 issue, it is must reading for teachers, principals, administrators, or just parents concerned about the education their children are receiving.

Modern Man and the Obsession by Robert Nisbet. In this reprint of his May 1983 feature article, Nisbet argues that the environmental movement has lost all perspective and taken on the aura and enthusiasm of a religion. No other work has so cogently documented the anti-capitalist mentality and upper-class fanaticism behind this the Age of Environmentalism.

Sanctifying Revolution: Protestantism's New Social Gospel by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac. Though recently the subject of a "60 Minutes" report, the Isaac's research into the Marxist links behind various Church movements first made headlines when it appeared in the May 1981 issue of *The American Spectator.* In the wake of the WCC's recent criticism of Afghan freedom fighters, the Isaacs' documentation of how Church money is being spent in various countries is now more important than ever.

Sideswipe: Kissinger, Shawcross, and the Responsibility for Cambodia by Peter Rodman with rebuttal by William Shawcross. This reprint features the complete and lively exchange between Rodman and Shawcross regarding the alleged United States responsibility for the Cambodian holocaust. These articles appeared in the March and July 1981 issues.

TO ORDER:
Fill out the coupon on page 51 and mail to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Reprint Dept., P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Rolling Stone

Jerry Brown's Simone de Beauvoir sounds off:

A number of American musicians have defied the boycott and played South Africa: the Beach Boys, Glen Campbell, Cher, the Osmonds, Sha Na Na, Tina Turner, Frank Sinatra and even a group called America. Linda Ronstadt is different only in that I thought she was special.

"It's very strange performing here," she said. "I seem like a mirage to them, they to me. It's scary, like the Twilight Zone. Things seem nice. Then people get drunk and talk about their fear of a knock in the night."

Still: "I'm glad I came."

She took a bite of chicken.

"The last place for a boycott is in the arts. I don't like being told I can't go somewhere. Like when they told Jane Fonda she couldn't go to North Vietnam. Of course she should have gone to North Vietnam."

But, of course, Jane Fonda was not paid a half-million dollars to visit Hanoi.

[*August 18, 1983*]

The Cornell Daily Sun

In the letters section of Cornell's student paper, David Blood '83 displays the fruits of his college education despite the Reagan Death Squads now being mustered:

The Soviet Union's role in the world is not that of a mugger among law-abiding citizens. Rather, it is that of a mugger among muggers. The United States was in the habit of abusing its military power long before the Soviet Union came into existence and is still. The Mexican-American war, the troops in China, the Spanish-American war, the attack on the World War I veterans who marched on Washington during the great depression, the marines habitually sent to the "banana republics," the Vietnam war—these are only a few of the most obvious abuses of U.S. military power. The Soviet Union is a relative newcomer to the "mugging" game.

[*March 24, 1983*]

Modern Maturity

An important New Age journal apprises one of the many happy homosexuals of our love of still more opportunities for gaiety once the plumbing fails to work:

I'm a 70-year-old retired male who is gay. My problem is social isolation. I don't feel I belong anywhere, not at the senior clubs and not at the youth-oriented gay centers. Is there nothing out there for me?

There is if you live in New York or San Francisco, and groups for older homosexuals are slowly organizing in other parts of the country.

SAGE (Senior Action in a Gay Environment) began in New York in 1978. This nonprofit organization offers frequent workshops on topics of interest to the senior gay and lesbian community, visits to shut-ins and telephone reassurance. SAGE also arranges social and recreational activities for its members.

SAGE services are free, and confidentiality is respected; call (212) 741-2247. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope, and you will receive a resource list of gay and lesbian groups around the country. Write 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011.

Be patient, the largely volunteer staff is small.

Project GLOE (Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders) is run by Operation Concern in San Francisco. The address is 2483 Clay St.; telephone number (415) 563-0202.

Information and referral only is offered by Project Rainbow in Los Angeles.

The project's 24-hour hotline number is (213) 621-3180, and calls are welcome from all over the country.

[*April-May 1983*]

The Chicago Sun-Times

News of yet another powerful weapon in pacifism's arsenal:

UNSUITABLE MARCH: A nudist who says clothes cause war wants anti-nuclear sympathizers in Vancouver, British Columbia, to strip and join Saturday's Walk for Peace in the buff. "War is caused by greed, envy and business suits," said Nudepeace Society leader Korky Day. He hopes the 30,000 marchers expected for the march through Vancouver's downtown will strip off their clothes to prove "people get peaceful when they're nude."

[*April 18, 1983*]

The Dallas Times Herald

The fate of a true-blue animal-rights activist during the Reagan Reaction:

The mother of a 4-week-old girl killed by the woman's dog Sept. 3 remained in jail on $75,000 bail after being indicted Friday by a Dallas County grand jury for murder—a charge her lawyer said was sought by overzealous authorities pursuing a judicial "fad." . . .

The baby, Cara Rognaldsen, was dragged from its crib and killed by Ms. Rognaldsen's 100-pound Rotweiller dog, Byron, which had access to the infant's room, according to police and prosecutors.

A Dallas homicide investigator testified at a bail hearing earlier this week that Ms. Rognaldsen, when asked for permission to destroy the animal, refused, saying, "I can always have another baby, but I can't replace Byron."

[*September 24, 1983*]

New York

Senator Christopher Dodd, the Wimp of the Senate, speaks of a recent "going-through-changes" experience:

Having never been mugged before, I didn't know exactly what to expect. My image of these things is that a bunch of scruffy guys come up to you on the street. So when these guys came out of a car, well, it was different. Now, maybe there was some political ego involved, but the first thing that crossed my mind was that I was being assassinated.

[*September 26, 1983*]

Library Journal

Stirring news of yet another literary triumph in this Renaissance Age:

Another common excuse I hear is that "we have no demand" for controversial materials. You may have no demand yet for the only book out on the new "street people" created by Reaganomics. (In San Francisco, we have at least 10,000 people sleeping in doorways tonight.) The best, the only, book out on this horror is *Homelessness in America: A Forced March To Nowhere;* 150 pages with photos from the Community For Creative Non-violence in Washington, D.C., a nonprofit group which operates soup kitchens and shelters. You probably don't have this book because you have no one attentive to protest material, on mailing lists, and out in the streets. It is certain that the publisher can't afford the ads and the marketing department necessary to get reviewed in the corporate media. Their advertising budget is down there in the soup-pot instead—because people are starving. This is an example of what happens all the time with provocative, social change material which has more mission than budget.

[*September 1, 1983*]

The Wichita Eagle-Beacon

Sobering proof that one person can make a difference:

Elda R. Haynes, 88, of 8100 E. Pawnee, retired proofreader for The Wichita Eagle-Beacon, died Wednesday. Service 2 p.m. today, Cochran Mortuary.

The day of her death was incorrect in Thursday's Eagle-Beacon.

[*February 18, 1983*]

The Washington Post

Two friends of the earth, the Sandinistas' Daniel Ortega and the *Washington Post*'s Karen DeYoung, hold hands and discuss the unhappy condition of good government in Central America:

Nicaragua has sent out urgent appeals "everywhere" for combat aircraft to bolster its defenses against attacks by CIA-backed rebels, but "the United States has put ample pressure" on its Western allies to turn down the requests, according to Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega.

Leaving open the possibility of turning to the Soviet Union to build the Air Force considered necessary to counter rebel air attacks and potential conflict with neighboring Honduras, Ortega said in an interview that he saw "no reason why the brand name of the planes should worry the United States."

[*September 28, 1983*]

Forbes

From *Forbes*'s list of the "top 400" wealthy Americans, the story of a truly successful working woman:

YOKO ONO: Inheritance. NYC. 50. Twice divorced, widowed, daughter by second husband, son by third. Born to banker in Tokyo, moved to Scarsdale 1951, attended Sarah Lawrence. Married Beatle John Lennon 1969. Ran Lennon business empire: real estate, farms, Holstein cows, music companies, copyrights, etc.; he became world's richest house-husband. Tells reporters she bases decisions on astrology, considers business an extension of her art work (painting, poetry, recording rock music). "In order to survive and to change the world, you have to take care of yourself first." Lennon died 1980; left fortune estimated at minimum $150 million.

[*Fall 1983*]

Institute for Policy Studies

Adult reading for those urban sophisticates whose armor-plated visages show up at every progressive rally no matter how many Korean Air Lines flights vanish from the sky:

NEW TITLE
Ariel Dorfman
THE EMPIRE'S OLD CLOTHES
What the Lone Ranger, Babar, and Other Innocent Heros Do To Our Minds

With wit and wily style, Dorfman snatches the shroud of innocence from the most successful cultural symbols of our time—Superman, the Lone Ranger, Babar the Elephant, Donald Duck, *The Reader's Digest,* and others. Dorfman unmasks the smiling face of mass society and reveals a political culture that gives simple, disarming answers to the deepest dilemmas of our time. For those who want to understand the connection between Ronald Reagan and Mickey Mouse, this expose provides a map to the secret world inside popular literature.

"Stunning provocative perceptions . . . these fierce essays provide thought-provoking, intense reading."

—ALA Booklist

"Not an academic exercise but an intellectual book of the highest order, one that uses criticism to point a way toward social action." —*Herbert Kohl*

[*Autumn 1983 Booklist*]

Republican National Committee

Our spies intercept an ominous communication between two of the great movers and shakers of the day:

Dear Mr. Vivian:

Thank you so much for signing and sending back to me your personal pledge to President Reagan.

Coming from such a key, loyal Committee contributor like you, Mr. Vivian, I know that your pledge, urging him to announce his candidacy, will have a major impact on the President as he makes his decision.

And I also want to thank you for making such a generous $1.00 contribution to help the Committee defeat scores of liberal Democrats, from the presidential nominee on down, next year. . . .

Sincerely,
Frank Fahrenkopf
National Chairman

[*April 15, 1983*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDEX
FOR VOLUME 16

The Index includes all articles published in The American Spectator *from January through December 1983. In the listings, the Roman numeral refers to the number of the issue, while the Arabic numerals refer to the pages on which the article appears.*

I: January 1983
II: February 1983
III: March 1983
IV: April 1983
V: May 1983
VI: June 1983
VII: July 1983
VIII: August 1983
IX: September 1983
X: October 1983
XI: November 1983
XII: December 1983

BAKSHIAN, ARAM JR. Review of Benjamin J. Stein's *The Manhattan Gambit* and *'Ludes*, X, 36-37.
BARNES, FRED. "The Paradox of Campaign '82," I, 21-22. "Old Fools" (Presswatch), II, 22-24. "Pack Pessimism" (Presswatch), IV, 28-30. "Mediazation" (Presswatch), V, 24-25, 37. "Black Power in Chicago," VI, 10-12. "Reagan on a Roll" (Presswatch), VII, 26-28. "Honeymooning at Williamsburg" (Presswatch), VIII, 7-9. "Anything Goes" (Presswatch), IX, 24-26. "Access" (Presswatch), X, 30-32. "The New Reagan Agenda," XI, 28-30. "Nattering Nabobs" (Presswatch), XII, 28-30.
BARZINI, LUIGI. Review of William F. Buckley, Jr.'s *Atlantic High*, I, 32-33. "Return to Respectability," V, 14-17.
BAYLES, MARTHA. "The Meistersinger" (The Talkies), I, 28-29. "Hoffman Bouffant" (The Talkies), III, 28-30. "Streep Tease" (The Talkies), IV, 30-31. "Bad Boys Inside Out" (The Talkies), VI, 33-34. "A Cartoon Odyssey" (The Talkies), VIII, 28-29. "Rosenbergs II" (The Talkies), XI, 34-35.
BEATTY, JACK. Review of Roger Rosenblatt's *Children of War,* XII, 37-38.
BEICHMAN, ARNOLD. "Mussolinismo" (Eminentoes), I, 29-30. "A Refined Irving Howe" (Among the Intellectualoids), II, 19-21.
BELZ, HERMAN. "Affirmative on Civil Rights: The Reagan Record," XII, 22-24.
BERNS, WALTER. Review of Raoul Berger's *Death Penalties: The Supreme Court's Obstacle Course,* II, 30-32. "How to Talk to the Russians," VII, 10-14.
BETHELL, TOM. "Eric Hoffer, R.I.P.," VIII, 10-13. "Capitol Ideas" (regular feature): "Burgers on the Left Bank," I, 6-7. "Sound Minds," II, 4-5. "Badlands Bolshevism," III, 4-5. "The Lovelies of Greenham Common," IV, 4-5. "Under Roman Ruins," V, 4-5. "We're Not KGB," VI, 5-7. "The Bishops' Brain," VII, 7-9. "The Morality Charade," IX, 7-9. "The Ad Hoc Hike," X, 7-9. "The Trouble with Reagan," XI, 7-9. "High Priests," XII, 7-9.
BISHOP, JOSEPH W. Jr. "The End of Senator Joe McCarthy," XII, 16-20.
BROOKHISER, RICHARD. "Check-out Time" (Eminentoes), II, 21-22. "The Hidden Hoover" (Eminentoes), XI, 30-32.
BUCKLEY, REID. Review of George Konrad's *The Loser,* III, 36-38. Review of Anthony Burgess' *The End of the World News,* VIII, 38-39. Review of Alice Walker's *The Color Purple,* XI, 38-39.

CALINESCU, MATEI. Review of Vladimir Nabokov's (edited by Fredson Bowers) *Lectures on Don Quixote*, XII, 34-37.
CARLSON, ALLAN C. Review of Brigitte and Peter L. Berger's *The War Over the Family* and Rita Kramer's *In Defense of the Family,* VII, 30-33.
CATE, CURTIS. Review of John Barron's *KGB Today,* X, 38-39.
CHANOFF, DAVID (and Doan Van Toai). "China, the U.S., and Vietnam: Approaches to a Soviet Colony," IV, 19-22.
COHEN, ELIOT A. Review of Leonard Mosley's *Marshall: Hero for Our Times,* III, 34-36. Review of Omar N. Bradley and Clay Blair's *A General's Life,* IX, 43-45.
CONNOR, WALTER D. Review of Marshall I. Goldman's *U.S.S.R. in Crisis,* IX, 40-42.
COSGRAVE, PATRICK. "Tribalism and Socialism in Zimbabwe," IX, 16-18.
CRANSTON, MAURICE. Review of Iain Hamilton's *Koestler: A Biography,* III, 32-34.

DANNHAUSER, WERNER J. Review of Jacobo Timerman's *The Longest War: Israel in Lebanon,* IV, 34-35.
DAVIS, DAVID E. JR. Review of Brock Yates' *The Decline and Fall of the American Automobile Industry,* VI, 42.
DICKMAN, HOWARD. "Striking the Public" (The Public Policy), IX, 26-28.
DUNLAP, JOHN R. "Andy's Ego" (Eminentoes), III, 26-28. Review of Ralph McInerny's *Connolly's Life,* XI, 44-45.

EASTLAND, TERRY. Review of Robert L. Cord's *Separation of Church and State: Historical Fact and Current Fiction,* I, 36-38. Review of Kenneth S. Lynn's *The Air-Line to Seattle,* XI, 39-41.
ERTEL, GEORGE. "Dionysian Denver" (The Great American Saloon Series), II, 24-26.

FERRELL, ROBERT H. Review of John Lewis Gaddis' *Strategies of Containment,* VI, 38-40.
FINN, CHESTER E. JR. Review of Theodore M. Black's *Straight Talk About American Education* and Stephen Arons' *Compelling Belief: The Culture of American Schooling,* V, 30-32. "The Policy Wimp Comes of Age," VII, 14-16.
FITZPATRICK, VINCENT. Review of *New Individualist Review* (Introduction by Milton Friedman), II, 33-35. Review of Thomas B. Silver's *Coolidge and the Historians,* XI, 36-38.
FLICK, RACHEL. "*Cosmo*'s Aging Vixen" (Eminentoes), VI, 28-31.
FUKUYAMA, FRANCIS. Review of Andrew Cockburn's *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine,* IX, 42-43.
FUND, JOHN H. "Barbara Honegger's Great Days" (Eminentoes), XII, 30-32.

GADDIS, JOHN LEWIS. Review of Robert J. Donovan's *Tumultuous Years: The Presidency of Harry S Truman,* VII, 36-37.
GOLD, VIC. Review of Hamilton Jordan's *Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency* and Lou Cannon's *Reagan,* II, 28-30.
GOLDSTEIN, ERIC. Review of Mark Helprin's *Winter's Tale,* XII, 43-45.
GOODMAN, ELEANORE B. "Columbia Journalism's Class of '82" (The Campus), I, 25-28.
GREER, HERB. Review of Rebecca West's *1900*, and Rebecca West's (edited by Jane Marcus) *The Young Rebecca*, IV, 36-38. "Modern Arabian Nights," VII, 16-19. "The Boys of the I.R.A." (European Document), XI, 32-33.
GRENIER, RICHARD. "The Greatest Peace Movement of Them All," III, 8-12. "The Passion of Seymour Hersh," IX, 10-13.

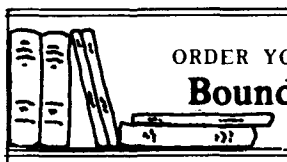
HAMBY, ALONZO L. Review of Ronald W. Pruessen's *John Foster Dulles: The Road to Power* and George W. Ball's *The Past Has Another Pattern: Memoirs,* IV, 43-46.
HART, JEFFREY, Review of Daniel Mark Epstein's *The Book of Fortune,* I, 38-39. "Failure by Design" (Spectator's Journal), VII, 40-41.
HAVENDER, WILLIAM R. "Science vs. Politics in Regulatory Washington," VI, 23-26.
HOLLAND, MAURICE J. "America's Federalist Heritage Rediscovered," II, 11-14.
HOLLANDER, PAUL. Review of Andrei Amalrik's *Notes of a Revolutionary*, X, 39-40.

INGRAHAM, LAURA. "Ralph Nader's Fifth Column" (The Campus), X, 27-28.
ISAAC, ERICH (and Rael Jean Isaac). Review of Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter's *Roots of Radicalism: Jews, Christians, and the New Left,* V, 26-28.
ISAAC, RAEL JEAN "A Solzhenitsyn's Tribute" (Spectator's Journal), I, 39-40. Review (with Erich Isaac) of Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter's *Roots of Radicalism: Jews, Christians, and the New Left*, V, 26-28.

JAMIESON, T. JOHN. "Club Away From Home" (The Great American Saloon Series), VI, 31-32. "The Year of the Monarchist" (Spectator's Journal), X, 40-41.
JENSEN, RICHARD. Review of Nelson W. Polsby's *Consequences of Party Reform,* XI, 41-43.

KAPLAN, H.J. Review of Bernard Ledwidge's *De Gaulle,* VI, 40-42.
KAPLAN, ROGER. Review of Jan Nowak's *Courier from Warsaw,* I, 36.
KARATNYCKY, ADRIAN. "South Africa's Democratic Opposition: An Interview with Chief Buthelezi," III, 13-15.
KARPINSKI, JAKUB. "Reflections on the State of Poland," II, 8-11.
KENNER, HUGH. "Bouquets from Your Bureaucrats" (The Nation's Pulse), IV, 25-28.
KESLER, CHARLES R. Review of Katherine Auspitz's *The Radical Bourgeoisie: The Ligue de l'enseignement and the Origins of the Third Republic,* III, 38-39.
KLEPP, LAWRENCE. "Health Food Awakenings" (Among the Intellectualoids), XII, 32-33.
KRAMER, RITA. "Marva Collins and American Public Education," IV, 8-13.
KRAUSS, MELVYN B. "Reich's Friendly Fascism" (Among the Intellectualoids), IX, 31-33.

LAPHAM, LEWIS H. "The Love Song of James Earl Carter," III, 18-22.
LEITER, ROBERT. Review of Ian Hamilton's *Robert Lowell: A Biography,* V, 28-30.
LEWIS, ROGER. Review of Hugh Kenner's *A Colder Eye,* X, 34-36.
LICHTER, S. ROBERT (and S. Rothman).



ORDER YOUR **1983**
Bound Edition
TODAY!

Orders for 1983 bound editions of *The American Spectator* (volume 16) are now being taken. These volumes are library bound, with gold lettering on a handsome dark green vinyl cover. An index is also included.

***The American Spectator* bound volume is an excellent reference work for anyone interested in the year's past events and personalities—covering everything from Afghanistan to supply-side economics.**

Order before January 1, 1984 and take advantage of our special pre-publication price of $30 (orders postmarked after this date will be charged $35 per bound volume). Shipments of bound volumes will be made in early February. Send your order today and save $5.

Enclosed is my check for $.....

I want to order ..... bound editions of the 1983 *American Spectator* at ☐ $30 each (before January 1, 1984) ☐ $35 each (for orders postmarked after January 1). (Please provide street address for UPS delivery.)

Name

Address

City

State **Zip**

X3RP

BOUND EDITIONS
THE *AMERICAN SPECTATOR*
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Polling the Future," VIII, 26-28.
LINDBERG, TODD. "The *Dartmouth Review* and the Campus Right," I, 19-21.
LIPPMAN, THEO JR. Review of William Safire's *What's the Good Word?* and William Safire and Leonard Safir's *Good Advice,* III, 40-41.
LUKACS, JOHN. "The Day They Yoked Hitler," V, 11-13. "Happy Birthday, Benito," VIII, 13-17, 39-40.

McCARTNEY, GEORGE P. Review of Evelyn Waugh's *Charles Ryder's Schooldays and Other Stories,* VI, 46-47.
McCLAY, WILFRED M. "The Art of History" (The Nation's Pulse), IX, 28-31.
McGURN, WILLIAM. "Radio Free Kabul" (Spectator's Journal), III, 44. "True Believers" (Spectator's Journal), VIII, 40-41. "West of the Wall" (European Document), IX, 34-35.
McINERNY, RALPH. "Flannery O'Connor, Hillbilly Thomist," VII, 22-23.

MAIER, FRANCIS X. "The Loved One" (Spectator's Journal), V, 36-37.
MAIN, THOMAS. Review of A.J. Ayer's *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century,* VI, 42-45.
MAJORS, BRUCE POWELL. "Women's Worth" (The Public Policy), VII, 28-29.
MALLON, THOMAS. Review of *Siegfried Sassoon Diaries, 1915-1918* (edited by Rupert Hart Davis), VII, 37-38. "Love's Tory," VIII, 20-21.
MARTINEZ, MARY. "Letter from Sicily" (Spectator's Journal), II, 37. "Letter from Puebla" (Spectator's Journal), VI, 48-49.
MEYERSON, ADAM. Review of George F. Will's *Statecraft as Soulcraft,* VIII, 37-38.
MILLER, STEPHEN. "Religion and the Intellectual: A Strange New Respect," IV, 14-15, 33. "The New Soviet Man," VI, 20-23. "Gutter Rousseauists," X, 15-17.
MINOGUE, KENNETH. Review of Michael Oakeshott's *On History and Other Essays,* IX, 36-38.
MOTYL, ALEXANDER J. Review of John Loftus' (edited by Nathan Miller) *The Belarus Secret,* IV, 41-42. "The Great Ukrainian Famine" (European Document), VIII, 24-26.
MURAVCHIK, JOSHUA. "McCarthyism Aims Right," VIII, 17-20.
MYSAK, JOE. Review of Chilton Williamson, Jr.'s *Roughnecking It,* II, 32. "Big Stash's" (The Great American Saloon Series), IX, 35.

NASH, GEORGE H. Review of John Chamberlain's *A Life with the Printed Word,* III, 31-32.
NISBET, ROBERT. "Modern Man and The Obsession," V, 8-10. Review of Maurice Cranston's *Jean-Jacques: The Early Life of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1712-1754,* VII, 32-34.
NOLTE, WILLIAM H. Review of Leslie Fiedler's *What Was Literature?,* V, 32-34. Review of André Le Vot's *F. Scott Fitzgerald,* XI, 43-44.

O'LESSKER, KARL. Review of Jeffrey Hart's *When the Going Was Good!: American Life in the Fifties,* I, 34-36. Review of Richard Nixon's *Leaders,* IX, 38-39. "What the Scribes Are Saying About Ronald Reagan," X, 22-26.
OPPENHEIMER, FRANZ M. Review of Robert Blake's *Disraeli's Grand Tour,* VI, 36-38. Review of *Benjamin Disraeli Letters,* Volumes 1 and 2 (edited by J.A.W. Gunn, John Matthews, Donald M. Schurman, and M.G. Wiebe), VI, 36-38. Review of Luigi Barzini's *The Europeans,* VIII, 35-37. Review of William F. Buckley, Jr's *Overdrive,* X, 33-34.
O'ROURKE, TERRY. Review of Klaus Knorr and Patrick Morgan's *Strategic Military Surprise* and Richard K. Betts' *Surprise Attack,* XII, 39-41.
OSTER, CLINTON V. JR. "Airline Deregulation Considered" (The Public Policy), XII, 24-28.

PIPES, DANIEL. Review of Alexandre Bennigsen and Marie Broxup's *The Islamic Threat to the Soviet State,* XII, 41-42.
PLESZCZYNSKI, WLADYSLAW. "The Continuing Crisis." (regular feature): IX, 4-5. X, 4-5.
PODHORETZ, JOHN. "The Literary Season of Bruce Chatwin," IV, 16-18. "Judith Rossner's Turnaround," XII, 20-22.
PUDDINGTON, ARCH. "A New Plan for Eastern Europe" (The Nation's Pulse), III, 23-26. Review of Adam B. Ulam's *Dangerous Relations: The Soviet Union in World Politics, 1970-82,* VIII, 33-35.

ROBINSON, DANIEL N. "Excellence in Education" (The Nation's Pulse), VII, 24-26.
ROSS, MITCHELL S. "The Kindly Mr. Updike," I, 14-17. Review of Susan Sontag's *A Susan Sontag Reader,* III, 39-40. Review of Laurie Colwin's *Family Happiness,* VI, 45-46.
ROTHMAN, STANLEY (and S.R. Lichter). "Polling the Future," VIII, 26-28.

SAMUELS, JOHN. "Afghanistan: The Brezhnev Doctrine Lives!" I, 10-14.
SHAW, PETER. "Norman Mailer Turns Victim" (Spectator's Journal), IX, 46-47. "There Will Always Be English" (Spectator's Journal), XI, 48-49.
SHWARTZ, RONALD B. Review of Paul Fussell's *The Boy Scout Handbook and Other Observations,* VII, 39-40.
SISK, JOHN P. Review of Graham Greene's *Monsignor Quixote,* I, 33-34.
ŠKVORECKÝ, JOSEF. "Prague Winter," IX, 20-23.
SOBRAN, JOSEPH. "George Will and the Contemporary Political Conversation," X, 10-15.
STEIN, BENJAMIN J. "Boasting," II, 14-16. "Flying Low in First Class," VI, 17-20. "The Children of Sunset Boulevard," IX, 18-19.
STEVENSON, MATTHEW. "The State of America's Newspapers," X, 17-22.
STILLMAN, WHIT. "New Frontier Days," XI, 24-25, 28, 45-48.
STOCKDALE, JAMES BOND. "A Letter from Admiral Stockdale" (Special Correspondence), VI, 8-9.
STRMECKI, MARIN. Review of Grigori Svirski's *A History of Post-War Soviet Writing,* V, 34-36.
SUNDQUIST, ERIC J. Review of John Updike's *Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism,* XII, 38.
SYMPOSIUM. "Is Supply-Side Economics Dead?" Contributors: Martin Anderson, Fred Barnes, Robert Bartley, Tom Bethell, Warren T. Brookes, John Burton, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., George Gilder, William M.H. Hammett, Jack Kemp, Melvyn B. Krauss, Arthur B. Laffer, Robert D. Novak, Robert W. Poole, Jr., Alan Reynolds, Paul Craig Roberts, Herbert Stein, Melville J. Ulmer, Jude Wanniski, and Walter E. Williams, XI, 10-23.
SZASZ, THOMAS S. "Learned Psychotics" (Among the Intellectualoids), IV, 32-33.

TAKI. "Politique Internationale: The Case of the Greek Ayatollah," I, 18-19. "Politique Internationale: What Price Oil?" III, 16-17. "Politique Internationale: Fleet Street Foppery," V, 17. "Armed Neutrality" (Politique Internationale), X, 32.
TEDESCHI, MARY. "Grandpa Spock's Children" (Among the Intellectualoids), X, 28-30.
TERZIAN, P.H. "Woodstock Democrats" (Eminentoes), V, 18, 22. "Michael Straight's Listless Ambition," VI, 13-16.
TOAI, DOAN VAN (and David Chanoff). "China, the U.S., and Vietnam: Approaches to a Soviet Colony," IV, 19-22.
TRAIN, JOHN. "With Our Forces in West Germany," II, 16-18. "Iraq's Phony War" (Spectator's Journal), IV, 46-47. "Mitterrand's Dirty Tricks" (European Document), VII, 30-31.
TURNER, JOHN R. Review of Michael Millgate's *Thomas Hardy,* VI, 47-48.
TYRRELL, JUDY. Review of Steve Tesich's *Summer Crossing,* II, 35.
TYRRELL, R. EMMETT JR. "The Continuing Crisis" (regular feature): I, 9. II, 7. III, 7. IV, 7. V, 7. VI, 4. VII, 4-5. VIII, 4. XI, 4-5. XII, 4-5. "Editorial" (regular feature): "Papa Brezhnev (1906-1982), I, 7-8. "Bishops at the Barricades," I, 8, 41. "Free Shcharansky," II, 5-6. "Legends," II, 6, 35-36. "Michael Straight, the Quiet American," III, 5-6. "Rich and Wretched," III, 6, 45. "Prime-Time War," IV, 5-6. "The Tax-Man Behind the Arras," IV, 6, 49. "Muggeridge at 80, Mitterrand at *Figaro*," V, 5-6. "Give Peace a Chance," VI, 7-8. "Commencement Rites," VI, 8. "In Foreign Parts," VII, 6. "Masters of Disaster," VII, 6-7. "Bulbous Tip," VIII, 6. "Pedalphilia," VIII, 6-7. "Black Cats," IX, 6. "Mitred Moonshine," IX, 6-7. "The Spotswoodian Pronunciamento," X, 6. "East German Jockettes," X, 6-7. "Masked Politics," XI, 6. "McGoo II," XI, 6-7. "Tip, a Rapprochement," XII, 6. "Parson Anderson, Refurbished," XII, 6-7.

ULAM, ADAM B. Review of *Turgenev Letters* (edited by David Lowe), VII, 34-36.
ULMER, MELVILLE J. Review of Warren T. Brookes' *The Economy in Mind,* IV, 38-41.

VAN DEN HAAG, ERNEST. "Bedpan Hospitality (II)" (The Nation's Pulse), V, 22-24. Review of Enrique T. Rueda's *The Homosexual Network,* IX, 39.
VARON, BENNO WEISER "*Gezunthayt* for Yiddish!" (The Nation's Pulse), VI, 34-35.

WAJSMAN, PATRICK. "Reaganophobes" (European Document), III, 30.
WENDEL, TOM. Review of Ronald W. Clark's *Benjamin Franklin,* IX, 45-46.
WETTERGREEN, JOHN. "Darkness in California" (The Nation's Pulse), I, 23-24.
WILDAVSKY, AARON. Review of Robert Nisbet's *Prejudices: A Philosophical Dictionary,* II, 27-28.
WILKINSON, DAVID L. "Porn, Cable TV, and Censorship," VII, 20-22.
WINCHELL, MARK ROYDEN. Review of Joan Didion's *Salvador,* VII, 38-39. Review of Walker Percy's *Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book,* XII, 42-43.

ZYCHER, BENJAMIN. "So You Want to Drill for Oil: An Earthly Comedy," IV, 22-24.

BOOK REVIEW INDEX

ADAMS, JOHN G. *Without Precedent: The Story of the Death of McCarthyism* (Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.), XII, 16-20.
AMALRIK, ANDREI. *Notes of a Revolutionary* (Paul Hollander), X, 39-40.
ARONS, STEPHEN. *Compelling Belief: The Culture of American Schooling* (Chester E. Finn, Jr.), V, 30-32.
AUSPITZ, KATHERINE. *The Radical Bourgeoisie: The Ligue de l'enseignement and the Origins of the Third Republic* (Charles R. Kesler), III, 38-39.
AYER, A.J. *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century* (Thomas Main), VI, 42-45.

BALL, GEORGE W. *The Past Has Another Pattern: Memoirs* (Alonzo L. Hamby), IV, 43-46.
BARRETT, LAURENCE I. *Gambling with History* (Karl O'Lessker), X, 22-26.
BARRON, JOHN. *KGB Today* (Curtis Cate), X, 38-39.
BARZINI, LUIGI. *The Europeans* (Franz M. Oppenheimer), VIII, 35-37.
BENNIGSEN, ALEXANDRE (and Marie Broxup). *The Islamic Threat to the Soviet State* (Daniel Pipes), XII, 41-42.
BERGER, BRIGITTE and PETER L. *The War Over the Family* (Allan C. Carlson), VIII, 30-33.
BERGER, RAOUL. *Death Penalties: The Supreme Court's Obstacle Course* (Walter Berns), II, 30-32.
BEST, GARY DEAN. *Herbert Hoover: The Post-Presidential Years* (Richard Brookhiser), XI, 30-32.
BETTS, RICHARD. *Surprise Attack: Lessons for Defense Planning* (Terry O'Rourke), XII, 39-41.
BLACK, THEODORE M. *Straight Talk About American Education* (Chester E. Finn, Jr.), V, 30-32.
BLAIR, CLAY (and Omar N. Bradley), *A General's Life* (Eliot A. Cohen), IX, 43-45.
BLAKE, ROBERT. *Disraeli's Grand Tour* (Franz M. Oppenheimer), VI, 36-38.
BOEHM, RANDOLPH H. (and Dan C. Heldman). *Public Employees, Unions, and the Erosion of Civic Trust: A Study of San Francisco in the 1970s* (Howard Dickman), IX, 26-28.
BRADLEY, OMAR N. (and Clay Blair). *A General's Life* (Eliot A. Cohen), IX, 43-45.
BROOKES, WARREN T. *The Economy in Mind* (Melville J. Ulmer), IV, 38-41.
BROWN, HELEN GURLEY. *Having it All* (Rachel Flick), VI, 28-31.
BROXUP, MARIE (and Alexandre Bennigsen). *The Islamic Threat to the Soviet State* (Daniel Pipes), XII, 41-42.
BUCKLEY, WILLIAM F. JR. *Atlantic High* (Luigi Barzini), I, 32-33. *Overdrive*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Franz M. Oppenheimer), X, 33-34.
BURGESS, ANTHONY. *The End of the World News* (Reid Buckley), VIII, 38-39.
BURNS, JAMES MacGREGOR. *The Vineyard of Liberty* (Wilfred M. McClay), IX, 28-31.

CANNON, LOU. *Reagan* (Vic Gold), II, 28-30.
CARRÈRE D'ENCAUSSE, HELENE. *Confiscated Power: How Soviet Russia Really Works* (Stephen Miller), VI, 20-23.
CARTER, JAMES EARL. *Keeping Faith* (Lewis H. Lapham), III, 18-22.
CHALIAND, GERARD. *Report from Afghanistan* (John Samuels), I, 10-14.
CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN. *A Life with the Printed Word* (George H. Nash), III, 31-32.
CHATWIN, BRUCE. *On the Black Hill* (John Podhoretz), IV, 16-17.
CLARK, RONALD W. *Benjamin Franklin* (Tom Wendel), IX, 45-46.
COCKBURN, ANDREW. *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine* (Francis Fukuyama), IX, 42-43.
COLLINS, MARVA. *Marva Collins' Way* (Rita Kramer), IV, 8-13.
COLWIN, LAURIE. *Family Happiness* (Mitchell S. Ross), VI, 45-46.
CORD, ROBERT L. *Separation of Church and State: Historical Fact and Current Fiction* (Terry Eastland), I, 36-38.
CRANSTON, MAURICE. *Jean-Jacques: The Early Life of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1712-1754* (Robert Nisbet), VII, 32-34.

DARNTON, ROBERT. *The Literary Underground of the Old Regime* (Stephen Miller), X, 15-17.
DIDION, JOAN. *Salvador* (Mark Royden Winchell), VII, 38-39.
DONOVAN, ROBERT J. *Tumultuous Years: The Presidency of Harry S Truman* (John Lewis Gaddis), VII, 36-37.
DOUGLAS, MARY (and Aaron Wildavsky). *Risk and Culture* (Robert Nisbet), V, 8-10.

EPSTEIN, DANIEL MARK. *The Book of Fortune* (Jeffrey Hart), I, 38-39.

FENN, DONNA (and Carol Trueblood), editors. *The Hazards of Walking, and Other Memos from your Bureaucrats* (Hugh Kenner), IV, 25-28.
FIEDLER, LESLIE. *What Was Literature?* (William H. Nolte), V, 32-34.
FRIEDMAN, MILTON (Introduction). *New Individualist Review* (Vincent Fitzpatrick), II, 33-35.
FUSSELL, PAUL. *The Boy Scout Handbook and Other Observations* (Ronald B. Shwartz), VII, 39-40.

GADDIS, JOHN LEWIS. *Strategies of Containment* (Robert H. Ferrell), VI, 38-40.
GOLDMAN, MARSHALL I. *U.S.S.R. in Crisis* (Walter D. Connor), IX, 40-42.
GREELEY, ANDREW M. *The Cardinal Sins* (John R. Dunlap), III, 26-28.
GREENE, GRAHAM. *Monsignor Quixote* (John P. Sisk), I, 33-34.
GRENIER, RICHARD. *The Marrakesh One-Two* (Herb Greer), VII, 16-19.
GUNN, J.A.W., editor. *Benjamin Disraeli Letters,* Volumes 1 and 2 (Franz M. Oppenheimer), VI, 36-38.

HAMILTON, IAIN. *Koestler: A Biography* (Maurice Cranston), III, 32-34.
HAMILTON, IAN. *Robert Lowell: A Biography* (Robert Leiter), V, 28-30.
HANNAFORD, PETER. *The Reagans: A Political Portrait* (Karl O'Lessker), X, 22-26.
HART, JEFFREY. *When the Going Was Good!: American Life in the Fifties* (Karl O'Lessker), I, 34-36.
HART-DAVIS, RUPERT, editor. *Siegfried Sassoon Diaries, 1915-1918* (Thomas Malon), VII, 37-38.
HELDMAN, DAN C. (and Randolph H. Boehm). *Public Employees, Unions, and the Erosion of Civic Trust: A Study of San Francisco in the 1970s* (Howard Dickman), IX, 26-28.
HELPRIN, MARK. *Winter's Tale* (Eric Goldstein), XII, 43-45.
HERSH, SEYMOUR. *The Price of Power* (Richard Grenier), IX, 10-13.
HOWE, IRVING. *A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Autobiography* (Arnold Beichman), II, 19-21.

JORDAN, HAMILTON. *Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency* (Vic Gold), II, 28-30.

KENNER, HUGH. *A Colder Eye* (Roger Lewis), X, 34-36.
KNORR, KLAUS (and Patrick Morgan). *Strategic Military Surprise: Incentives and Opportunities* (Terry O'Rourke), XII, 39-41.
KNOX, MacGREGOR. *Mussolini Unleashed* (Arnold Beichman), I, 29-30.
KOLAKOWSKI, LESZEK. *Religion* (Stephen Miller), IV, 14-15, 33.
KONRAD, GEORGE. *The Loser* (Reid Buckley), III, 36-38.
KRAMER, RITA. *In Defense of the Family* (Allan C. Carlson), VIII, 30-33.
KUSSI, PETER (and Antonin Liehm), editors. *The Writing on the Wall: An Anthology of Contemporary Czech Literature* (Josef Škvorecký), IX, 20-23.

LEAMER, LAURENCE. *Make-Believe: The Story of Nancy and Ronald Reagan* (Karl O'Lessker), X, 22-26.
LE CARRÉ, JOHN. *The Little Drummer Girl* (Herb Greer), VII, 16-19.
LEDWIDGE, BERNARD. *De Gaulle* (H.J. Kaplan), VI, 40-42.
LESHER, STEPHAN. *Media Unbound* (Fred Barnes), V, 24-25, 37.
LE VOT, ANDRÉ. *F. Scott Fitzgerald* (William H. Nolte), XI, 43-44.
LICHTER, S. ROBERT (and Stanley Rothman). *Roots of Radicalism: Jews, Christians, and the New Left* (Erich and Rael Jean Isaac), V, 26-28.
LIEHM, ANTONIN (and Peter Kussi), editors. *The Writing on the Wall: An Anthology of Contemporary Czech Literature* (Josef Škvorecký), IX, 20-23.
LOFTUS, JOHN. *The Belarus Secret,* edited by Nathan Miller (Alexander J. Motyl), IV, 41-42.
LOWE, DAVID, editor. *Turgenev Letters* (Adam B. Ulam), VII, 34-36.
LYNN, KENNETH S. *The Air-Line to Seattle* (Terry Eastland), XI, 39-41.

McINERNY, RALPH. *Connolly's Life* (John R. Dunlap), XI, 44-45.
MAILER, NORMAN. *Ancient Evenings* (Peter Shaw), IX, 46-47.
MATTHEWS, JOHN, editor. *Benjamin Disraeli Letters,* Volumes 1 and 2 (Franz M. Oppenheimer), VI, 36-38.
MEYER, CORD. *Facing Reality* (Richard Grenier), IX, 10-13.
MIDDLEKAUFF, ROBERT. *The Glorious Cause: The American Revolution* (Wilfred M. McClay), IX, 28-31.
MILLGATE, MICHAEL. *Thomas Hardy* (John R. Turner), VI, 47-48.
MILTON, JOYCE (and Ronald Radosh). *The Rosenberg File* (Fred Barnes), X, 30-32.
MONTGOMERY, MARION. *Why Flannery O'Connor Stayed Home* (Ralph McInerny), VII, 22-23.
MORGAN, PATRICK (and Klaus Knorr). *Strategic Military Surprise: Incentives and Opportunities* (Terry O'Rourke), XII, 39-41.
MOSLEY, LEONARD. *Marshall: Hero for Our Times* (Eliot A. Cohen), III, 34-36.

NABOKOV, VLADIMIR (edited by Fredson Bowers). *Lectures on Don Quixote* (Matei Calinescu), XII, 34-37.
NASH, GEORGE H. *The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Engineer* (Richard Brookhiser), XI, 30-32.
NISBET, ROBERT. *Prejudices: A Philosophical Dictionary* (Aaron Wildavsky), II, 27-28.
NIXON, RICHARD. *Leaders* (Karl O'Lessker), IX, 38-39.
NOEL, THOMAS J. *The City and the Saloon: Denver, 1858-1916* (George Ertel), II, 24-26.
NOWAK, JAN. *Courier from Warsaw* (Roger Kaplan), I, 36.

OAKESHOTT, MICHAEL. *On History and Other Essays* (Kenneth Minogue), IX, 36-38.

PERCY, WALKER. *Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book* (Mark Royden Winchell), XII, 42-43.
POLSBY, NELSON W. *Consequences of Party Reform* (Richard Jensen), XI, 41-43.
PRUESSEN, RONALD W. *John Foster Dulles: The Road to Power* (Alonzo L. Hamby), IV, 43-46.

RADOSH, RONALD (and Joyce Milton). *The Rosenberg File* (Fred Barnes), X, 30-32.
REICH, ROBERT B. *The Next American Frontier* (Melvyn B. Krauss), IX, 31-33.
ROSENBLATT, ROGER. *Children of War* (Jack Beatty), XII, 37-38.
ROTHMAN, STANLEY (and S. Robert Lichter). *Roots of Radicalism: Jews, Christians, and the New Left* (Erich and Rael Jean Isaac), V, 26-28.
RUEDA, ENRIQUE T. *The Homosexual Network* (Ernest van den Haag), IX, 39.

SAFIR, LEONARD (and William Safire). *Good Advice* (Theo Lippman, Jr.), III, 40-41.
SAFIRE, WILLIAM. *What's the Good Word?* (Theo Lippman, Jr.), III, 40-41. With Leonard Safir, *Good Advice* (Theo Lippman, Jr.), III, 40.
SCHURMAN, DONALD M., editor. *Benjamin Disraeli Letters,* Volumes 1 and 2 (Franz M. Oppenheimer), VI, 36-38.
SILVER, THOMAS B. *Coolidge and the Historians* (Vincent Fitzpatrick), XI, 36-38.
SIMIS, KONSTANTIN. *USSR: The Corrupt Society* (Stephen Miller), VI, 20-23.
SMITH, DENIS MACK. *Mussolini* (Arnold Beichman), I, 29-30.
SMITH, RICHARD NORTON. *Thomas E. Dewey and His Times* (Richard Brookhiser), II, 21-22.
SONTAG, SUSAN. *A Susan Sontag Reader* (Mitchell S. Ross), III, 39-40.
STEIN, BENJAMIN J. *The Manhattan Gambit* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.), X, 36-37. *'Ludes* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.), X, 36-37.
STRAIGHT, MICHAEL. *After Long Silence* (P.H. Terzian), VI, 13-16.
SVIRSKI, GRIGORI. *A History of Post-War Soviet Writing* (Marin Strmecki), V, 34-36.

TESICH, STEVE. *Summer Crossing* (Judy Tyrrell), II, 35.
TIMERMAN, JACOBO. *The Longest War: Israel in Lebanon* (Werner J. Dannhauser), IV, 34-35.
TRUEBLOOD, CAROL (and Donna Fenn), editors. *The Hazards of Walking, and Other Memos from your Bureaucrats* (Hugh Kenner), IV, 25-28.
TUCKER, WILLIAM. *Progress and Privilege: America in an Age of Environmentalism* (Robert Nisbet), V, 8-10.

ULAM, ADAM B. *Dangerous Relations: The Soviet Union in World Politics, 1970-82* (Arch Puddington), VIII, 33-35.
UPDIKE, JOHN. *Rabbit is Rich* (Mitchell S. Ross), I, 14-17. *Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism* (Eric J. Sundquist), XII, 38.

WALKER, ALICE. *The Color Purple* (Reid Buckley), XI, 38-39.
WAUGH, EVELYN. *Charles Ryder's Schooldays and Other Stories* (George P. McCartney), VI, 46-47.
WEST, REBECCA. *The Young Rebecca,* edited by Jane Marcus, and *1900* (Herb Greer), IV, 36-38.
WIEBE, M.G., editor. *Benjamin Disraeli Letters,* Volumes 1 and 2 (Franz M. Oppenheimer), VI, 36-38.
WILDAVSKY, AARON (and Mary Douglas). *Risk and Culture* (Robert Nisbet), V, 8-10.
WILL, GEORGE F. *Statecraft as Soulcraft* (Adam Meyerson), VIII, 37-38.
WILLIAMSON, CHILTON JR. *Roughnecking It* (Joe Mysak), II, 32.
WINEGARTEN, RENEE. *Writers and Revolution: The Fatal Lure of Action* (Stephen Miller), X, 15-17.

YATES, BROCK. *The Decline and Fall of the American Automobile Industry* (David E. Davis, Jr.), VI, 42.

Changing your address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator*. When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, IN 47402

(Please attach address label here.)

IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change

☐ **Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$21)**
☐ **Payment enclosed**
☐ **Please bill me**

PLEASE PRINT
Name

Address

City

State **Zip**

Date of change

X3PN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

HELP WANTED

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER WANTED: *The American Spectator* is looking for a liberal arts major who is meticulous and organized. Position involves subscription fulfillment, clerical work, and preparing reports. This is a unique opportunity providing valuable experience in the business side of magazine publishing. Previous circulation experience helpful. Send resume to Kathie Baker, The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

EDITORIAL INTERN WANTED: *The American Spectator* is looking for a person with a liberal arts background, an appreciation for public policy, and a sense of humor. Position involves research, proofreading, editing, and odd jobs. This is a unique opportunity providing valuable experience. Send resume to Kathie Baker, The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402.

EDUCATION

HOME STUDY COURSE IN ECONOMICS. A ten-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials. Write: Henry George Institute, 5 E. 44th St., New York, NY 10017.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES! Economical home study for Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent study and life experience credits. Free proof—Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, 1415 Third Street, Suite E912, San Rafael, CA 94901; Toll Free: (800) 227-1617, Ext. 480; California: (800) 772-3545, Ext. 480.

SERVICES

A TREASURED KEEPSAKE!! Your favorite photograph transformed into a vibrant OIL PAINTING on CANVAS. An elegant GIFT or MEMORIAL!! $1. for details. COLBERR ENTERPRISES INC., Art Division, P.O. Box 47360, Forestville, MD 20747.

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION

Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Financial aid program. Applications from students with previous college studies encouraged. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to:

Director of Admissions—AS
Thomas Aquinas College
10,000 N. Ojai Road
Santa Paula, CA 93060
(805) 525-4417

BOOKS

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton's 98-74 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder, Box 86AS, Cutten, CA 95534. Send wants.

McGUFFEY READERS, replica 1879 edition. Nostalgic set; fine literary selections; engravings. Seven books, hardbound $36.95 postpaid. STELLA MARIS BOOKS, Box 11483AS, Fort Worth, TX 76110.

"SEE THRU PEOPLE!" Stop deceivers! 50 protections! Enjoy love! $1. NEW-LIFE, Box 684-TS, Boulder City, Nevada 89005.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASL, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10011.

MERCHANDISE

LOOKING FOR AN UNUSUAL GIFT? Brooklyn Bridge Stock Certificates are *perfect*. Authentic-looking, humorous and frameable. Only $5.95. Satisfaction guaranteed! Brooklyn Bridge Trading Company, 220 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, NY 10805.

LITHOGRAPH SET: "The North American Bears," by Paul D. Kinslow. Four b/w lithographs of Black, Kodiak, Polar & Grizzly Bears. 11x14 inches. Each print and cover folder signed and numbered. 50 sets available; 120 total run. $25/set postpaid. D.D. McCormick, 1160 Myrtle, Los Alamos, NM 87544.

play winning
CRIBBAGE

Written, illustrated by Montana artist DeLynn Colvert (Northwest's top-ranked player). Unique winning "26 Theory" based on 20-year data study. Fully illustrated, handsomely printed. A quality gift for beginner or expert.

STARR STUDIOS • Box 5604-LB • MISSOULA, MT 59806

MERCHANDISE

MAGNIFICENT BARRY GOLDWATER Playing Cards! AU H2O design. Top quality. Senator's photo on every face card! Black or gold deck $15; both for $25. Great gift, but supply is limited. John Farris, 37 Belmont Dr., Livingston, N.J. 07039.

FREE SAMPLE Of The World's Most Perfect Food. SM Systems, Box 10484A, Glendale, CA 91209.

BUMPERSTICKERS & BUTTONS

"LEMMINGS DIE YOUNG," "Behind every great woman is a man who tried to stop her." $.75 each, 3/$2. Buttons, 67 Holland Avenue, Ardmore, PA 19003.

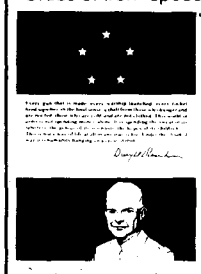
MISCELLANEOUS

THINK TANK. International research and discussion of current affairs club. Box 1584, Winnipeg, Manitoba, LR3C 2Z6 Canada.

NECK TIE NARROWING Save your wide ties from fashion obsolescence! We'll narrow your ties to a stylish 3" width (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $12.50 for each set of 3 ties to Slim Ties Co., 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. Z S.F., CA 94131

THE MOST IMPORTANT POSTER OF THE DECADE

All peace-loving people will want this vibrant 18" x 24" poster in patriotic red, white and blue, with this timely excerpt from Eisenhower's "Cross of Iron" speech.



"Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children . . . This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of war, it is humanity hanging on a cross of iron."

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER

Send $3.95 plus $1.05 postage and handling to: Dept. AS

pilgrim productions 15117 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

Please rush me the following reprints:

_____ "The Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze" by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac.

_____ "Sideswipe: Kissinger, Shawcross, and the Responsibility for Cambodia" by Peter Rodman with rebuttal by William Shawcross.

$1.25 for 1, $10 for 10, $20 for 25, $75 for 100, $350 for 500.

_____ "Sanctifying Revolution: Protestantism's New Social Gospel" by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac.

$1 for 1, $6 for 10, $12 for 25, $30 for 100, $250 for 1000.

_____ "Marva Collins and American Public Education" by Rita Kramer.

_____ "Modern Man and the Obsession" by Robert Nisbet.

$.75 for 1, $6 for 10, $12 for 25, $45 for 100, $200 for 500.

Total enclosed $_____

PLEASE PRINT
Name

Address

City

State Zip

X3PX

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Reprint Dept., P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

MISCELLANEOUS

NO SOVIETS! NO COMMUNISTS! Decals, T-Shirts in bright colors. Graphical Display. Decals $1.00 each; 75 cents each for ten or more, postage paid. T-Shirts $6.95 plus $1.25 postage and handling. Specify size (S-M-L-XL). Send to: Box AK, c/o The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for the cultured single, widowed or divorced. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

ORIENTAL WOMEN seek correspondence for cultural exchange, language practice, friendship. Asian Exchanges, Honokaa, HI 96727.

SOPHISTICATED SINGLES seek enlightened correspondence and meaningful relationships. Details: SCANNA-AMS, Box 4, Pittsford, NY, 14534.

DEGREE PROGRAMS BY MAIL

WORK TOWARD B.S., M.S., MBA, Ph.D., J.D.

- Weekend Bachelor's Challenge Examination
- One-year BS, MS, MBA, Ph.D. Programs
- Correspondence Cal.3, Bar/J.D. Program
- Three-year Non-Bar J.D./Law Degree

CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES And SCHOOL OF LAW
1111 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90017-1968
(213) 481-0950

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

You can reach 120,000 informed and interested readers in the classified section of *The American Spectator*. Our rates are only 90 cents per word (12-word minimum). Include an additional $5 if you want a box number, and we will forward all inquiries to you once a week. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Opportunities, Services, Books, Periodicals, Informational Pamphlets, Conferences, Bumperstickers & Buttons, Merchandise, Miscellaneous, Personals.

YES, I would like to place a classified ad in *The American Spectator*. Enclosed is full payment for ..... number of words.

_____ (number of words)
X .90 _____ (Price per word)
= _____ Cost for one issue
X _____ (number of issues ad is to appear)
= _____ Total cost (payment must accompany order)

Ad classification: _____

PLEASE PRINT
Name

Address

City

State **Zip**

Please type or print your ad on a separate sheet of paper, attach and send to:

THE *AMERICAN SPECTATOR*
Classified Department
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones.

"In many of these old wells, the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery, and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fireflooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well, where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic; in one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

"In other parts of the country, with different geology, we might use water, steam, or chemicals to get the oil flowing."

All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of made-in-America energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

© Gulf Oil Corporation 1981

"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED